

COMPLETE \$3.95 BOOK BONUS

IND

THE PASSION RACERS

A Wild Flesh Kitten...A Ruthless Adventurer...And 1500 Miles of Non-Stop Violence "High proof thriller"
-NY TIMES

MALE

First Facts On The Sex Survey That
Out-Shocks The Masters Report

WHAT WOMEN
REALLY WANT
FROM A LOVER

SEPT.

Great Extra-Length Adventure

THE UNKILLABLE SIX

They Fought Their Way Out
of The Nazis' 'Foolproof' POW Cage

40c



A Safety
Expert's
Demand:

**'BAN THOSE
MURDER-CYCLES FROM
EVERY U.S. HIGHWAY'**



Top Thrill Fiction
**Sinners' Beach
Pushover**

Would You Like to Take in \$140 after Supper?

This is exactly what L. Burnett did while still employed. Here are his own words:

"I worked at my Duraclean business part time until I saw that I could make as much in a week as my job paid for a whole month. One night, after supper, I took in \$140. Since going full time, I've had single jobs running \$300 and more."

Mr. Burnett and one helper serviced this \$140 "after-supper" job. The national price guide

provides a Duraclean dealer a gross profit of \$6 per hour on EACH serviceman plus \$9 per hour on any service he himself renders. Your income is limited only by the number of servicemen you employ.

To own a business is much easier than you think. We show you how . . . step by step. The 24 page fully illustrated booklet we'll mail you (with no obligation) explains how most of your gross profit becomes a *clear net profit* to you.



Start while Continuing Present Job We furnish all the equipment...and help finance you

If you've wanted to BE YOUR OWN BOSS . . . to become financially independent . . . have a fast growing income . . . and own a Nationally Advertised business, now YOU CAN.

You can stay at your present job while your customer list grows . . . then switch to full time, lining up jobs for your servicemen to do.

One small job a day brings a good starting income. As you add full or part-time servicemen, your income is limited only by your own effort.

Dealers operate from a shop, office, or their home. Equipment is portable...the electric Foam-

ovator converts to a convenient carrying case.

At the start, you may want to render service yourself . . . or you can start out with servicemen. This business is easy to learn . . . easy to start . . . so easy to service that women dealers often do it. We prefer you have no experience . . . not have to "unlearn" old methods.

We are NOW enlarging this worldwide system of individually-owned service businesses. If you are reliable, honest and willing to work to become financially independent, we invite you to mail the coupon.

Your Services Are Commended by

McCall's Magazine, Parents; American Research & Testing Laboratories...and by leading Carpet Mills & Furniture Makers

What Dealers Say:

Gerald Weihrauch: "Insurance job brought me \$205.70 in single day. Another, \$300".

Leo Barnett: "I started spare time and took in \$140 in one night after supper. Now, full time, I can make as much in a week as I used to make in a month working for others".

Willis Tatro: "After two years of good profits we sold our business for five times the cost".

Arlin Rae: "I have work scheduled for three weeks in advance. I averaged \$122 a day for the last ten days".

Blanche Blood: "Duraclean brought me security and an education for my daughters. We've done as much as \$3,000 on a single job".

Loren Farris: "Did the carpeting in a furniture store in less than 3 days for \$400. Now get all their customer business".

Robert Wheeler: "The professional quality of Duraclean Service has earned the respect of carpet dealers and wholesalers. I've earned \$117.50 in an eight hour day".

Wilmer Suders, Jr.: "Building steadily. Last month grossed \$2,012. One job came to \$752".

John Szymanski: "Making 50% more than on any job I ever had. I've earned as high as \$1,300 in a single week, as much as \$2,700 on one job".

Ernest Shulda: "I never knew a company as eager as Duraclean to help their franchisees succeed".

R. Geisman: "Using the direct mail program we sold 10% on actual jobs. We also get a lot of referrals from happy customers".

Jerry Baker: "I don't know of any other business in which a man can make as much per hour".

Walter Parsons: "It would take a man years to build up the fame he gets automatically with the Duraclean name. It's a household word".

It's Easier than You Think to Start Your Own Business

When you receive our illustrated booklet, you will see the way we show you **step by step** how to quickly get customers . . . how to steadily build more customers from their recommendations.

All six services are rendered "on location" in homes, offices, hotels, theaters, churches, clubs, motels and institutions.

These superior, safer and convenient methods spread Duraclean dealerships throughout North and South America, Africa, Portugal, England, Israel, Norway and many other countries.

National Magazine advertising explains the

Start Small, Grow Big...in this Booming Business

Many men have said to us, "I can't afford to give up my job till I know I have a sure thing... a sound business that will provide both security and a better living for my family."

That made sense to us so we worked out such a plan . . . and those same men are now enjoying Duraclean dealerships in many communities. You don't experiment. You use **tested, proven** methods. **You have our backing and "know how."**

Does this appeal to you? Don't decide now. Mail the coupon so you'll have the facts to decide wisely. There is no obligation whatsoever. You will then know whether this is what you want.

You can start small and grow big just as we did. A third of a century ago Duraclean was an idea . . . but it caught fire and spread rapidly to a worldwide service. It spread because it was based upon (1) **superior processes** and (2) **proven customer-getting methods**.

Our first service, the care of carpets and upholstery, exemplifies these superiorities. It not only cleans; it enlivens the fibers . . . revives dull colors. Pile rises with **new life**. Furnishings are used again in a few hours.

There's no machine scrubbing. No soaking. Duraclean cleans by absorption. Mild aerated foam lightly applied, lifts out dirt, grease and many unsightly spots like magic.

superior merits of **your** services, builds **your** customer confidence and brings job leads to **you**.

We and a Duraclean dealer will train you and assist you. He'll reveal his successful, proven methods. We show you all you need to know.

You have pre-tested newspaper and yellow-page ads, commercials, and a full mailing program.

Furnishings stores, insurance adjustors, and decorators refer jobs to our dealers. These year 'round services are in constant demand.

TODAY is the time to reserve a Duraclean dealership . . . before someone takes your location.

Government figures show service businesses growing faster than industries and stores . . . \$750 million yearly potential just in rug and furniture cleaning. You have **5 other services**.

Space here will not permit describing your other services but they are fully explained in the free booklet we'll mail you. You have six opportunities for profit on every job.

A few hundred dollars establishes **YOUR OWN** business. A day's profit more than takes care of the monthly payments we finance for you.

Men frequently take in partners.

We furnish electric equipment and enough materials to **return your TOTAL investment**. If you have good habits and know the importance of customer satisfaction, you can likely qualify for a Duraclean dealership.

It's been said, "Opportunity knocks but once at every man's door." This could be that one rare opportunity in **your life**.

It is surprisingly easy to learn this business. You can decide from the information we will send you whether to apply for a dealership. So, with no obligation whatever, mail the coupon TODAY.

Resale Service

If, because of illness, moving or for any reason a dealer wants to sell, we maintain a service to locate buyers and to help him sell.

Dealerships resell at up to 10 times the dealer's cost. R.D.K., after 5 months, sold for \$2,000 above his cost. L.L., after 30 months, got \$7,116 more than he had paid. The **value** of your dealership and franchise **grows monthly**.

FREE BOOKLET tells how to start Your Own Business

With no obligation, we'll mail you a letter and 24 page booklet explaining this business . . . how and why your income grows . . . how we help finance you.

Then decide if this opportunity fulfills your dream of independence and a much **bigger income**.

Your location could be taken tomorrow . . . so mail coupon today.

Find Out with NO OBLIGATION



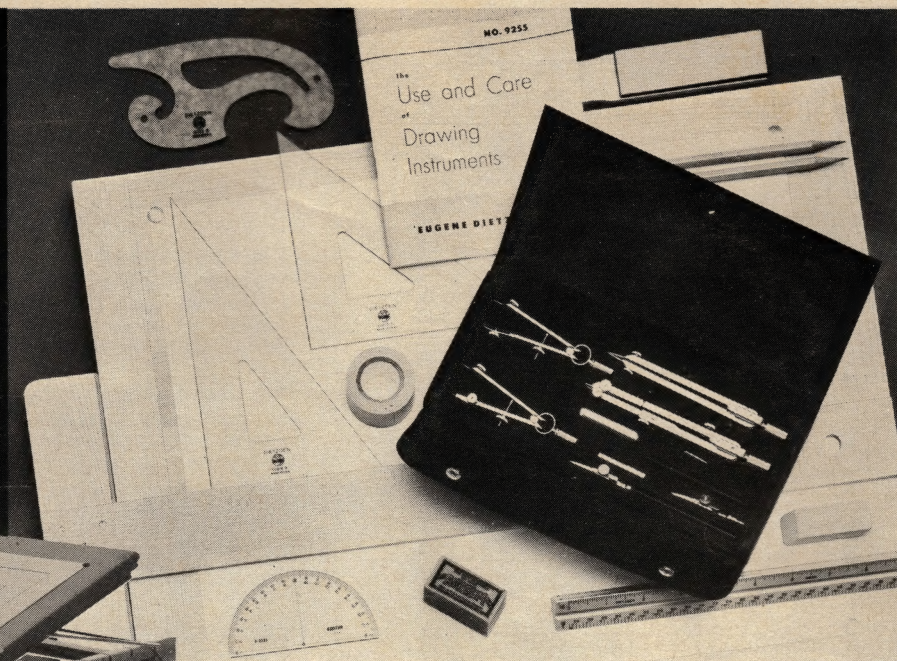
Mail this coupon TODAY It may put you in business

Duraclean Co. 7-319, Duraclean Bldg., Deerfield, Ill. 60015

With no obligation mail letter with 24 page illustrated booklet explaining how I can increase my income and family security with a Duraclean Dealership.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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draftsman's
equipment
is given
to you...**



when you train with LaSalle for a big-pay job as a technical **DRAFTSMAN**

Learn at home in spare time. No previous skills required!



This drafting
table included

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- Look at the columns and columns of "Help Wanted—Draftsman" ads that appear in a single issue of a city newspaper. They are evidence of the heavy demand that exists for draftsmen in every technical field today.
- No previous drawing skills are required to become a draftsman. The draftsman's tools can be quickly mastered by anyone.
- During more than half a century, LaSalle has trained more than 1,000,000 students for successful careers in business and industry. A LaSalle diploma is respected by employers.
- You owe it to yourself to find out now what LaSalle Drafting training can do for you. Mail the coupon today.

EVERYTHING you need to get started in the lucrative drafting profession—instruction and full equipment—is supplied to you by LaSalle. All you are expected to supply is an interest in technical subjects and the ambition to qualify for a bigger future.

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Not a single new production improvement, not a single building or mechanical project, gets under way without the skilled help of the modern draftsman.

Why don't you get started in this busy field and prepare to earn big pay? LaSalle trains you by mail; expert instructors start you at the beginning and give your work personal attention until your course is completed. The cost of instruction is remarkably low.

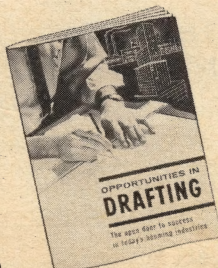
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Booklet gives facts on opportunities in drafting and describes LaSalle training. Mail coupon to LaSalle, 417 S. Dearborn, Chicago, Ill. 60605.

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

A Correspondence Institution

417 S. Dearborn, Dept. 69-050, Chicago, Illinois 60605



Please send Free booklet, "Opportunities in Drafting," and full information on training at home.

Name

Address

City & State Zip No.

County Age

Occupation Working Hours A.M. P.M.

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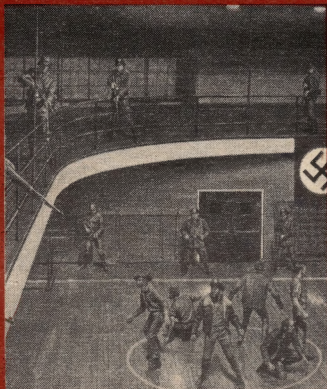
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FROM THE \$3.95 BEST-SELLER

THE UNKILLABLE SIX Mario Cleri 22
The greatest Allied escape artists of WWII, they were penned up in a "foolproof," special torture POW cage—until a daring OSS ace led them to freedom right under the eyes of 400 crack SS guards ...

TRUE ADVENTURE

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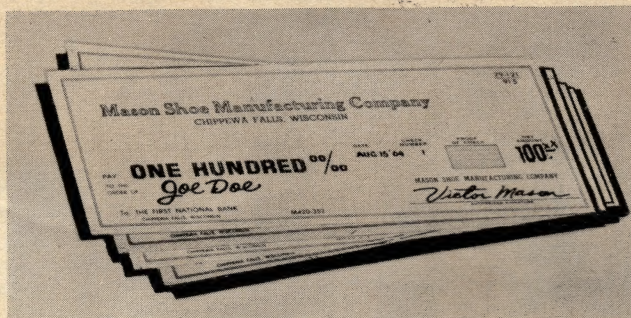
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\$100.00 a week
 in your spare time . . .
 and get . . .



**FREE SHOES
 for LIFE too!**

when you accept as few as 5 orders a month as
 a Mason Shoe Counselor in your neighborhood.

HOW would you like to collect a handsome "second salary" week after week and get FREE SHOES FOR LIFE, too? It's easy! Just introduce nationally-advertised Mason shoes to friends, neighbors and other people you meet.

Regardless of your age, education or experience—even if you've never sold a thing before in your life—you can make \$5.00 to \$10.00 an hour in your spare time as a highly respected Mason Shoe Counselor.

You don't invest a cent! Your FREE demonstration Outfit rings up the sales fast — virtually automatically!

Yes, we send you a FREE Demonstration Outfit that starts making good money for you *the very first hour!* You don't invest a penny. You carry no inventory. You have no overhead expenses. But you *do* keep 100% of your profits! Many Mason Shoe Counselors sell 2, 3, 4, even 5 pairs of shoes in one short visit to a friend's house — *it's that easy!* You, too, can earn \$50.00, \$75.00, \$100.00 or more a week and

GET FREE SHOES FOR LIFE

That's right—you are eligible to receive FREE SHOES

every six months . . . as long as you continue to send as few as 5 orders every month. These FREE shoes are an extra bonus in addition to the big cash commissions you collect on every sale. You choose any shoe in the Mason line . . . select for yourself, your wife, your children.

Greater selection than any retail store!

Mason shoes sell fast! That's because you offer 275 styles for men, women and children . . . with many *exclusive* comfort features. When it comes to fit, you draw on Mason's stock of 300,000 pairs, sizes 2½ to 16, widths AAA to EEEE. And every sale means *automatic* repeat and referral business—'cause Mason shoes are NOT sold in stores. Folks must buy from YOU every time!

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Mail the coupon below and we'll rush the FREE Demonstration Outfit that puts money into your pocket the very first hour! Starts you on your way to a \$100.00 a week extra income plus FREE SHOES FOR LIFE! Send no money now or later. Get everything FREE. No obligation. Rush the coupon TODAY!

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**Rush Coupon for
 your FREE OUTFIT!**

We give you everything you need to make big cash profits from the very first hour. Mail the coupon for your FREE Outfit today!

**MASON SHOE
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Dept. G-672
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RUSH COUPON FOR YOUR FREE OUTFIT!

**MASON SHOE MFG. CO., Dept. G-672
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OK, show me how I can make up to \$100.00 a week in spare time —and get FREE SHOES FOR LIFE! Rush me—FREE and without obligation—everything I need to start making BIG MONEY in my very first spare hour.

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**AN EXCLUSIVE REPORT FOR EVERY
MAN ON CRIME ... JOB HUNTING ...
NEW GADGETS ... CARS ... WOMEN**



INSIDE FOR MEN

HITS AND MISC'S

About half the married couples who join nudist colonies claim their sex lives are freer, more daring, more intense and happier all the way around as a result of the experience . . . A great many church officials spend their weekends at the colonies, but such is current morality that if this became known to the congregations, the churchmen would be tossed out immediately . . .

Cong still get many of their recruits around Saigon by using gorgeous young girls to lure youths to Cong recruitment centers in the jungle; the promise is that once the young man joins the Reds, girl will pick up the affair and really shoot the works . . .



Saigon smoothies

OF ALL THE COUNTRIES IN THE WORLD, HOLLAND IS PERHAPS THE LEAST HYPOCRITICAL IN SEX MATTERS--and the Dutch girl who walks down the aisle heavy with child isn't penalized in the slightest bit, socially . . .

There is no wilder sexual animal than the college girl who has been shut up during the semester in an all-girl school. Young men find her sexually "easy," more or less of a pushover, whereas the girl who attends a coed school is never anywhere near as maladjusted . . .

Movie censors will now allow a short glimpse of the male buttocks, insisting that this is not going to "rattle" a normal viewer, but the female rear still remains "pruriently" stimulating and is therefore out of bounds in the raw . . .

ABOUT 55% OF THE PEOPLE WHO COME UP WITH DISEASES RESULTING FROM SEXUAL INTERCOURSE (VD) ARE BETWEEN 13 and 24. And health officials know that when one person comes up with a case, checking will generally turn up a trail of "contacts" leading to more than 200 other people . . .

RED SCENE

There are now close to 70,000 Red Chinese helping out in North Viet Nam by building roads and railroads--but according to the Japanese who are the world's most expert China-watchers, a major move of Chinese troops across the border is unthinkable to the ChiComs right now because of home troubles and almost insurmountable supply problems . . .

However, the Red Chinese almost certainly will dive in no matter what the consequences if the allies mount a land invasion across the 17th parallel, an amphibious landing in the Gulf of Tonkin or generally carry the war "too close" to China's frontiers . . .



Rocking the Red boat

THE DEATH OF RUSSIAN COSMONAUT MAY HAVE ROCKED THE SPACE PROGRAM IN THE SOVIET UNION TO ITS TIMBERS; one part of the fallout may be pressure to shift some of the vitally needed funds from the sinking space program into programs that will more immediately help the hard-pressed Red consumers . . .

It doesn't seem like much to Americans when the ChiComs parade a "revisionist

(continued on page 42)

Play Right Away:

Any Popular Instrument: ORGAN • CORNET • TROMBONE • MANDOLIN • TRUMPET • TENOR BANJO • CLARINET • UKULELE • STEEL GUITAR



PIANO



GUITAR



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Right from the start, famous "TEACH YOURSELF" system has you playing your favorite instrument . . . even if you don't know a single note now! Quick, easy, inexpensive!

IF YOU have always wanted to play music, here's wonderful news! This famous, modern home-study Course has you actually playing easy familiar tunes on your favorite instrument *right from the start* — and lets you go on to master that instrument in a much shorter time than you'd ever imagine possible!

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No previous training needed — no "special talent" required. Right from the start, this amazing music discovery will have you playing *real melodies* instead of practicing tedious scales and exercises. Even the first lessons consist of delightful *songs*. Clear, simple directions and large show-how pictures teach you exactly what to do, so you can't go wrong . . . even if you don't know a single

note of music now. Soon you'll be playing your favorite songs and compositions the *right* way — by note!

Over 1,250,000 people the world over have taken up this easy-as-A-B-C way to learn music. It's all so clearly explained, so easy to understand that even children "catch on" quickly. Yes, **ANY-ONE** can learn to play piano, accordion, organ, guitar or any other popular instrument.

Person-to-Person Service

There are no inconvenient lesson periods. You learn in spare time of your own choosing — and you progress as rapidly or as leisurely as you want. Everything is clearly explained in words, photos and illustrations. In addition, our friendly, talented *Personal Advisory Service* will guide you over "rough spots" or give you special, *personal* assistance on any point in the Course. This service is *included* in the low tuition of only a few cents

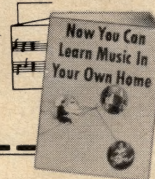
per lesson. And, if you wish, the whole family can learn for the price of one.

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Why not let a U. S. School of Music Course bring the many pleasures of music into **YOUR** life? Popularity! New friends! Gay parties! Good times! More self-confidence and poise! Extra money from playing or teaching! Best of all, the deep *personal satisfaction* of being able to create your own music — provide your own entertainment!

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U.S. School of Music, Port Washington, New York 11050 (Licensed, N.Y. State Education Dept.)



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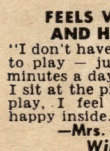
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"The hours I have spent in playing have brought me immeasurable joy. I have found a means of relaxation which I have not found elsewhere."

—**Laurence L. Smith**
Vancouver, Canada



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"I never thought when I took up your Course that I would play this well. I have a three-piece band and we play at night clubs."
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| ☐ Steel Guitar | ☐ Tenor Banjo | ☐ Clarinet |
| ☐ Saxophone | ☐ Mandolin | ☐ Trombone |
| ☐ Violin | | |

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(Instruments, if needed, supplied at reduced prices)

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☐ If under 16, check here for booklet "A"

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ARCHITECTURAL drafting course covers arch. drawing, house planning, freehand & ornamental drawing, shades & shadows.

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ELECTRONIC—Math, mechanical drawing, formulas, electricity, electronic & printed circuit drafting, others.

MECHANICAL DRAFTING—Arithmetic, algebra, geometry & trig, projection drawing, mechanical drawing, machine sketching, others.

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PRACTICAL ELECTRICIANS earn an average of \$4.37 per hour. Get the know-how! Course covers building wiring, elect. equip'm't. Helps prepare for licensing, journeyman exams.

INDUSTRIAL ELECTRONICS—Technical-level course—thorough grounding in electronics. Take first step to cracking this rapidly expanding field. Mail the coupon.

ELECTRONICS TECHNICIANS—With 5 yrs. exp., they average \$6500—many earn more!

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11. Success, Pleasure Through Better English Writing

BUSINESS WRITING—Command the written word—a key to business success! Course covers composition, copywriting, editing, typography, report writing. Send coupon for FREE Success Kit.

FREE-LANCE WRITING—A career for anyone with talent for writing. Course treats techniques, forms and—how to sell articles. Step-by-step instruction. Send coupon.

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12. More Formal Education

FINISH HIGH SCHOOL—It's never too late. And H.S. completion means much greater earning power and job security. I. C. S. High School programs let you complete your schooling at home, in spare time, at your own pace. Variety of courses offered: Business, Secretarial, Vocational, General. Complete only work you need for I. C. S. High School diploma. Start doing it now—by filling out coupon and mailing it!

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13. \$\$\$\$ in Mechanics, Shopwork

AIR CONDITIONING EXPERT—Experienced men make \$125 a week, average, and demand is rising. If you have basic mechanical knowledge, take this course. Instruction in maintenance, too. Write "Air Conditioning" on coupon.

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MACHINE DESIGN—A technical field itself, this knowledge is vital to draftsmen, and a big plus for production men, shop workers.

MACHINE SHOP PRACTICE—A basic course, giving overall knowledge of shop oper't'ns. Emphasis on practical facts. Personalized instruction. A must for the man who wants to advance. First step? Mail coupon.

MECHANICAL ENGINEERING—Within your grasp a high-pay field where at least 2600 new jobs open yearly. Write for Success Kit.

SHOP PRINTS—And how to read them. An authoritative, factual study. Vital to men who want to advance in shop work. Mail coupon now.

REFRIGERATION SPECIALISTS—Enter this booming field and learn the hard way? There's no need. Training spurs advancement—it's never been truer! Fill out coupon for complete information.

TEXTILE TECHNICIAN—The job outlook is good—for trained men. Course designed to help you break into field—or advance to management. Write "Textile" on coupon.

TOOLMAKING—The average toolmaker earns \$26 daily. For good reason: he knows a specialized skill. I. C. S. course equips machinists to crack this specialty, where over 4000 jobs open up annually.

SAFETY ENGINEERING—A comparatively new field, and men with formal training are scarce. Be one. Take I. C. S. course. Covers math, plant design, equipment placement, psychology, safety principles, practices. Apply now. Clip coupon.

WELDING—6000 openings yearly for welders, and pay in line with demand. I. C. S. offers several courses, from the basics to specialized areas. Write "Welding" on coupon for 3 FREE books.

14. Secretarial Help Wanted

WHERE THE MONEY IS—It's in specialized secretarial work. Few secretaries know specialized terminology, procedures. Those who do are in demand, command good pay.

LEGAL SECRETARY—Course covers instruction in typing, English, Gregg method shorthand, business law, insurance, office practice, public relations, legal shorthand. Equips you to work in law office. Apply immediately—the coupon's how.

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STENO-TYPIST—Want to be a secretary? Break into sten-typist work first. Send coupon for facts on I. C. S. training in typing, stenography, business practice—all you'll need to know.

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Low rates to members of U. S. Armed Forces.

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Special I. C. S. booklets for women.



Don Bolander says: "Now you can learn to speak and write like a college graduate."

Is Your English Holding You Back?

"Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?"

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English*," says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. For almost twenty years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes*.

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question: What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?

Answer: People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence—handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question: What do you mean by a "command of good English"?

Answer: A command of good English means you can express yourself clearly

and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation—also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question: Are there other advantages to be gained by acquiring a command of good English?

Answer: Yes! Words are actually "tools of thought." The more you learn about words and how to use them to form and express your ideas, the better your *thinking* becomes. For this reason a command of good English often pays off in unexpected ways.

Question: Wouldn't I have to go back to school to gain a command of good English?

Answer: No, not anymore. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home—in only a few minutes each day.

Question: Is this something new?

Answer: Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability,

discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question: How do I know it works?

Answer: There are thousands of letters in my files, testimonials from people in all walks of life who have used the proved Career Institute Method to achieve amazing results. If you send in the coupon below, I will share some of these letters with you.

Question: Who are some of these people?

Answer: The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method has helped business men and women, homemakers, industrial workers, clerks, secretaries . . . almost anyone you can think of.

Question: How long will it take me to learn to speak and write like a college graduate, using your method?

Answer: Some people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question: How can I find out more about the Career Institute Method?

Answer: I will gladly mail you a free 32-page booklet which explains the new easy-to-follow Career Institute Method and tells you how you can gain a command of good English quickly and enjoyably at home. Send coupon, card, or letter today to Career Institute, 555 E. Lange St., Mundelein, Illinois 60060.

No salesman will call

DON BOLANDER, Career Institute, Dept. 7129, 555 E. Lange St., Mundelein, Ill. 60060

Please mail to me, without obligation, a free copy of your 32-page booklet,
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STORIES FOR STAGS



Daffynition

Strip poker: a game in which the more you lose the more you have to show for it.

•

"You say this woman shot her husband with this pistol and at close range?" asked the coroner of the eyewitness to the tragedy.

"Yes sir."

"Are there any powder marks on his body?"

"That's why she shot him."

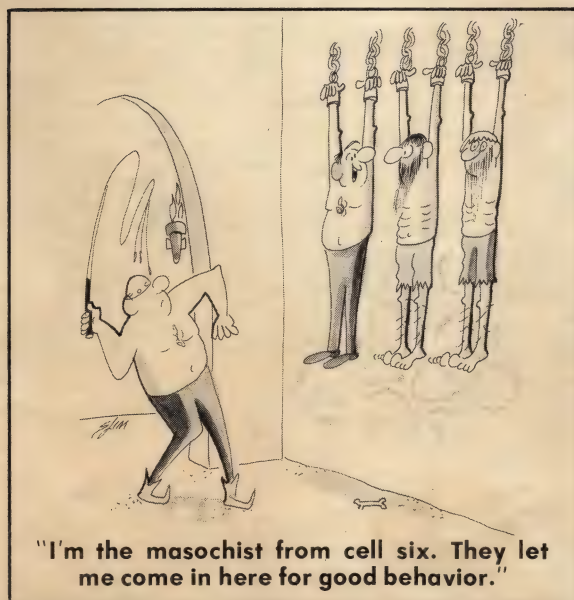
•

Three surgeons were boasting about what they could do and what they had done.

"I had a man without a leg," said one surgeon, "and I grafted a leg on him, and do you know, he became the greatest runner in the world."

"Well," said the second, "I had a man without an arm and I grafted an arm on him and he became one of the finest golf players in the world."

"Gentlemen," said the third surgeon, "that's nothing. I grafted a smile on a jackass and he became the greatest politician in the world."



When the young couple was informed by the justice of the peace that the state marriage law required a three day waiting period, the groom-to-be replied, "Can't you just say a few words to tide us over the weekend?"

A Naval air squadron was operating from a carrier in the Pacific on a peacetime exercise under the strictest orders that radio silence be maintained in all flights.

Suddenly the officers in operations heard over the radio a voice exclaim: "Brother, am I fouled up!"

The Senior operations officer grabbed a microphone angrily and commanded: "Will the pilot who just broke radio silence identify himself immediately?"

A few seconds of deadly silence followed and then the voice came floating back, "I'm not that fouled up!"



The co-ed stood before the stern-faced house-mother.

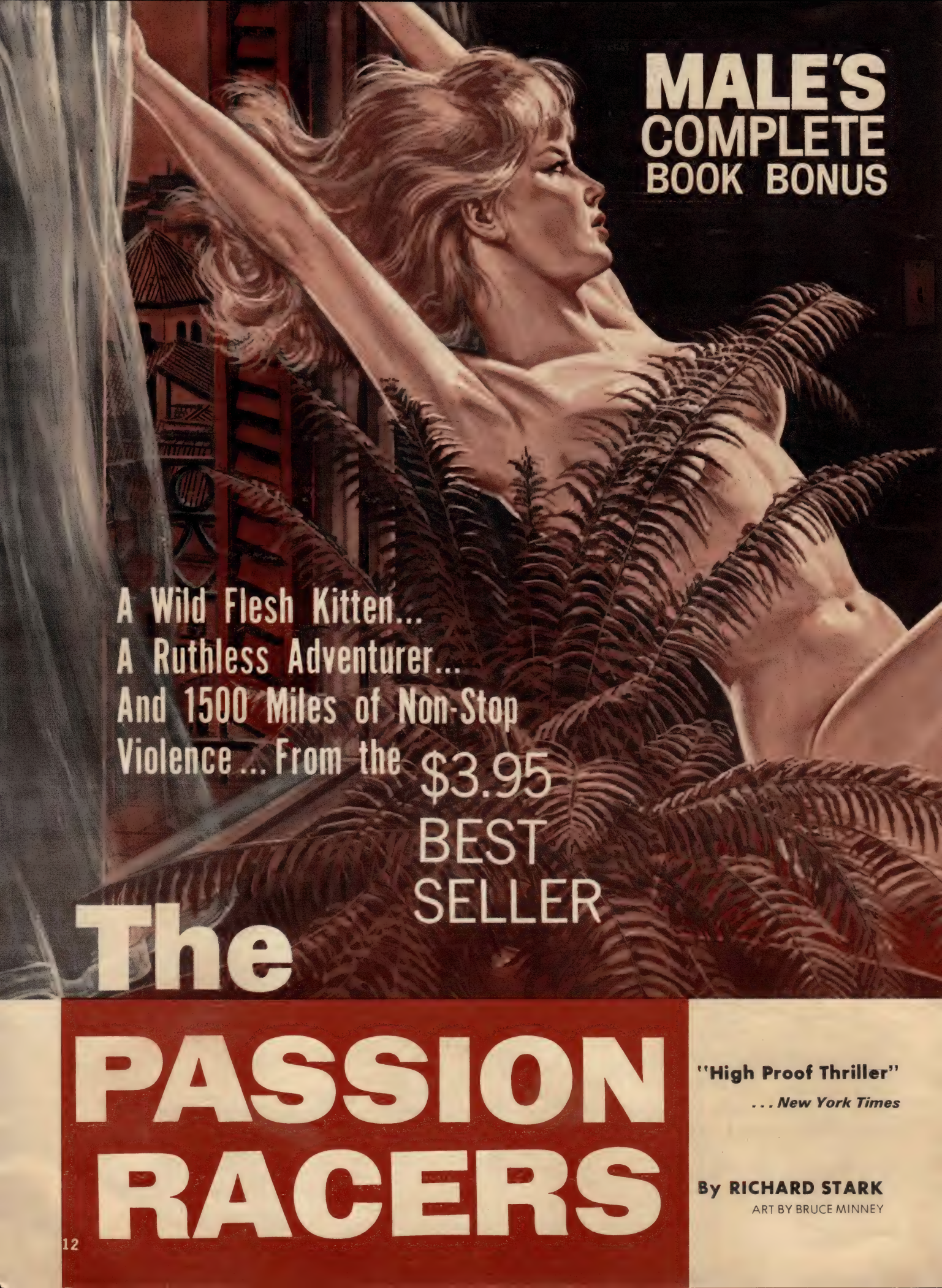
"Something terrible happened tonight," she said. "My date was so demanding, I let him seduce me. Now, I'm afraid I'm pregnant. What can I do?"

The housemother didn't hesitate. "First," she said, "go into the kitchen. There's a lemon in the refrigerator. Take it and drink the juice."

"You mean," said the co-ed, "that'll keep me from being pregnant?"

"No," said the housemother, "but it'll wipe that smile off your face."

Do you have an original gag or two? Send it to the Editor, MALE, 625 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y. and win \$5 if he likes it. Sorry, no returns.



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Violence ... From the **\$3.95**

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The

PASSION RACERS

"High Proof Thriller"

... New York Times

By RICHARD STARK

ART BY BRUCE MINNEY



"ANY BEDROOM in a storm,"
Elly said, swinging furiously
into Grofield's room . . .

Reprinted by permission of The Macmillan Company from *The Damsel* by Richard Stark. Copyright © 1967 by Richard Stark.

A lush, anything-goes playgirl, she was the cornered prey of a gang of vengeance assassins until she took desperate refuge in Al Grofield's convenient hotel room. And suddenly this lone wolf adventurer found himself stuck with a flesh-pack of danger that would propel him on a wild cross-country chase with mobdom's bloodiest massacre waiting at the the end of the line . . .

GROFIELD opened his right eye, and there was a girl climbing in the window. He closed that eye, opened the left, and she was still there. Long, beautiful, creamy, blonde hair, and longer tanned legs straddling the windowsill.

His room was on the fifth floor of the hotel. There was nothing outside the window, only air and a poor view of Mexico City.

Grofield's room was in semidarkness, be-

cause he'd been taking an after-lunch snooze. The girl obviously thought the place was empty, and once inside she headed straight for the door.

Grofield lifted his head and said, "If you're my fairy godmother, I want my back scratched."

She jumped a foot, landed like a cat, and backed away to the far wall, staring at him. In the dimness her eyes looked as white as stars, gleaming with panic.

Grofield hadn't expected that big a reaction. He tried to calm her, reassure her, saying, "I mean it. I'm stuck in this bed and my back itches like crazy. If you've got a minute while you're passing through, you could scratch it for me."

She said, "Are you one of them?" Her voice was scratchy with panic.

"That depends. Sometimes I'm one of them and other times it doesn't seem worth the effort. I haven't been one of them lately because I haven't been well."

She came one hesitant step away from the wall. "You're hurt?"

"It's nothing!"

She said, "If you'll let me stay here. For a day or two, just till it's safe."

GROFIELD smiled. "I've been lying in this bed for days," he said. "I've got nobody to talk to, nothing to read, nothing to do. From time to time I get up and totter to the bathroom and totter back again. When I wake up from a nap, as now, my back is stiff where it was hurt and itches everywhere else. Three times a day the assistant desk clerk, an oily young man with a thick moustache and an offensive smile, brings me a tray of garbage and tells me it's food and I eat it. Darling, if you will sometimes talk to me and at other times scratch my back, you can stay here forever. In fact, I'll pay you to stay here forever."

All at once she smiled. "I like you," she said. "I like your attitude."

"You'll love my back."

She came the rest of the way over to the bed. "Can you sit up?"

She scratched his back in long, easy strokes. She said thoughtfully, "You've been wounded. You're lying here all alone, you obviously don't want a doctor looking at you, you aren't leaving the room at all and—oh!"

"Oh? Keep scratching."

"Sorry. I just realized what it must be."

"What what must be?"

"Your wound. It's a gunshot wound, isn't it? That's why you don't want to let a doctor see it."

"Now let's talk about you."

She said, "The police are looking for you, I bet."

Grofield considered his answer. She didn't seem particularly displeased at the thought of his being wanted by the police, and she was in any case

in some kind of a jam herself that evidently didn't include phoning the cops.

After a while, she said, "You go to sleep if you want. Sleep's what you need now, while you recuperate."

"Oh, no," he said. "No, no, I won't be sleeping. I just woke up."

"Go one and sleep," she said soothingly. "Rest. Relax. Sleep. I'll be here."

Later, he opened his eyes and knew at once he'd been sleeping, but he had no idea for how long. A minute? Five hours?

He was lying on his back now, staring up at the ceiling. He was abruptly, electrically, immediately awake, as though some sudden noise had jolted him from sleep.

He looked around the room, raising his head from the pillow, and saw the girl standing at the foot of the bed. She had taken his suitcase from the closet, had put it on the rack at the foot of the bed, and had opened it. It stood open now,

The PASSION RACERS

and she stood on the other side of it, looking at him.

He said, "What have you done?"

"I was going to hang your clothes up," she said.

"I saw your suitcase on the closet floor, and nothing on the hangers at all, so I thought I'd empty the suitcase, let your clothes hang their wrinkles out."

"You're too kind," Grofield said bitterly.

She reached down into the suitcase and held up two handfuls of money, American currency. She threw the double handful of bills back into the suitcase.

Grofield smiled a cunning smile and said, "I stole it."

"I've already guessed that part of it. The question is, where?"

"From a gambling casino on an island off the coast of Texas. You see, I'm an actor, and it's impossible to make ends meet these days as an actor in the legitimate theater. Unless you're willing to peddle your integrity to the movie and television people, there's nothing for it—"

"What on earth," she said, "are you talking about?"

"Acting," he said. "Do you realize that in my

peak year so far I earned a miserable thirty-seven hundred dollars from acting?"

"What about this money here?" she demanded.

"Sixty-three thousand dollars. A bunch of us knocked over that gambling casino, and that's my share."

"Gambling casino," she said contemptuously.

"You mean you don't believe me?"

"Of course not," she said.

THE fact was everything he'd just told her was true. He really was an actor, and a moderately good one, tall and lean and darkly handsome, usually cast as the evil brother or weak son or charming knave. But his attitude toward movies and television kept him limited to the poverty-stricken arena of legitimate theater. Happily, he had an outside source of income, a second profession, from which he made a great deal of money indeed.

He was a thief. In company with small groups of other professionals like himself, he took large

amounts of money from institutions, never from individuals. Banks, armored cars, jewelry stores, factories, these were the targets. Once or twice a year he went in on a job like that, and made enough to support himself in style while working as an actor.

This last one, the sixty-three thousand in the suitcase, had been job number twelve, and the damndest one of the lot. It had been set up by a guy named Parker, with whom Grofield had worked a couple of times in the past. Off the Texas coast there really was an island with a gambling casino on it. The syndicate boys on the mainland were upset about this casino, since they didn't own it and couldn't control it, so they'd financed Parker to rob the place on condition he and his partners wreck it while there. Parker had brought in Grofield and a couple of other guys, and then the job had gotten complicated. By the time it was over, Parker and Grofield were the only ones left, down in Mexico City with the (Continued on page 86)



"JUST CLOSE your eyes and push," Grofield told Elly. "We're going to roadhog them to death . . ."

Sportsman, TV personality, journalist, he's been dubbed "a spoiled brat" and "college boy fake" by political pros, but not even LBJ himself can stop this brilliant young muckraker from calling the shots the way he sees them, lashing out at high-placed stuffed shirts and "Red lovers" with poison-edged savagery. Here's the exclusive, all-the-facts lowdown on America's controversial "radical-conservative"—and the strange drive that makes him challenge the world's most powerful men

'WILD BILL' BUCKLEY

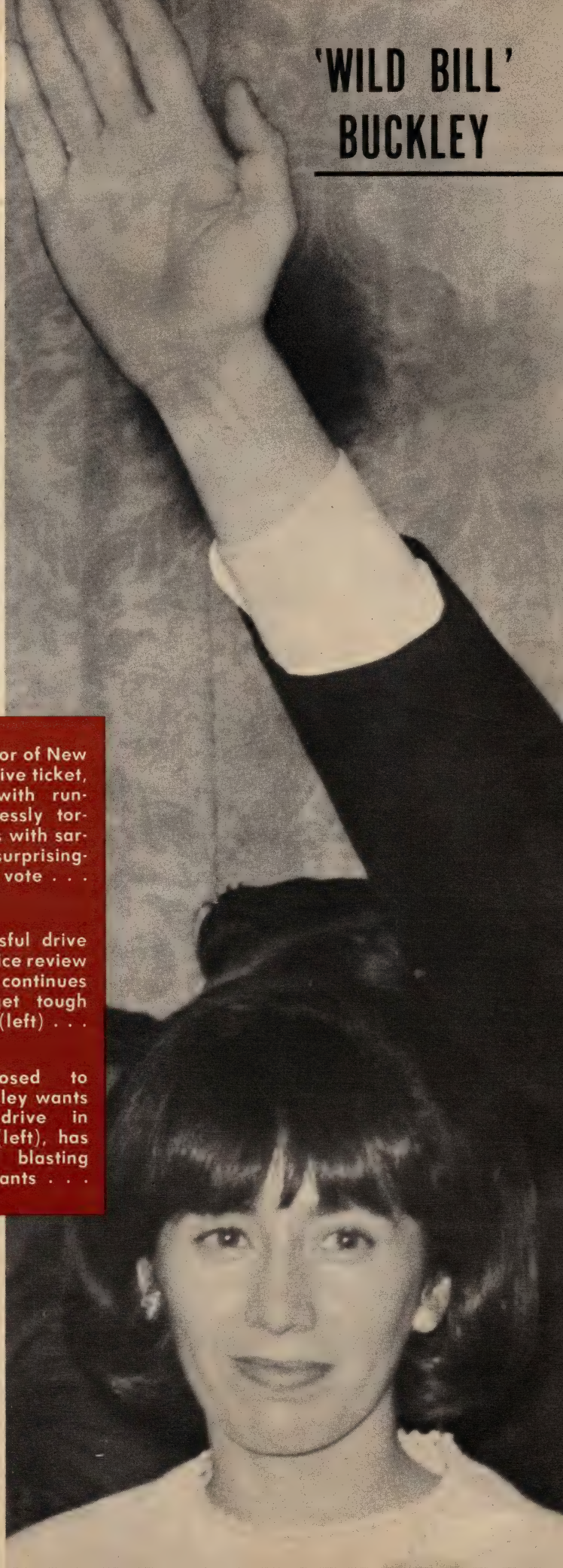


RUNNING for mayor of New York on Conservative ticket, Buckley (above with running mates) endlessly tormented opponents with sarcastic jibes, got surprisingly large chunk of vote . . .



LEADER of successful drive to abolish NYC police review board, Buckley continues to believe in "get tough with crooks" line (left) . . .

VIOLENTLY opposed to Communism, Buckley wants all-out victory drive in Viet Nam war (left), has even advocated blasting Red Chinese A-plants . . .



HELL-RAISING REBEL

WHO TACKLES WASHINGTON'S BIG WHEEL PHONIES

THE toothy-grinned, well-tailored Irishman in his late 30s, surrounded by a group of admirers, had just announced that he was running for the job of mayor of New York—the nation's largest city. An eager newsman broke through the crowd to reach his side. His question: "What will you do if you win?"

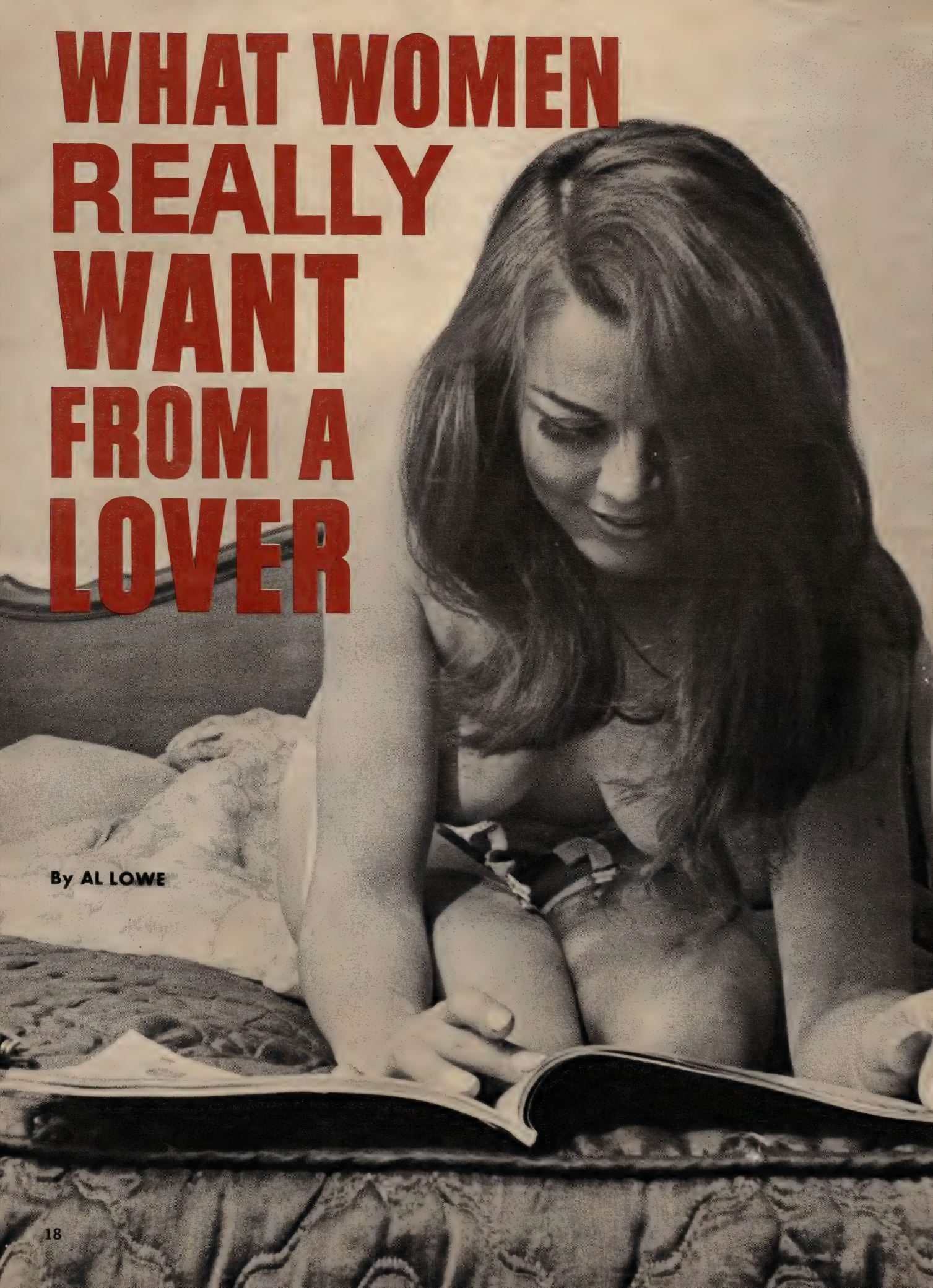
For a second, the handsome, sandy-haired candidate looked aghast. Then he snapped out: "I'd demand a" *(Continued on page 58)*

By GREGORY PATRICK



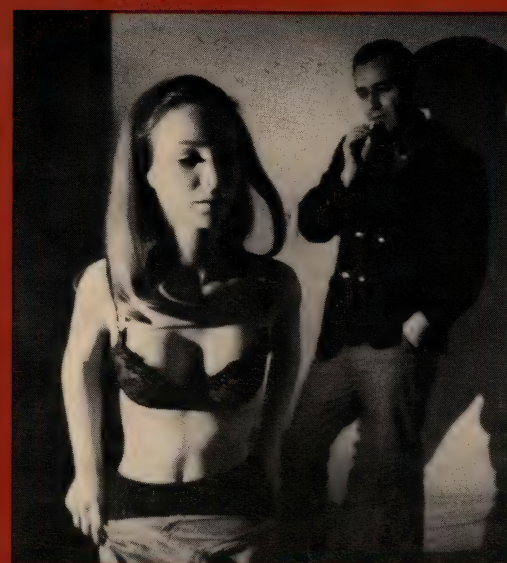
WHAT WOMEN REALLY WANT FROM A LOVER

By AL LOWE



FIRST FACTS ON THE SEX SURVEY THAT OUT-SHOCKS THE MASTERS REPORT

Women have become increasingly out-spoken on what they expect from their mate in order to satisfy their most deeply-rooted love urges—but never, until now, have so many females so frankly revealed in their own words the secret cravings of their bodies, detailing the simple but important techniques which any man can use to arouse their smouldering passions anytime . . .



STARTLING survey shows that with right man, women cannot contain strong, hidden sex-drives (above), will deliberately work themselves up to where they must have satisfaction (below), becoming uninhibited "mistresses of pleasure" (bottom) . . .

LOS ANGELES:

THE sleek, foreign sportscar eased to a halt alongside the apartment building in one of Los Angeles' quiet suburban streets and the stunning redhead, a 23-year-old TV starlet, leaned toward the fleshy middle-aged man behind the wheel.

"It's been real fun," Carol whispered. "We've got to do this again sometime soon."

The man, a well-heeled network producer, chuckled suggestively as his stubby fingers probed the soft flesh of Carol's upper arm. He had spent close to a hundred dollars to wine and dine Carol at an exclusive Holly- (Continued on page 66)



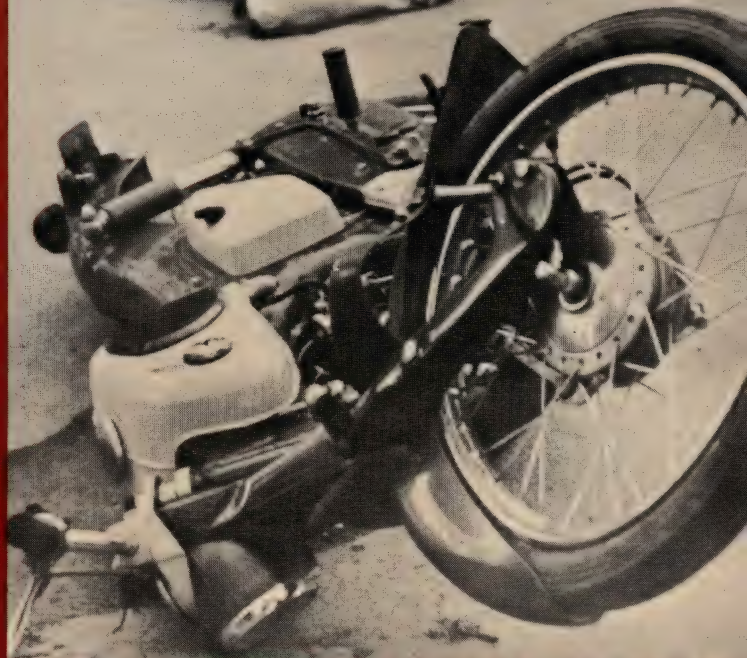
A SAFETY
EXPERT'S
DEMAND:

'BAN THOSE MURDER- CYCLES FROM EVERY U.S.

In spine-splitting seconds a beautiful young girl and her boyfriend are turned into shattered corpses after their motorcycle barely brushes a small truck; an elderly couple are crushed on a sidewalk when an out-of-control "bike" guts over them. These are only two horrible cases cited by this noted authority who asks when are we going to beef up desperately needed safety standards and, more important, muzzle the "two-wheeled maniacs" who are turning our roads into "blood alleys," making them jagged no-man's land for sane drivers . . .

By ANTHONY SCADUTO





HIGHWAY'

NEW YORK:

THE girl on the back of the throbbing motorcycle looked like a beauty right out of a magazine ad. Her long blonde hair was flowing in the wind, her green eyes sparkled bright with excitement, her skin had the pink glow of outdoor health, her pants suit was in the latest mod style. She was a clean-cut all-American girl out for an exhilarating ride on the back of her boyfriend's new rig.

They headed up First Avenue on Manhattan's East Side, past the UN, a (Continued on page 52)



EVEN heavily-protected cyclist pros meet disaster on world's most lethal vehicles (top left, right). Untrained amateur riders usually scorn safety gear, push lightweight "bikes" to danger limit, often wind up grim traffic statistics (above)

EXTRALENGTH ADVENTURE

By **MARIO CLERI**

ART BY GIL COHEN

ON Christmas Day, 1944, two German SS officers presented certain official documents to the Wehrmacht Commander of Stalag 21 in eastern Prussia, the prison camp used to hold the most dangerous of Allied war prisoners. The Wehrmacht Kommandant, a Colonel named Jarz, studied his documents and paled slightly. "I must protest," he said. "These orders are a direct violation of the Geneva convention. They are not military orders. They are criminal orders."

One of the SS officers drew his side-arm. "Colonel Jarz, one more word and I must place you under arrest as a traitor to the Fatherland. These orders will be obeyed. They will be carried out in the utmost secrecy. Do you understand?"

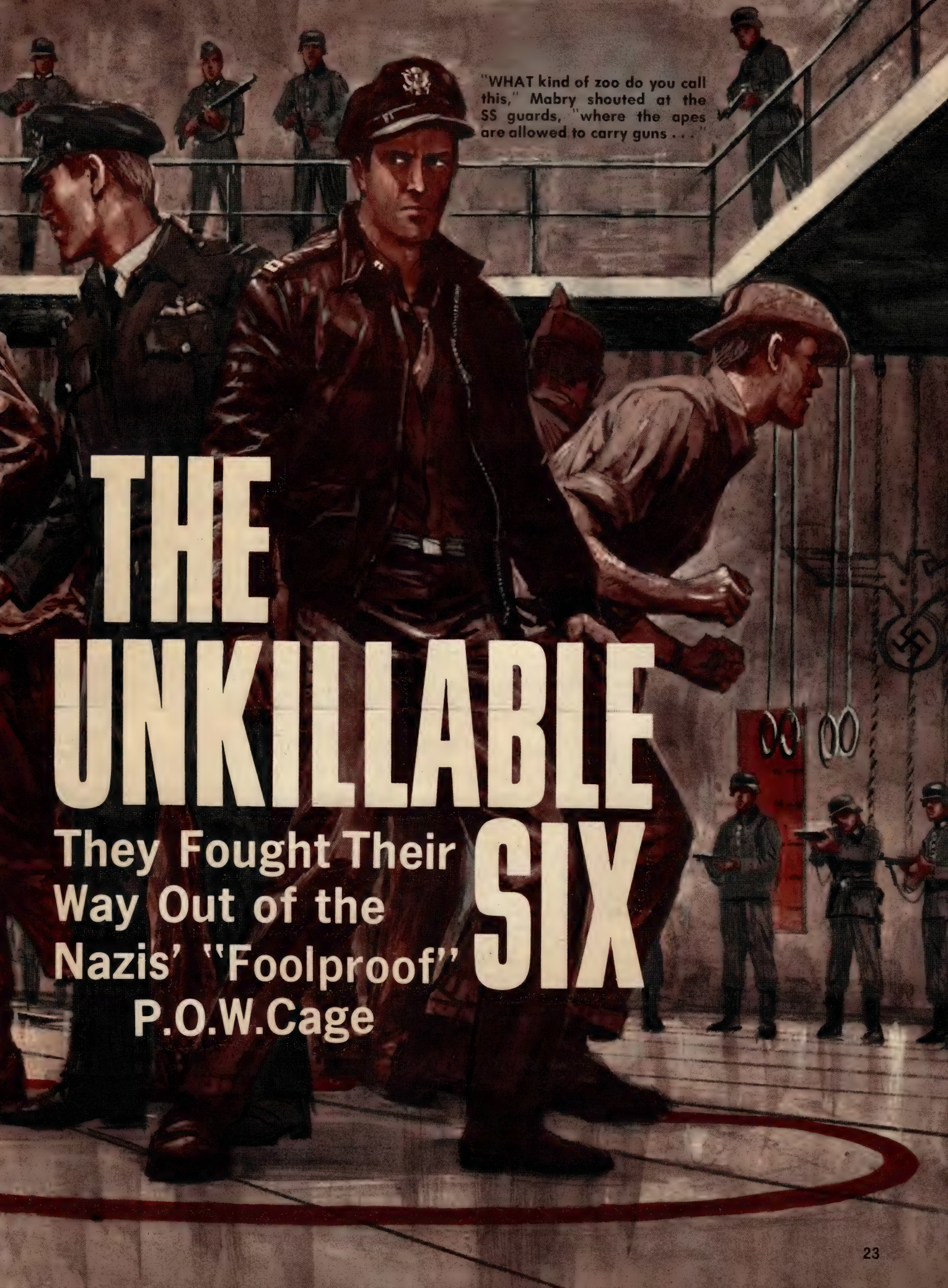
Colonel Jarz stared at the SS officer and then shrugged. "As you wish," he said. "But some day we may all hang for this dirty piece of work."

Thirty minutes later one of the prisoners in the camp was hustled out to the Kommandant's office. There he was turned over to the two SS officers who put him in a staff car that held four SS troopers. The prisoner was told he was being transferred to another camp but he knew something strange was afoot. However he was too closely guarded to attempt escape.

The staff car rolled out of the Stalag 21 gates. It went at full speed through the night on the road heading toward

The greatest Allied escape artists of WW II, they had been isolated by the German High Command in an ancient, escape-proof Prussian castle bristling with an arsenal of weapons and patrolled by an army of SS guards. Then a daring Yank OSS ace named Buzz Mabry blueprinted an incredible and hazardous disappearing act—in which half a dozen GIs would vanish into thin air under the eyes of 400 crack Wehrmacht troops . . .





"WHAT kind of zoo do you call this," Mabry shouted at the SS guards, "where the apes are allowed to carry guns . . ."

THE UNKILLABLE SIX

They Fought Their
Way Out of the
Nazis' "Foolproof"
P.O.W. Cage

Berlin. When it had traveled about 20 miles, the SS men made their prisoner get out of the car and kneel beside the road. One of the officers stood behind the prisoner and drew his side-arm. He looked up and down the road to make sure there were no witnesses. Then he shot the Allied prisoner through the back of the head.

THE other SS men dragged the body through the underbrush to a little clearing. Some of the men brought gasoline tins they took out of the truck of the staff car. They drenched the dead body of the Allied prisoner with the gasoline and then set fire to his body. They watched it burn until it was no more than a charred log of human bone, not identifiable by anyone. Then the SS men got into their car and drove away . . .

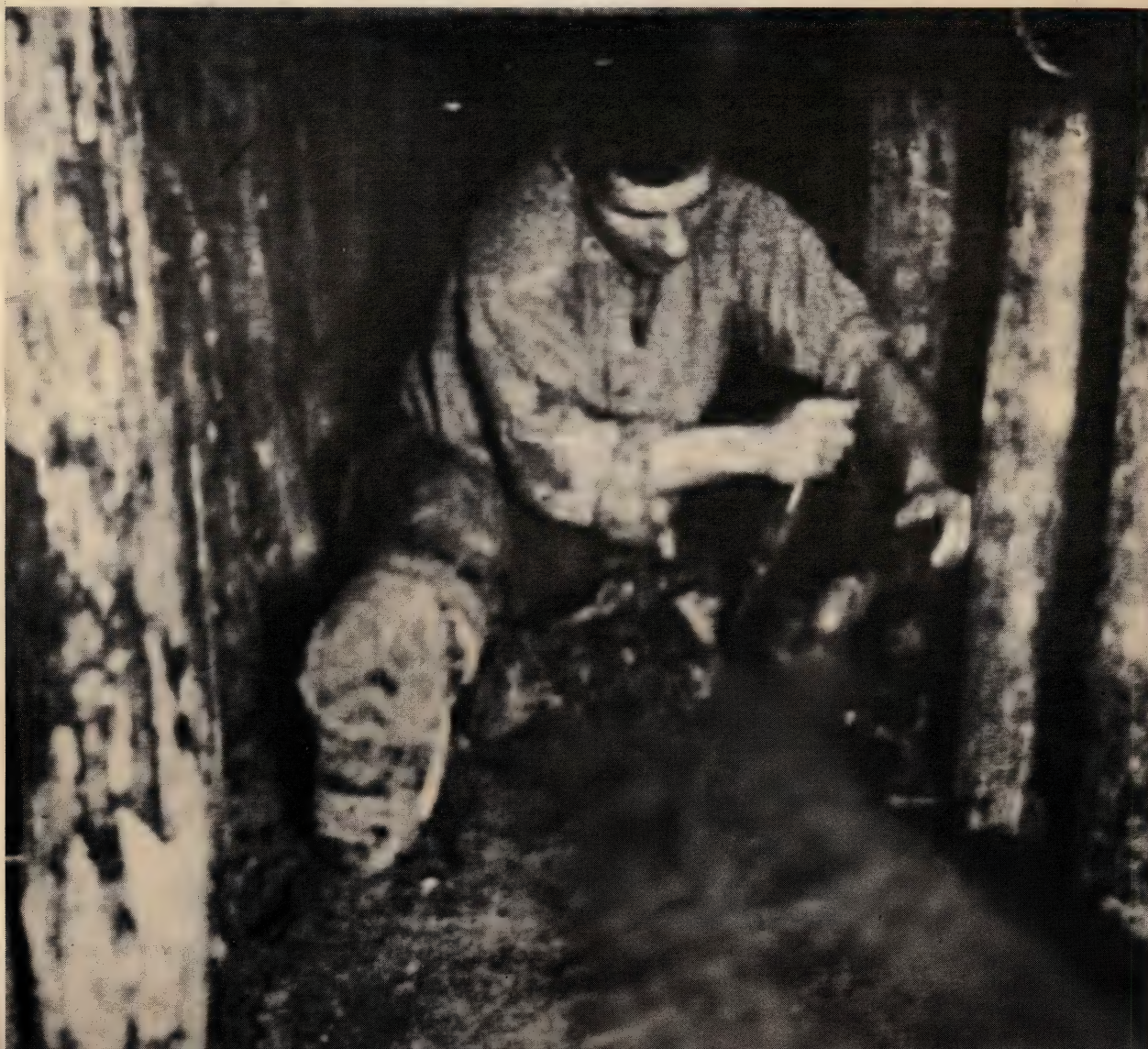
Sergeant Buzz Mabry got out of the German Army truck and looked up at the medieval castle that was going to be his new home. "Where are the other prisoners?" he asked the leader of his platoon of guards. But the guard refused to answer. Eight German soldiers formed around Mabry and marched him through the massive gates of the castle. There was a sentry box manned by two SS men. On the sentry box was a wooden

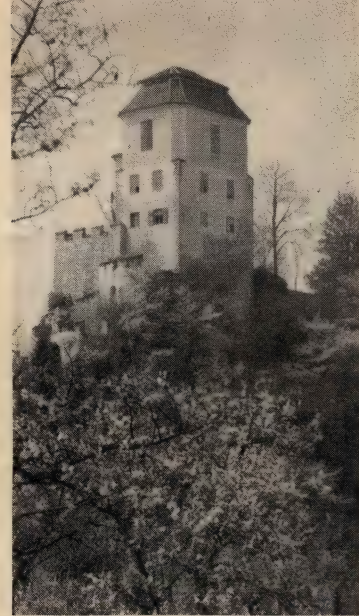
shingle sign which read "Stalag Siegfried". That was the first tipoff to Mabry. All the German prisoner-of-war camps had numbers. This was the first one he had been in that had a name for a designation.

The inner courtyard was an even bigger surprise for Buzz Mabry. He had been a prisoner of war for two years, ever since he had been shot down in a raid over Africa, but he had never witnessed a scene like this.

Only five Allied prisoners stood in the huge courtyard, bareheaded in the early morning sun. They stood facing a raised wooden platform on which sat three high ranking German officers. The rest of the courtyard was filled with SS *Rollkommandos*, prison riot squads of specially

UNKILLABLE





AFTER Mabry and other "breakout aces" (bottom rt.) engineered hundreds of crashouts from camps, like above, Germans locked them up in escape-proof castle (above, rt.) which was once a showplace . . .

trained troops. There were at least four hundred of them. The walls of the castle were lined with guards and emplaced machine guns as were the four corner towers. "Hell," Mabry said to the nearest German guard, "Who are those five prisoners in there? The Houdini brothers?"

HIS only answer was a shove toward the other five prisoners and an order for him to take his place in their ranks and stand at attention.

The castle gates clanged shut. A siren let out a long wailing signal. Buzz Mabry took a quick look at the other five prisoners in rank with him. Immediately a guard rapped him on the neck with a club and said, "Eyes forward."

One of the German officers got up from his platform seat and came to the lectern. His collar tabs showed the rank of *Oberst*. His chest was loaded with decorations, one of them the coveted Iron Cross. He also wore pilot wings. But there was something odd. Then Mabry realized what it was. The German officer was not walking properly, he was moving very stiffly. He had two artificial legs.

The German officer was speaking in English. "Gentlemen," he said, "you are probably wondering why you have been moved from your comfortable prison camps to this castle, which I am here to inform you will be your home until the end of the war. Since you are all strangers to each other though you are on the same side in the war, allow me to introduce you. When I call your name the prisoner will step forward and ascend this platform and stand beside me. I will give a short history of each of you." The German officer halted. He put his arms into the rungs of two steel bars that had been built into the platform and in this . . . (Continued on page 74)

EVEN within new "master stalag," many tunnels (left) were started by problem P.O.W.s



OVER-confident SS officers often threw wild parties in prison-castle, complete with young, near-nude frauleins (above)



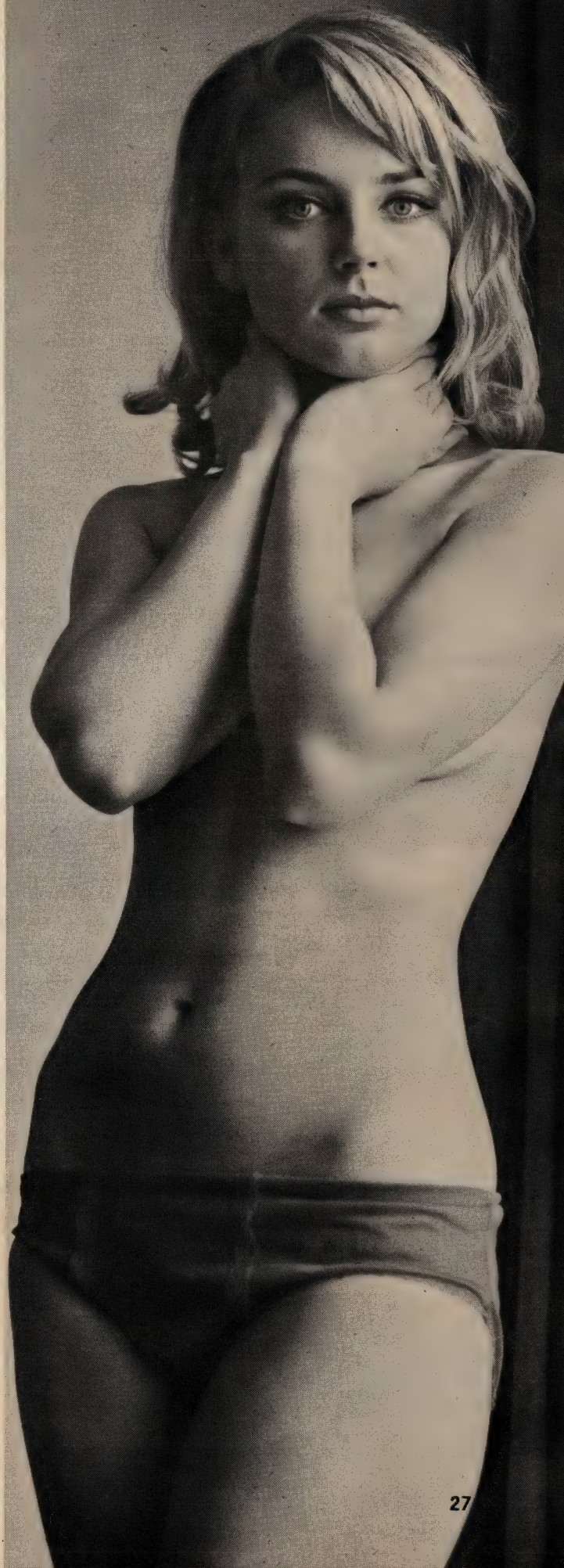


NEW FACE



*Brigitte's
Mauve
Mercedes*

Lovely Brigitte Boy (36-24-36) was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, and is presently touring Europe and Africa in her mauve Mercedes which she picked up in Munich. She likes to drive fast. "Almost everywhere I go," she says, "as soon as I pull up to the curb, groups of men collect around my car. I never thought mauve was a color that would appeal to men . . ."



*Brigitte's
Mauve
Mercedes*





Cpl. Dick 'Slasher' Friend's

BOWIE KNIFE



ONLY MEMBER of armored convoy (above) not killed, wounded or pinned down (right) by VC attack, Friend launched furious lone assault that turned tide of battle . . .

By JEFF ST. JOHN



RAMPAGE THROUGH XUAN LOC RAVINE

At his back were his wounded buddies, victims of a sneak Red attack. Ahead lay a venomous torture jungle, filled with hundreds of Viet Cong killers. Then, armed only with a rusty hunting knife, this steel-gutted young GI chopped his way through an enemy horde like a vengeance-lusting human buzzsaw . . .

SAIGON:

THE eight-vehicle convoy from the U.S. 11th Armored Regiment was threading its way along Route 1, a clay highway in South Viet Nam, when the warning, "Ambush! Ambush!" crackled over the radio in the jeep driven by Specialist 5th Class Richard Friend. The date was May 21, 1967, and

the convoy was bound from Suoi Cat to Xuan Loc, 40 miles east of Saigon.

Up ahead, Friend saw a shell zero in on one of the trucks and it exploded in a mass of twisted metal and flaming bodies. Suddenly, everything happened at once. More shells began explod- *(Continued on page 70)*

"COME DOWN," Gina said,
"and I'll give you something
even better than money . . ."

By NEIL TURNBULL

ART BY MORT KUNSTLER



A sepia-toned illustration of a woman in a bikini digging in the sand with a shovel. In the foreground, a bag of money is visible. The title 'NUDE PUSHOVER ON SINNERS' BEACH' is written in large, bold, black letters on the right side of the image.

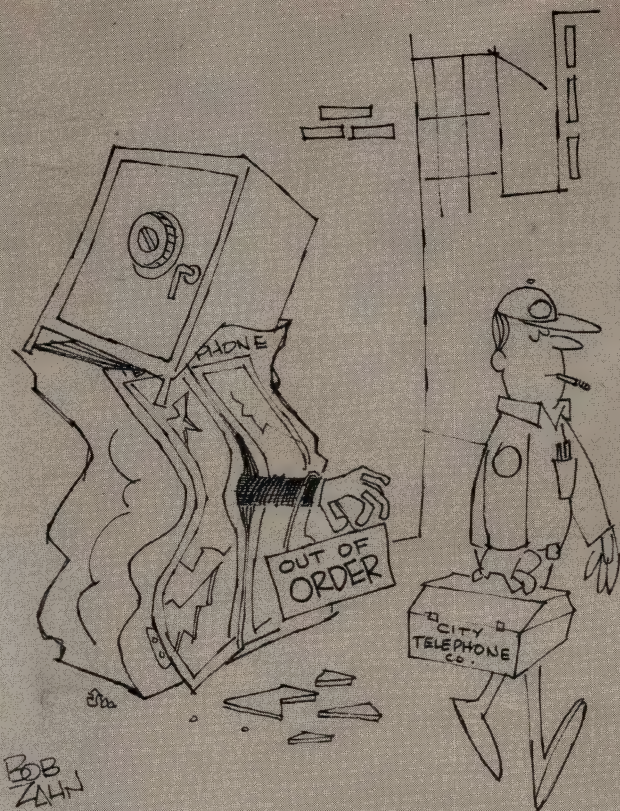
NUDE PUSHOVER ON SINNERS' BEACH

Her young, lithe, desire-laden body was the key to the missing fortune detective Jack Cavanaugh had tracked for months. And now within inches of triumph, he found himself swept into a tidal wave of forbidden pleasure, with the heights of unbridled passion—or the depths of violence—lying dead ahead . . .

**GREAT
THRILL
FICTION**

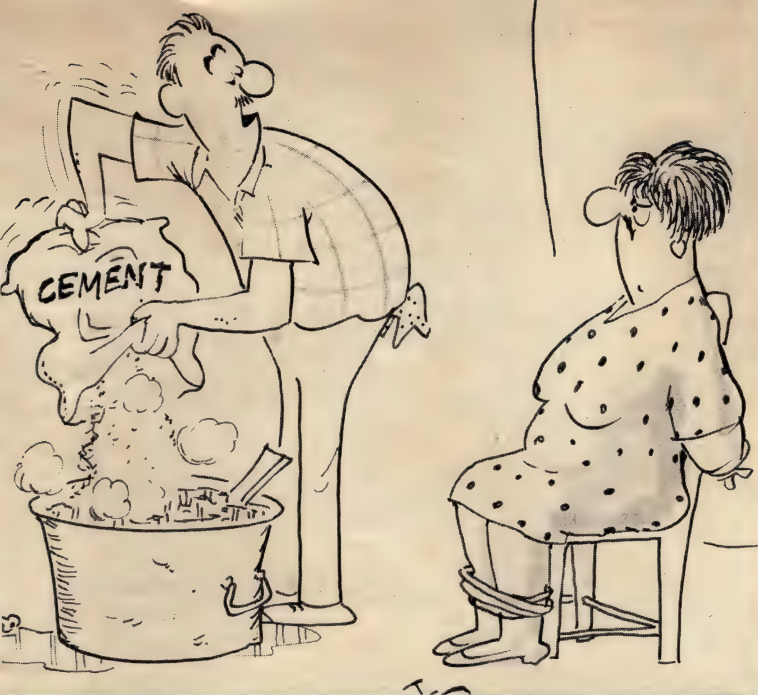
WHO are you?" the girl said, more angry than frightened. "Get out of here."

After hearing little more than an occasional cough or restless, pacing footsteps for two hours, the words hit Jack Cavanaugh's ears like a howitzer report. His tanned, rugged face tightening, he put down his coffee cup and adjusted his earphones. He was in Unit 12B of the Sun and Surf Motel, the room directly above the girl's. He had been there every night for two (Continued on page 46)



Eat your heart out, Dudley Foebish!

"It's a cop down on the street, Myron—he wants to know if you'd mind waiting until he found a pail and shovel?"



"No—I'm not going to put your feet in it—you're going to drink it."



"Driving your mother to the station, why?"

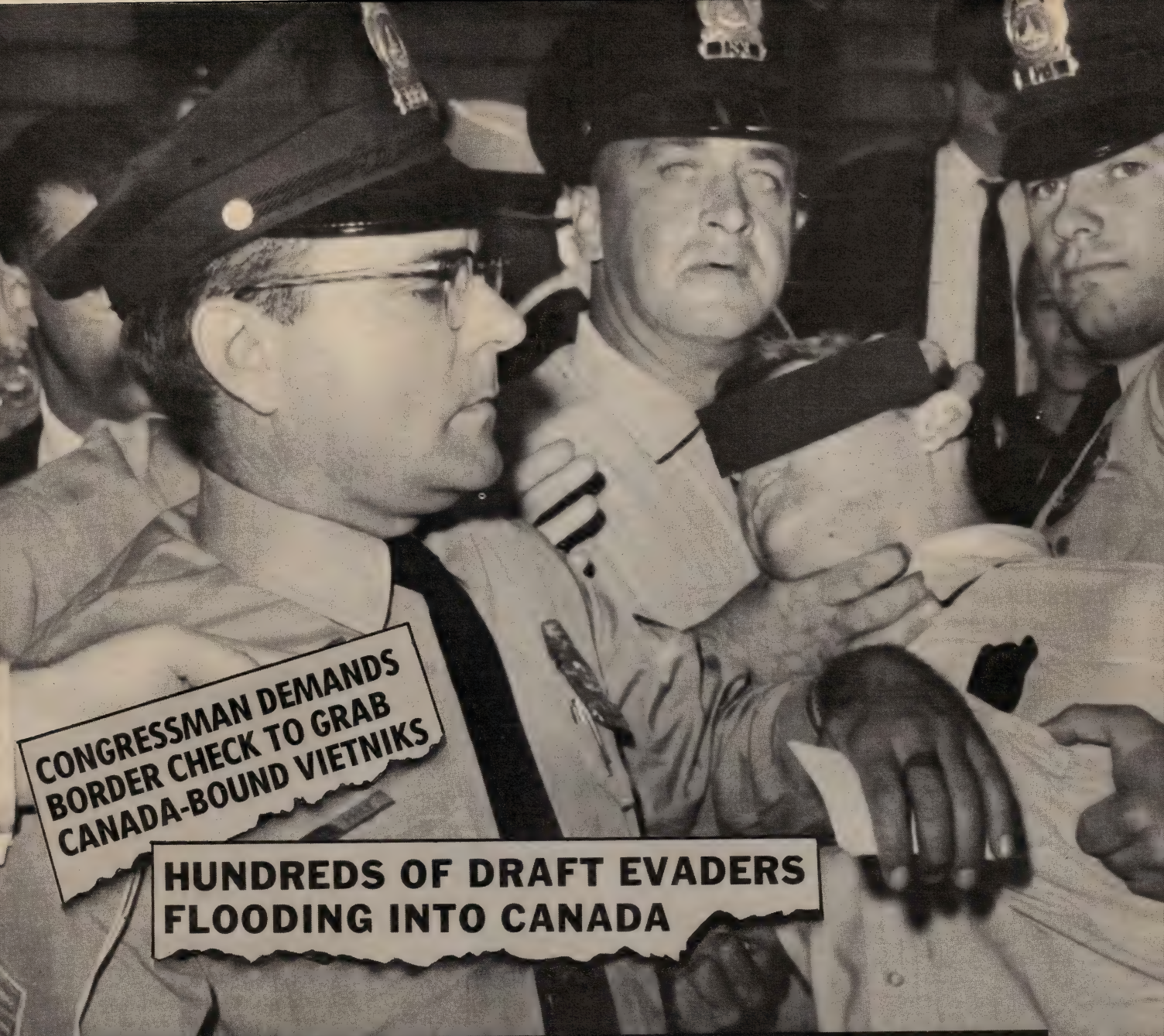
How About A Good, Mean Laugh?

Only MALE'S wild cartoonists can create the kind of sadistic, low-down situations you can't help howling over. Here are seven sharp-barbed gags that prove they really know how to hurt a guy—with laughs . . .



"This doesn't look good at all—Better get my ear plugs."

TED
TREGON



**CONGRESSMAN DEMANDS
BORDER CHECK TO GRAB
CANADA-BOUND VIETNIKS**

**HUNDREDS OF DRAFT EVADERS
FLOODING INTO CANADA**

**LET'S TRACK DOWN THOSE
YELLOW-BELLIED,
BORDER-JUMPING
DRAFT DODGERS**



UNLIKE those who cowardly skip the country in protest against Viet Nam war, others express legitimate dissent (left, above, below) which government, while not always agreeing, respects . . .



By JOSEPH DISHER

Turned into instant cowards by I-A induction notices, thousands of so-called "peaceniks" are turning tail and running for cover in Canada—and under present laws, there isn't a damn thing our government can do about it. Now a top reporter angrily urges action to nail these gutless cop-outs who frolic in safety while thousands of GI's fight and die in the Viet Nam blood jungles . . .

MONTREAL:

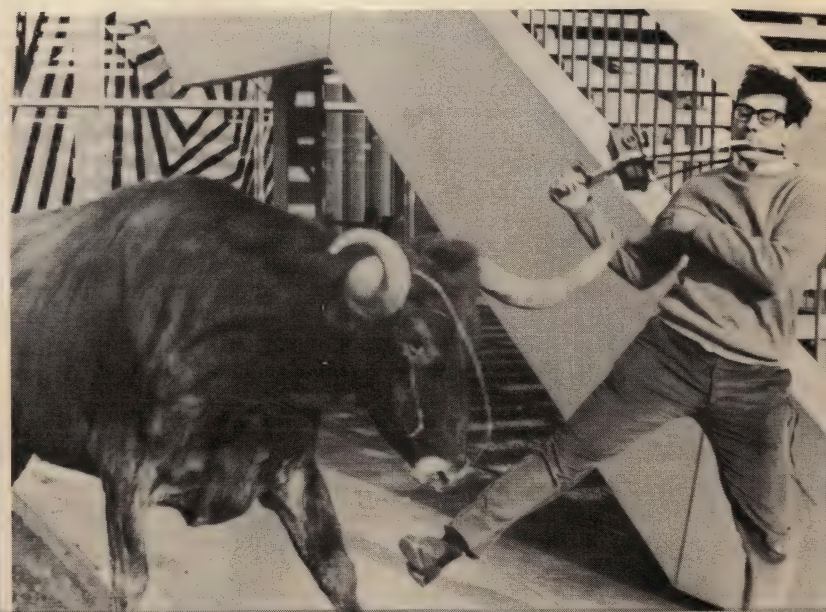
A FEW months ago Ronnie G— and George R— were both college students, both in their mid-20's and both got their bad news on the same day. Otherwise, they appeared to have nothing whatever in common.

They lived at opposite ends of the country, came from opposite backgrounds and faced vastly different futures. But on the day they opened envelopes and read those ominous words: "Greetings from the President of the United States," (Continued on page 60)

MEN IN ACTION



HIGHWAY INFERNO—Sam Gainey, of Charleston Heights, S.C., suffered severe burns when his station wagon was rammed by a truck, triggering a violent gas tank blast. Passenger in car leaped from stalled vehicle, but Gainey couldn't escape in time.



MOD GIRL—Dancer Susie Walters gives her legs and hips a workout in way-out movie, "The Trip." Susie's wild effect is caused by a combination of body paint, weirdly painted walls and a brace of hand-carried stroboscopic lights synchronized with "psychedelic crystal" projectors

HORNS OF A DILEMMA—This onrushing Brahma bull got loose at Montreal's Expo 67 and just missed goring photographer. Crazy bull roared through the fair site but was roped in front of West German pavillion before it could nail any would-be matadors



DEATH-DEFYING ROPE—Brazilian used rope to pull himself to safety when he was caught on top floor of blazing office building in Rio de Janeiro. Six people, who weren't as resourceful, died before help could reach them

UNMASKED BATMAN—University students in Bologna, Italy, dressed up this giant statue of sea god, Neptune, in Batman outfit but couldn't figure out how to camouflage his trident. Stunt is repeated every year—after kids get together, and decide which costume will most irritate the local cops . . .

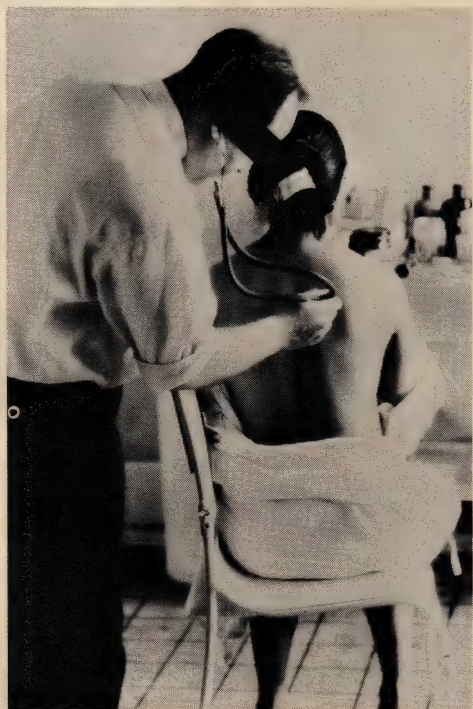


a gallery of the month's greatest photos



BEAUTY MUSCLES—German actress Monika Dietrich keeps her arms in shape exercising on the set of American-produced movie, "A Dandy in Aspic," currently being filmed in London, England

Untested



Running their inadequate experiments on charity "volunteers," callously covering up side effects of new remedies—these are only two of the shocking practices used by pill manufacturers to get their sometimes-poisonous products on the market. Here is the whole scandalous story on the so-called "wonder capsules" that often turn out to kill instead of cure—months or even years after you've taken them

By RAY LUNT

WHEN Joe B. died last spring in a Veterans Hospital it was an event of momentous unimportance to the nation at large. There were no somber headlines in the newspapers, no black-draped caisson to bear his casket, no bugle sobbing Taps at his grave. He was just another ex-GI, unknown outside his small community. Not even the other 24 men, doomed to the same fate, were aware that their ranks had begun to dwindle.

(Continued on page 62)

PILL "gobblers" (rt.) who substitute burgeoning drug industry's untried remedies, including snake serum (below), for needed treatments (left), too often end up on coroner's list



Drugs

**THE
TIMEBOMB
IN YOUR
MEDICINE
CABINET**





(continued from page 6)

INSIDE FOR MEN

traitor" through the streets of Peking. But this severe form of disgrace and humiliation drives many of the Red Chinese to immediate suicide, so deeply does it affect them . . .

SPLIT AND POLISH

Favorite trick of the Cong is to spill a forest of broken glass around one of their land mines. If the mine is stepped on or detonated in some way, the flying glass multiplies injuries by the dozens. If the mine is discovered, the glass rips up the valuable hands of allied EOD "detection" specialists while they are disarming it . . . ALTHOUGH THE CASSIUS CLAYS MAKE IT SEEM OTHERWISE, THE DESERTION AND DRAFT EVASION FIGURES ARE AMAZINGLY LOWER IN THE VIET WAR THAN IN ANY OTHER. In '66, only 353 out of

Most effective "sentry" in Viet Nam has been a 23-pound back-pack with a hose and nozzle that gulps air from all directions and pumps it into the pack where it is then analyzed to see if it contains any of the 400-odd odors distinct to the human body. If any turn up, operator knows that Cong are in the area . . .

The worst goofs that new troops make under the first stress of enemy combat action are as follows: 1) forgetting, losing or discarding vital equipment 2) talking excessively about danger and fears to the point of hysteria 3) bugging out 4) failing to properly care for weapons and other vital equipment 5) carelessness in revealing positions to the enemy 6) seeking, or refusing to leave a position of safety to fight or move with the unit. These are the expected flaws in a new man's combat pattern that only an experienced and first-rate commander can overcome and compensate for . . .

REALLY EXTRAORDINARY TO THINK THAT VIET NAM SPONGES UP SOME 300 POUNDS OF BOMBING A MINUTE AROUND THE CLOCK AND SHOWS NO SIGN OF GIVING IN . . .

Some of the bacteriological agents in our secret gas and germ warfare program are so potent that just 500 grams of one (slightly more than a pound) is considered sufficient to wipe out the entire population of the world . . .

RULES OF THE ROAD

Under normal braking conditions, power brakes make it easier on your leg muscles to stop the car--but in a real emergency braking situation, non-power brakes tend to be more effective according to many tests . . .

Those cars that have door locks that engage at eight m.p.h. should not have keys left in the ignition when cars are going through car washes--since many of the wash



Roomy cars

lines turn the tires at speeds greater than eight m.p.h. and the result is to leave the drivers out in the cold . . .

A NEW MUFFLER BEING TRIED OUT BY THE BUS COMPANIES WILL ONCE AND FOR ALL RID BUS EXHAUSTS OF THAT FAMOUS DIESEL ENGINE BUS SMELL . . .

Auto companies will have a hard time justifying the almost certain \$100 jump in



Viet Nam delicacy

1,100,000 eligible men were convicted as draft dodgers, much lower percentage than in WWI and WWII, also Korea . . .

No question that more and more of our WWII 16-inch gun battleships, will be recommissioned for off-shore bombardment duty in Viet Nam. Each will be equipped with a small Marine landing force and a command and control communications system--a sort of amphibious landing threat to keep the Reds on their toes . . .

One reason why dogs haven't been effective for nightwatch patrols is that a sentry simply can't handle a leash and a rifle at the same time. Additionally, dogs are a big delicacy in Viet Nam and have a way of disappearing . . .

prices on the '68 models, since most of the improvements are "hidden" ones--such as the exhaust emission control system--and buyers like their additions out there where they can be seen . . .

OUT OF THE UNDERWORLD

Figure that crimes against people in this country (including homicide, assault) reduce the lifetime earnings of the victims by almost a billion dollars in any given year . . . Generally speaking, doctors tend to be more prone to suicide than most men; and among doctors, it is the headshrinkers who take their own lives at a higher rate than anyone else . . .

THE ONLY "VIOLENT" CRIMINALS WHO ARE EVER SENT TO MINIMUM SECURITY PRISONS ARE INFORMERS OR STOOLIES--but once in these "light security" prisons they are put in maximum security quarters. Reason they can't be sent to the tough prisons is their lives wouldn't be worth very much once inside . . .

Most cities and states are quiet and content about the abolition of capital punishment until a particularly vicious crime is committed. Right that minute, suddenly everyone is for the death penalty all over again and lawmakers have a devil of a time blocking new legislation to bring it back . . .



Prisons blackball stoolies

States have a way of wiping out the death penalty and then bringing it back. Nineteen of our states have wiped it out, but eleven of them brought it back in again. (Two then became abolitionists again.) . . .

OFF THE DRAWING BOARD

A wonderful new plastic tooth implant that will enable false tooth people to tear into corn on the cob and other difficult foods . . .

FROZEN FOODS THAT DON'T MELT AND WILL ALLOW CAMPERS TO TAKE THEM ALONG AND USE THEM WITHOUT WORRYING ABOUT REFRIGERATOR SPACE . . .

Magnets to be installed on boots for the coming ski season. If lost, the skier will greatly increase his survival chances since rescue parties will be able to track

him down in snowdrifts with a magnetometer. . . . A spray-on coating for food that will preserve the food and is itself edible . . . Also, look for irradiated foods to hit supermarkets within the next two years. Bacon, wheat, wheat flour and white potatoes are among the staples given the go-ahead by food checkers in government . . . A fine new accordion-pleated apparatus called Res-Q-Aire that is capable of saving a man's life when he's been overcome by smoke, come close to drowning or been a victim of stroke . . . Much better than mouth-to-mouth resuscitation since it delivers fresh air and not carbon dioxide . . .

A NEW USE FOR LASER BEAMS THAT WILL LET YOU GO TO DRIVE-IN MOVIES IN THE MIDDLE OF THE AFTERNOON OR VIEW PICTURES IN A BRIGHTLY LIGHTED ROOM . . .

EASY LIFE

Scientists have found that the addition of something called gibberellic acid gives beer a head double the usual size and enhances its flavor tremendously . . .

Passengers who ride the experimental 150 m.p.h. Washington-New York train, in operation sometime later this year, will be able to make phone calls to any city in the country from the train . . . DOCTORS WHO SPECIALIZE IN THE HEART ARE ALL COMING ROUND TO THE FEELING THAT THE BEST OF ALL EXERCISES FOR THE TICKER IS RUNNING, TWO OR THREE TIMES A WEEK; second best, to keep the heart and arteries in good shape is tennis and squash playing, also climbing stairs wherever possible instead of taking the elevator . . .

Although American men live to be an average of 68.5 years, this puts them 37th on the list, longevity-wise. In Norway, Israel and New Zealand, males live to 75 years; and generally, Russians and men of satellite



Rx for a good ticker

nations show higher life expectancy than we do here, although it's expected that increased TV watching will cut into that . . .

For all of the taboos connected with its use, many doctors now feel that LSD may be the best of all medications for people who are dying. The "trips" in this case have tended to bring about a feeling of peace, of harmony in the family unit . . .

IT'S A STRANGE WORLD



lead to pregnancy. Answered the Home Secretary through a spokesman: "It is standard procedure to take pills of any kind from prisoners."

MISSING MILLIONAIRE MAY BE PRISONER OF LOVE—Latest theory behind the March 26th disappearance of an American millionaire is that he could be captive of a tribe of stone-age women. That's the possibility offered by the **Bangkok Post** concerning the rich Yank who hasn't been heard from since the day he vanished. It seems there's precedent for the notion, as documented cases are on record involving men who were taken prisoner by a jungle tribe known as the Sakai. Legend has it that once the Sakai women fall in love with you, they never let you out of their clutches.

COEDS BLAST SEX SNOOPERS—It varies from college to college, but most of our institutions of higher learning are laying down the law as to how far cuddly-coeds can go. At some of the schools, they are not allowed to wear long trench coats, as some of them have been caught wearing the coats—and nothing else—when petting with their dates. At other universities, couples must have at least three feet on the floor when they love it up in the lounge (in other words, the couple can't stretch out on a couch together). Other regulations include: 1. A dis-

mother, commented recently, "Thank heavens for the pill!"

SAFETY GADGET FOR DRUNK-EN DRIVERS—Made especially for the alcohol-fortified nut who insists, "I'm o.k.; I'll drive home," is a new gadget that won't even let the drunk argue. When the whiskey-sodden driver gets behind the wheel and turns on the ignition, a light begins flashing and a buzzer goes off. The man now has 50 millionths of a second to start the car. Actually, that's all it takes when you're sober. However, a drunk's reaction are slowed down and he can't do it—at which point the ignition circuit shuts off for good, and the car stays where it is. Only one flaw has to be worked out: some women don't hit the gas pedal hard enough to get the automatic choke working, and they, too, will find the car inoperative if they can't turn the motor on in the 50 millionths of a second allotted. Fat chance they'll have of convincing their husbands that they didn't stop off somewhere for a drink.

BIRTH CONTROL PILLS CONTROL WOMEN RIOTERS?—In a rather strange way, London authorities cracked down on five females who tried invading the Greek Embassy protesting the military coup pulled off in that country. Arrested, the women were not only jailed but had their birth control pills taken away. Outraged and scared, the women screamed their objections all the way up to the Home Secretary. "The pills were taken away while we were held for two days behind bars," complained one of the girls. "This could ruin our lives. We kept telling the police about the risk, but they wouldn't listen." The pills, to be effective, must be taken for 28 days. A gap of two days could

REDS "TRUST" EACH OTHER, BUT WORRY—The Russian-Chinese get together in North Viet Nam is about as chummy as one between a cobra and a mongoose. Diplomats from both Red powers won't socialize; talk to each other only when



absolutely necessary; won't even unbend for their so-called "hosts" in Hanoi. The Russians carry it to the ultimate in suspicion: they have all their food imported from Moscow—refusing to mouth a spoonful of possibly poisoned Hanoi hash.

BIGGEST BANG ON EARTH—Odds are it won't happen more than once every 80,000,000 years, and what will happen when it does occur is anybody's guess. Astronomers have tried to work out the puzzle of "Suppose a comet slams into this planet" for centuries, and the best estimate is this: if the nucleus of the comet is made up of light, delicate matter, we ought to take the blow without too much trouble. However, if the nucleus is loaded with boulders of stone and iron it may be the end of the world.



tance of 18 inches must separate boy from girl. 2. Candid camera studies taken surreptitiously of necking undergrads—who then are confronted with the evidence. 3. No more affectionate gesture than hand-holding permitted in student lounges. 4. Coeds visiting men's dormitories must make sure that the door is open at least the width of a book (which has led some devious lovers to use matchbooks as doorstops). Since nothing yet has ever stopped a college girl and her date from finding a way, one modern

Glamour SHOW-OFFS!



\$699

A
plunge
sheer
nylon



B
sleep set
\$599



C
stretch
lace

Was
~~\$499~~
Now
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6610 HOLLYWOOD BLVD.
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. 90028

E



deep
plunge
jump-in

new
zipper
closing
front
to
back



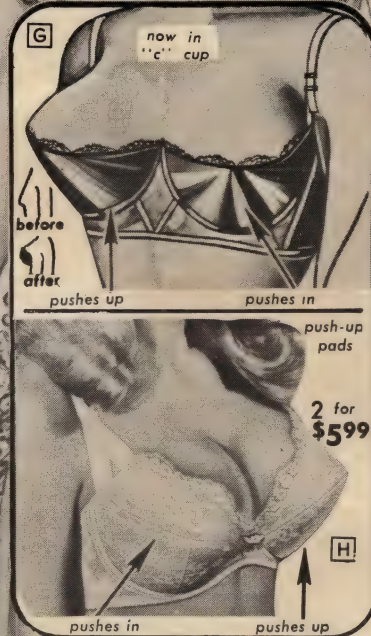
Mr. Frederick

F
open
front
\$599



D

\$288



G

now in
"c" cup

before
after

pushes up

pushes in

push-up
pads

2 for
\$599

H

pushes in pushes up

**MONEY
BACK
GUARANTEE**

A #4828
BEAUTY

Plungest plunge in dreamland! Bedtime Baby Doll... almost TOTAL-
LY BACKLESS... dives deeper than the waistline. Lavish Lace ruffles the neck and bottom. No crotch Bikini pants have wide front ruffles. In Black or Hot Pink, both with Black Lace trim. Small, Medium and Large. **\$699**

C #4640 SLEEPING

Lace Sleep Suit! One-piece chemise lends lightest control in beautiful French-patterned Nylon Stretch Lace. Built-in Sleep Bra shapes her all night long. Detachable snap-crotch. Black, White or Nude. Size "A" fits 30-36; Size "B" fits 38-42. **\$399**

D #4475 MITE

This brief, brief pantie has no crotch at all! Nothing but lovely-lovely lace! High-cut legs leave little to the imagination. Elastic waist... lace, and more lace trim, wouldn't you know it's a copy of a Continental Import. Nylon, White, Black or Red. Waist sizes 23 to 30 inches. **\$288**

B #4681 REAL RISQUE

Fascinating what Mr. Frederick can do with just rows and rows of ruffling sewn to sheer Nylon to create this saucy sleep set. Bra top has open point cup, panties have split crotch. Passion Red, Midnight Black, or Lilac. Small, Medium and Large. **\$599**

E #4844
BE DARING!

Waist-low plunge front and back is ruffled with Lace. Lace flounces the ankles. NEW zipper closing starts front and center, runs down, under, and up the back! All-Nylon... what a fit! Lilac or Black with Black Lace. Sizes 8 to 16. **\$899**

F #4733 GRAND
OPENING

Thrill when she slips on this sheer Nylon gown! Completely open down the front... ties only at the bosom with a dainty Satin ribbon. Drapes closed... ripples apart! Contrasting Lace ruffles the front to full floor length. Black or Blue, with White Lace. Sizes 32 to 38. **\$599**

G #5430 DARLING

Entirely new push-up pad, called "THE SHELF." Scientific design contoured and shaped to completely lift and raise the breast, and put it "on the shelf!" Polyester, Acetate and Nylon Satin. Black, White. Sizes 32 to 36 A, B and C cup. **\$699**

H #5616 PERFECT
PLUNGE

Lovely lace plunge front bra is underwired for up-lift, push-up padded for figure perfection, priced to pamper your purse. Clever push-up pads give desirable cleavage for low cut fashions. Black or White. Sizes 32 to 36A, 32 to 38 B cup. **2 FOR \$599**

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Sinners' Beach

Continued from page 33

weeks, monitoring and recording the sound that came from the electronically bugged room below.

"Kassel's money," a masculine voice growled in the earphones. "I want it. Tell me where it is or I'll kill you."

Contempt edged into the girl's tone: "You can go to hell."

The reply was a loud, ringing slap, followed by the ripping of cloth, curses and straining grunts. Cavanaugh was genuinely alarmed now. He had been an insurance investigator for three years, had carried out dozens of bugging jobs—but this was the first time he'd run into a situation like this. Suppose the girl's life was actually in danger? He couldn't just sit here and listen, let whatever was happening continue. Beads of sweat broke out on his forehead. A muffled whimper of pain made up his mind for him.

He wrenched the earphones off his head, and ran to the outside stairs. Another five seconds and he'd reached the girl's door. Uncertain whether it was locked, he took no chances, hit the frail plywood panel with his shoulder. It gave and he lurched into the room. The lamp on the night table had been knocked to the floor, casting giant shadows on the wall. The girl lay on the bed. The intruder—a burly, red-haired man in a bright orange sports shirt—was straddling her, his hands around her throat. Cavanaugh was on him instantly, tearing him away from the girl with one savage yank. He brought his arm back, got off a punch that caught the man full in the mouth. He crashed against the wall, blood gushing from between his mashed lips. Cavanaugh followed up the attack, driving piledriver blows into his opponent's midsection. Theoretically, he should have finished him in seconds. It didn't work out that way. Though dazed, the man fought back, catching Cavanaugh with a clubbing right to the side of the head. When Cavanaugh staggered back, he broke for the door with surprising speed. Cavanaugh started to pursue him, quickly realized he'd never catch the man before he disappeared into the dark, deserted dunes around the motel. Besides, he reasoned, what the hell would he do with the guy if he caught him?

HE turned and looked at the girl—Gina Lemain. Gasping, she had pushed herself up on her elbows. Cavanaugh, who had never seen her this close before, hadn't realized how beautiful she was, even with her long, glistening black hair disheveled and her dark blue eyes flooded with fear. The front of her lace nightgown had been ripped loose in the struggle, baring the full, rounded perfection of her breasts. Her flesh was startlingly white where the top of her bathing suit had shielded it from the sun.

"I seem to be having a lot of unexpected visitors tonight," she said in a shaky voice, making no move to cover her exposed body. "You look a little nicer than the last."

"Was passing by and heard you yell out," Cavanaugh lied, wondering if she would believe him. "Good thing for you

they make these dumps out of cardboard. I'd better call the police."

"Don't." She finally pulled together the torn bodice of her nightgown.

"Why not?" he asked, knowing that a real passerby would have.

"I have a good reason. Really." It probably wasn't an accident that her grip on the torn gown loosened, again revealing most of her bosom. Her nipples were taut and high. Combined with the pleading throb that suddenly entered her voice, the sight would have won over a half-blind centenarian.

Cavanaugh shrugged. "It's your business, miss. But if I were you, I'd lock the door this time. If you get nervous, I'm upstairs in 12B."

"I'll be all right," she murmured. "Really. And thank you."

Instead of returning to his own room, Cavanaugh hurried upstairs and went down the balcony to Unit 18B, where his partner in the investigation was staying. Fred Billings—a graying, skinny man in his late fifties—was asleep when Cavanaugh knocked. His gaunt, tired face tightened into a dismayed knot when he heard what had happened. "Christ, you really pulled a boner. She's bound to get suspicious."

"Maybe not, Fred. After all, she isn't a pro criminal."

"The guy that broke in—did she know him?"

"I don't think so, not from what I heard, anyway. Who do you think he was?"

"The Kassel embezzlement got a big play in the papers. A lot of people besides the insurance company must have figured Gina knew where he'd hidden the loot. . . . Just get back on the tap. We'll talk about it again first thing tomorrow morning. I've got to think this over. You may have blown the whole show."

THE late Harry Kassel had, indeed, made headlines when he'd lifted more than \$300,000 from the New York City bank where he'd been a minor vice president. Unlike most embezzlers, he hadn't stolen the money over a period of years, just audaciously lifted it from the vault one Friday afternoon, stuffed it into a suitcase, told his co-workers he was going away for the weekend and strolled out the front door. He then vanished from sight until the next morning, when his lifeless body was found in a unit of the Sun and Surf motel on the South Jersey shore. The theft itself wasn't discovered until the bank opened on the following Monday.

"There wasn't anything suspicious about the way Kassel died," Jack Cavanaugh's boss told him during his briefing on the assignment. Their company underwrote the bank's embezzlement insurance. "He had a history of mild heart trouble. The strain of heisting all that cash must have triggered a fatal coronary. We've already figured most of the rest of it. There was a chartered plane waiting for him at a small airport in Northern Delaware—destination, Brazil. He never made the rendezvous. Must have gotten too sick to keep driving and holed up in that motel. Then—wham, he was kaput. All very neat except that the suitcase full of money wasn't found with him. The police have already checked out the motel staff. They're fairly convinced they didn't lift it."

"Wasn't there a girl?" Cavanaugh asked.

"You'd better believe it—as luscious a little chunk of stuff as you'd ever hope to see. Kassel had a wife and three kids, meets up with this Gina Lemain. She's

an actress. Works once in a while in off-Broadway theatres. They had a big affair and he decides to make a new start with her out of the country. Oldest embezzlement story there is. She refuses to talk to anybody but it's pretty obvious she was going to join him later in Brazil. Kassel made one call from the Sun and Surf the night he died—to the Lemain girl. The way I figure it, he knew he was terribly sick and wanted to let her know where he'd stashed the money. Eventually she's got to go after it. You and Fred Billings will be right on her tail when she does."

CAVANAUGH had always disliked working with Billings, a nit-picking martinet who reminded him of some of the noncoms he'd served under when he was a member of a Special Forces team in Viet Nam. This time was no exception. When Cavanaugh joined him, Billings had already set up a bug in Gina Lemain's Greenwich Village apartment. Their listening post was a furnished room across the street. "Keep one thing in mind," he warned. "This kid looks like a college girl but she's a mean, tough, cold-blooded tramp. You get soft on people, Jack. I've seen it. You get soft on people and don't pay attention. You've got to expect the worst from any bastard you meet."

"I've heard it before, Fred," Cavanaugh said in a bored voice. "Now give me a rundown on what she's been up to."

"There's a boyfriend," Billings said. "But you'll catch that yourself. That dumb bastard Kassel throws away his whole life for her and in two weeks she's shacking up with another guy. Now she's not the type that gets soft. . . ."

Billings had planted one of his hearing devices in Gina Lemain's bedroom. As the junior member of the team, Cavanaugh had the night shift. Billings hadn't lied about one thing—the girl's private life. Night after night, he sat there alone, listening to her moans and cries as she writhed in her new lover's arms. The man had already been identified as a would-be actor working as a waiter in a village coffee house. She had met him after Kassel's death. The sounds coming from the earphones eventually dug into Cavanaugh's guts like poisoned spurs. *What I need is another job*, he told himself wryly. *Or better hours*. Thirteen days after the beginning of the job, he heard something that made him feel a bit better—Gina and the actor in a violent quarrel that ended with the man being ordered out. It was hard to tell what he'd done wrong but, whatever it was, Cavanaugh was glad he'd done it. The pressure had been growing unbearable.

Neither he nor Billings picked up a single reference to the Harry Kassel embezzlement during more than a month of eavesdropping. Then the break came. Cavanaugh was awakened at nine in the morning by a phone call from Billings. "What the hell is going on?" he asked.

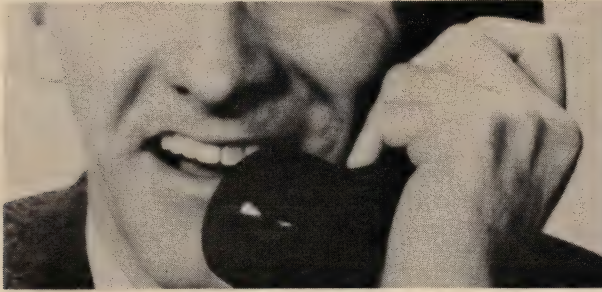
"The girl took off like a rocket this morning," Billings said. "Jumped in her car before dawn and drove off. I followed her. Guess where she went?"

"How would I know?"

"The motel where Harry Kassel died. Better get down here. I've already rented you a room."

It took Cavanaugh more than four hours to reach the motel, located on an otherwise desolate stretch of beach south of Atlantic City. Billings was waiting for him. "She's made her move," he said triumphantly. "Now all we have to do is wait and listen. I haven't put the bug in her room yet. Afraid to let her out of

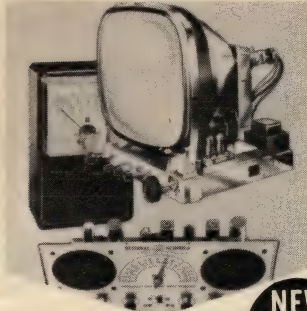
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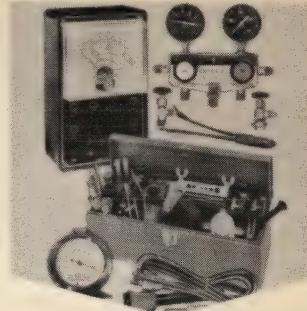
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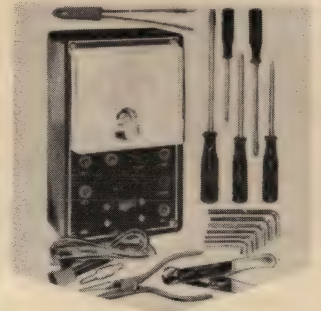
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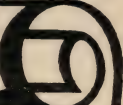
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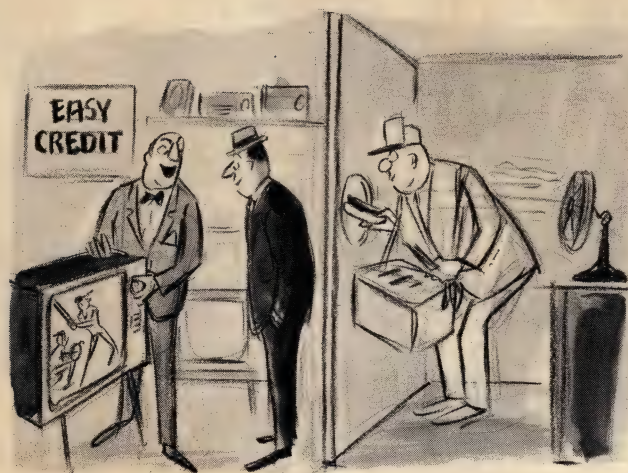
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"Notice, sir, how this model actually gives you the feeling of being right in the ol' ball park."

my sight long enough. Might have gone for the money when I wasn't watching her."

Billings put his listening device in place when Gina Lemain went out for dinner. Then the two investigators settled in for a repetition of the routine back in New York. If the Kassel loot really was in the area, the girl was taking her time about looking for it. Her regime was that of any other vacationer—the beach in the morning and afternoon; a few drinks in the evening; bed. Billings' bitching became more annoying than ever. "Shows what a crummy outfit we work for," he grumbled. "Decent company would have half a dozen guys on a stake-out like this. A couple to man the bugs, the rest to follow her when she leaves the motel. This way you never get a chance to really rest. Just penny-pinching, that's all."

"For Christ's sake, go for a swim or something," Cavanaugh answered. "You're at the beach. Enjoy it."

"Can't swim. I've been deathly afraid of the water ever since I was a kid."

"Then go to sleep."

It was on the fourth day of the stake-out that Cavanaugh heard the intruder enter Gina Lemain's room—and went to her rescue. . .

"I CALLED New York last night," Billings told him the following morning. "There's been a change of plans. Since you've made contact with the girl, they want you to keep it up, try to get her to talk personally. Even romance her if necessary."

"That's crazy," Cavanaugh gasped.

"You've blown your cover, Jack. This is the best way."

The girl went to the beach every day at ten. Cavanaugh, in bathing suit and sandals, left 10 minutes later. It wasn't hard to spot her blanket. This early in the season, few vacationers were in the area. Even if there had been, she'd have stood out. She lay on a blanket a few yards from the surf. Cavanaugh paused a moment to examine her appreciatively. She wore a bright red bikini, the skimpy halter of which barely covered her large but firm-fleshed breasts, jutting up like twin, sculptured hills. His gaze travelled down the smooth slope of her belly to the soft magnificence of her rounded hips and long, shapely thighs. He thought she was asleep until her husky voice said:

"You're a cop, aren't you?"

The question briefly left him speechless. "What gives you an idea like that, miss?" he said at last.

"I didn't cry out when that man attacked me. Not loud enough for anyone to have heard from outside the room. And I found your gadget this morning, inside the air conditioner."

Cavanaugh could see there was no point lying. He shrugged, grinned wryly and, not waiting for an invitation, sat beside her on the blanket. "Not a cop. An insurance investigator. And you ought to be glad I'm following you. That thug wasn't fooling around last night."

"Do you have any idea who he was?" she said in the same coolly unruffled tone, as if they were comparing notes about a not-particularly-interesting movie.

"No—but once you start messing around with three hundred grand, you have to expect competition."

"You think I know what happened to Harry's money, don't you?"

"My employers do. If they're right, I advise you to talk to me now and get it over with. There isn't a chance on earth that you'll be able to keep it. And until you give it up, guys like me will be on your tail day and night."

Gina Lemain stood up, stretched her arms overhead languorously. "You're rather attractive for a cop. Shall we go back to my room?"

"Why?"

"So you can make love to me, of course. We might as well enjoy ourselves while we're playing cat and mouse."

Astonished at her frankness, Cavanaugh helped gather up her beach equipment and silently walked back to the motel beside her. He shut the door of her room and she turned to face him, the same odd smile on her half-pouting lips. Then she came into his arms, her mouth hungrily fastening on his own, tongue probing like a tiny animal. When the kiss ended, she slid to her knees, reaching up to pull down his bathing trunks. The soft rustle of her black, shining hair against his legs as she slipped the garment past his knees was like an unendurable caress. He grasped her hair with his hard-knuckled hand, slowly eased her to her feet. His fingers trembled as he unfastened her halter and at last touched the white globes that had taunted his imagination for days.

"Carry me to the bed," she whispered.

Cavanaugh obeyed, then murmured: "I'll just be a second." He went to the

air conditioner and removed the tiny magnetic disc that was transmitting sound to the room above. He flushed it down the toilet before returning to the bed. The thought of Billings overhearing all this was sickening.

"Wasn't that against the rules?" the girl chuckled.

"Who the hell cares?" Cavanaugh said, lowering himself into her warm embrace. He knew, even before their forms merged, that he was in for the most shattering, no-holds-barred love bout of his life. She didn't disappoint him, turning her body into a kind of writhing machine, programmed to answer his every desire and urge. . .

LATER they lay side by side and he asked: "Why did you ask me here? Really."

"Because you helped me last night. And I'm afraid to be alone after what happened. Is that honest enough?"

"It'll have to do."

"You don't like your job, do you? I can tell."

"No worse than any other," he said, though she'd struck a nerve. The truth was that he'd grown to hate the stealth and cynicism of his profession. The possibility of someday turning into an embittered figure like Fred Billings had lately begun to torment him. "I got into the business after the army, just to tide me over until I raised enough money for law school. Seems like a long time ago now. Somehow I just never quite got the cash together."

"You could make a lot of money, Jack," she said, running her hand over his chest and upper stomach. "Just for not watching me too closely for a few hours . . . or falling asleep. . ."

He shook his head. "I told you before, you'll never get away with it. There isn't a prayer."

Her hand was moving in widening circles, expertly rekindling his desire. "You don't mind if I try to corrupt you, though? You can't lose either way."

"I guess I can't," he said, turning to face her again. . .

"Why did you get rid of the bug?" Billings snarled when Cavanaugh joined him two hours later.

"You'd have cramped my style. I need privacy. Have you gotten any leads on the guy I tangled with last night?"

"Not much. He was registered under the name Coskey. Checked out at two in the morning. New York license plates. The home office is running a check but I doubt if they'll learn anything. . . How are you and the girl getting along?"

"Just fine. She offered to cut me in if I let her go for the money."

"And you turned her down?" Billings said in disbelief. "You're crazy! That's what I was hoping for! She gets the suitcase, then we grab it!"

"Not smart to agree too quickly. She might have been testing me." Even as he spoke the words, Cavanaugh wondered if they were the truth—or if he was just kidding himself. Treacherous or not, Gina Lemain had gotten her claws into him in a way no other woman ever had. . .

From the next three days, Cavanaugh was with the girl almost constantly. After a while, he almost began to believe he really was on a vacation. In the afternoon they swam or lay on the beach; evenings they made love with an abandon that soon became almost addictive to Cavanaugh. It was as if she was trying to make him a slave to her beauty and the wild fervor of her body. She never mentioned the money again, though

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MEN

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she tried to make him understand her determination to hold onto it. "I've been broke all my life, Jack," she told him once. "When I was a kid in Louisiana, I didn't own a dress that was really my own till I was 14. It was always hand-me-downs or home-made trash. Even when I tried to break into show business, I wouldn't hustle on the side like most of the other girls. Then I met Harry Kassel and found out just how nice it is to have almost anything I wanted. I can't go back to living the old way. Not now. . ."

As the days went on, Fred Billings' impatience seemed to almost verge on mania. "You've got to act, for Christ's sake," he told Cavanaugh again and again. "You've got to. . ."

Finally, the matter was taken from his hands. On a mid-morning nearly a week and a half after his affair with Gina began, he awoke to find the girl standing by his bed, wearing an open beach jacket over her bikini. "No swim this morning," she said in a determined voice. "I'm going for Kassel's money. Are you coming with me?"

"Do you trust me to?" he asked groggily.

"Not all the way. I don't think even you know what you'll do. But I'm willing to gamble that you'll let me go. If you do, half of it will be yours."

"All right," Cavanaugh said.

They took the girl's car, and drove north, with Gina at the wheel. And at last she told him what Harry Kassel had revealed over the phone before he died. "He was about five miles from here when the attack hit him—a mild one, like the others. But he knew he'd never make it to Delaware without passing out. He stopped the car, buried the suitcase under a bridge, then went to get help. The Sun and Surf was the first building he came to. Maybe if he'd just used the office phone to call a doctor, he'd be alive now. Who knows? But he decided to gamble that he'd be able to go on again after a few hours rest. He called to tell me where the money was in case he didn't make it. He knew once he was in a hospital, he'd never get out of the country before the theft was discovered. 'If they nail me, I want you to have the money,' was what he said. And a few minutes later he was dead. . ."

The bridge was over a deep, fast-rushing river a half mile inland. Strain added a touch of harshness to Gina's delicate features as they scrambled down the bank. She got on her hands beside one of the concrete bridge abutments, heedless of her finely manicured nails as she dug in the sand. A gasp of relief came from her lips when her fingers at last touched leather. The suitcase was buried only a few inches beneath the earth. Kassel couldn't have had time to do a really good job of hiding it. She yanked it free, twisted about to face him, a look of pleading in her almost-violet eyes.

"WHAT'S it going to be, Jack?" she asked. "Half the money? Or nothing at all? No one will ever know. Even if they suspect you let me get away, they won't be able to prove it, not if you're careful."

Cavanaugh never got a chance to answer. Before he could speak, they both heard scuffling feet on the embankment, turned to see Fred Billings. The older investigator held a .38 revolver, levelled at Cavanaugh's midsection.

"That isn't necessary, Cavanaugh said, before he noticed the glazed mixture of fury and greed in Billings' usually tired eyes.

"Didn't think I was smart enough to follow, did you?" Billings said. "But you two always walk to the beach. Soon as I saw you get in her car, I knew you were after the cash. Now both of you move all the way back under the bridge, facing the wall."

Cavanaugh, finally understanding what had happened, silently cursed himself for a fool. "You set up the whole thing, didn't you? The hood breaking into Gina's room! Everything!"

"Right," Billings gloated. "I had your number, Jack, knew damn well you'd go charging downstairs as soon as you thought she was in trouble. Like I've said before, you're soft. And thereweren't any calls to the New York office either. So far as they know, we're doing the job exactly the way we were supposed to. But the motel employees will be able to testify that you and this whore were shacking up on the sly. When you both disappear, the company brass will figure she talked you into skipping with her and the cash. They'll probably fire me for negligence but with 300 grand stashed away, who cares?"

"And where do we disappear to?" Cavanaugh said, fear tightening in his belly like a leather ball.

"A swamp about 10 miles from here. You, her, the car, but not the money."

AS Billings spoke, Cavanaugh suddenly remembered what the other man had told him weeks before: *I can't swim. Been deathly afraid of the water ever since I was a kid . . .* The suitcase was only inches from his leg—and only a few feet beyond was the river. Cavanaugh moved with snake-like speed, kicking the case far out into the deep, swift-moving stream. For just an instant, Billings was stricken with horrified amazement, his jaw falling slack. But his paralysis didn't last long enough. As Cavanaugh lunged for him, he got off a single shot. Cavanaugh felt a searing pain in his shoulder. The slug drove him five feet backward. He crumpled to the ground, head swimming, waiting for the bullet that would finish him. But Billings eyes were trained unbelievably on the spot where the suitcase and its precious cargo had sunk beneath the dark water. They were still fixed there when Gina yanked a small-caliber automatic from her beach jacket, fired it at Billings point blank until the clip was empty. Eyes still stricken and stunned, he toppled headfirst into the river. In minutes his body, swirling around and around like a piece of lumber, had been carried out of sight.

"Are you all right?" she cried, kneeling.

"I will be as soon as you fetch an ambulance," he groaned. Somehow, even in his agony, he couldn't help pitying Billings, thinking of the years of desperation that had driven him to take this insane gamble. "Don't panic and run for it. What you did was self defense. But if I bleed to death here, no one will ever know it. Just get the ambulance."

"The money. . ."

"To hell with the money," he snarled. "It doesn't count anymore."

She nodded and scrambled to her feet, started up the embankment. "Your gun," he called after her suddenly. "It was to use on me, wasn't it?"

She turned once, started to say something, then continued up the embankment. "Everybody was right," he told himself with bitter humor, trying to not think about the pain. "I'm in the wrong business. . ."

He was laughing uncontrollably when the ambulance came. ***

How to get into

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One reason is that the U.S. Government doesn't permit anyone to service two-way radio systems unless he is licensed by the FCC (Federal Communications Commission). And there simply aren't enough licensed electronics experts to go around.

Another reason two-way radio men earn so much more than radio-TV service men is that they are needed more often and more desperately. A two-way radio user *must* keep those transmitters operating at all times, and *must* have them checked at regular intervals by licensed personnel to meet FCC requirements.

This means that the licensed experts can "write their own ticket" when it comes to earnings. Some work by the hour and usually charge at least \$5.00 per hour, \$7.50 on evenings and Sundays, plus travel expenses. Others charge each customer a monthly retainer fee, such as \$20 a month for a base station and \$7.50 for each mobile station. A survey showed that one man can easily maintain at least 15 base stations and 85 mobiles. This would add up to at least \$12,000 a year.

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Murder-Cycles

Continued from page 21

couple of swingers getting their kicks in the whizzy world of the motorcycle. They weren't going too fast, though, for they weren't hot-rod speeders but just two young kids in love with each other and their new-found cycling kicks.

At 57th Street, the cycle pulled up for a red light. When it turned green again the cyclist accelerated and with a throaty roar of power the bike pulled out in front of traffic and continued up the avenue. After a few blocks the cycle approached a group of other cars and began to pass some of them. Suddenly, a small panel truck cut out in front of the cycle. The truck driver never saw the bike in his mirror and didn't know it was there until he heard the horn. He swerved back into his lane, but the cycle glanced off the truck's rear fender and spun out of control.

It swerved over to the curb. An elderly woman who had just stepped into the gutter was struck full on and thrown against a light pole. The cycle roared on, mounting the curb, and the lovely blonde on the back lost her grip around her boyfriend's waist. She flew off the bike, her body arcing through the air, and smashed into the sidewalk on her head. She hit with a gut-wrangling thud as her skull splintered. She died instantly.

The cyclist tried desperately to keep his bike upright. His leg shot out at one point, as he tried to balance himself, and a bone snapped audibly as the leg banged against a fire hydrant. Pedestrians scattered out of the bike's path, until it smashed against the brick wall of an old tenement and finally came to a halt.

Police arrived in minutes, followed quickly by an ambulance. The girl's bloodied body was covered with a blanket. The cyclist and his elderly victim, still alive, were lifted gently into an ambulance and rushed downtown to Bellevue Hospital. Both were dead when they were wheeled into the emergency room.

"He hardly even touched me," the shaken driver of the panel truck told police. "Look at the fender. Not even a mark on it. He just glanced off and went wild and three people got killed. They ought to outlaw these damn motorcycles."

THAT accident on a crisp sunny day last spring, and the truck driver's cry of despair, points up a growing nationwide concern over killer motorcycles that are making our streets and highways run red with the blood of their victims. The simple fact is that motorcycles and motor scooters are the most dangerous vehicles on the road. The number of people getting killed on them each year is growing at such an alarming rate that medical men and traffic experts are calling it a national epidemic.

The virulence of that epidemic has brought renewed demands for drastic cure from hundreds of influential citizens, private associations and government agencies. The National Safety Council has called for immediate reform of both cycles and cyclists. The National Highway Safety Agency is taking steps to make cycles safer to ride. Senators and Con-

gressmen on Capitol Hill are getting ready to hold hearings on the problem and possibly draw up nationwide regulations. Medical men all across the country decry the battered bodies they have tried to repair, or have been forced to pronounce dead. Even motorcycle trade associations are recommending tighter regulations for the safety of cyclists.

Despite the cries of alarm, the popularity of motorcycles is increasing so rapidly that it is expected there will be five million of them on our highways in just a couple of years, compared to a few hundred thousand just a few years back.

Only a short while ago cycles were almost exclusively used by hood-types in nail-studded leather jackets. But when Japanese manufacturers came up with lightweight, cheap bikes and began to advertise them heavily, they caught on quickly and became the "in" things, respectable, even attaining a certain amount of class for many millions of Americans. College students are big for bikes. Madison Avenue and United Nations junior executives use them to beat midtown traffic jams, as do businessmen, show biz people, teachers and secretaries in every city. Suburban commuters find them the solution for getting to the railroad station. A lot of young members of the go-go set have swung over to bikes because they've become a sputtering and glamorous status symbol. Most of all, thousands of young cyclists find the lightweight a lot of fun to ride; and they're so inexpensive they barely put a dent in a bank account.

CONVENIENCE is the big thing for me," a New York public relations man says. "It takes me a half-hour to get from my apartment in Queens to my office at Park and 50th. If I drove a car it would take me an hour, and even longer than that to get home. I'd also never find a place to park. But with my bike, I can really move along in the rush hour. It just takes a flick of the hips and you're in and out of traffic."

And a flick of the hips, and you may be dead. As the popularity of cycles increases, so does the death toll of cyclists. In 1965, the latest year for which complete figures are available, 1,600 cyclists were killed, a fantastic 40 percent increase over the year before. An estimated 200,000 cyclists and passengers were injured. Only two of every 100 vehicles on the road are cycles, but at least three of every 100 persons killed in highway acci-

dents are cyclists. Figuring the death toll on a mileage basis, four cycle operators are being killed for each person killed in an accident involving a car—and the car death figures are swelled because they include pedestrians and other non-occupants. And finally, while motorcycles make up only 1.4 percent of all vehicle registrations, they are involved in 2.8 percent of all fatal accidents—double the percentage of their registrations.

BUT even these horrendous statistics are understated, because they do not include one of the major victims of motorcycles—the pedestrian. According to experts who have studied the problem, you and I, and especially our parents and other elderly people, stand a greater chance this year of getting killed by a motorcycle than even before. In relation to their number on the road, cycles are the greatest source of injury and death to pedestrians of all ages. As the number of cycles on the road pushes up to the five million mark, the number of pedestrians who put their lives on the line every time they step out of doors grows along with them.

Take the tragedy that befell Julius and Jack Badiner, both brothers in their early 60's. The Badiners were partners in a Minneapolis knitting mill. In the summer of 1962 they came to New York City on business. On their second day in the city the brothers were sight-seeing in midtown, wandering leisurely around Times Square after lunching in a nearby restaurant. As they waited at the curb at the corner of 43rd Street, a motorcycle driven by a 20-year-old messenger came roaring along 43rd with the light in its favor. The Badiners and another man, a 22-year-old New Yorker, were waiting for the light to change. There was no question but that the cycle would pass them by, with many, safe, comfortable feet to spare.

Without warning, the bike's front wheel went into a pothole, a four-inch deep gash in the pavement, a hole 43 inches long and 22 inches wide, a natural trap for a cycle wheel. The front wheel jumped, the cycle swerved into the pedestrians at the curb, roaring over Julius and Jack Badiner and the younger man. Then it flipped over, dashing the cyclist to the sidewalk.

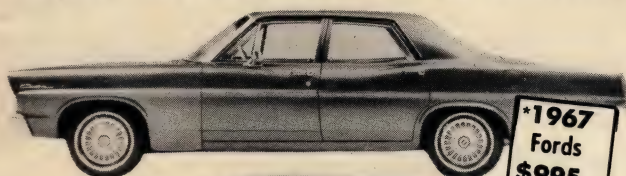
The Badiners were dead on arrival at Grand Central Hospital. The third man was seriously injured, and so was the cycle driver. Both were hospitalized for many weeks.



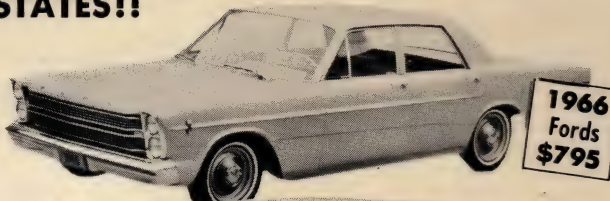
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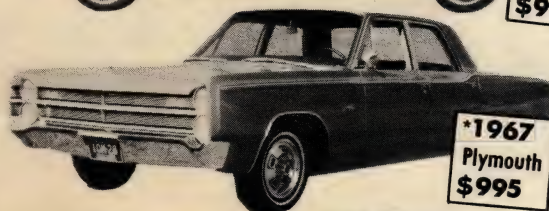
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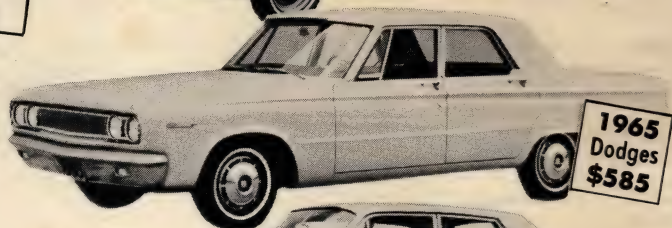
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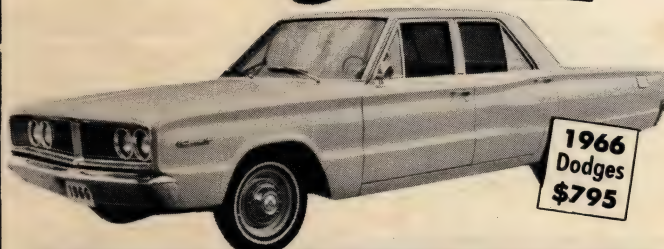
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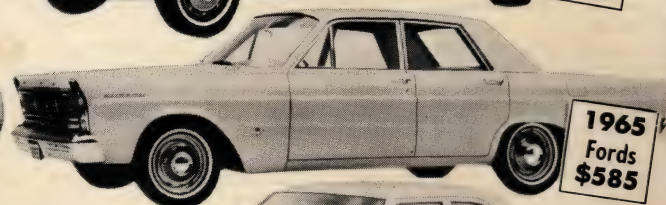
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Professor John J. O'Mara of Iowa University, a traffic safety engineer who has made an extensive study of cycles, recently described the dangers of the killer cycles this way in a report to federal officials:

"The motorcycle is the most deadly vehicle on the highway today, and this ghastly characteristic is inherent in the machine. It is unstable and completely exposes driver and passenger to the injurious forces of collision."

Those inherent dangers take several basic forms. There is, most of all, the fact that a cyclist is almost completely unprotected if something goes wrong.

"I was tooling along California No. 1 at about 40 per," says John Hogan, a 29-year-old draftsman. "heading for the beach down around Monterey where I was supposed to meet a couple of friends. My rig was a full-size American bike, not one of these Japanese toys. I'd had it about two years and knew its every little idiosyncrasy. And I'd been riding a bike ever since I was about 15, so I wasn't one of these inexperienced cyclists. I consider myself an expert, one of the best. I've raced, I've gone cross-country, I've biked under every conceivable road or weather condition you can think of. I'm good. I was good."

BUT maybe I got a little careless. I have to admit it, I guess, that maybe I started daydreaming or something. Anyway, by the time I saw the oil slick spread across the highway I was right on top of it. The oil was from an accident. An oil truck ran off the road, split open, and the oil poured all over the highway. The truck was still up against the side of the hill, still leaking. At first it just looked like a trucker pulled off to rest. I guess I noticed it just about the same time I noticed the oil.

"I tried to brake. Boy, did I try. And I thought I was going to make it. But I went right into the ooze and my rig just skidded along like a toboggan on ice. I had no control at all. Nothing.

Still I thought I was going to get through it. I was just about at the other side of the oil mess when my wheels went out from under me. I think I hit a rut or something. My front wheel bounced a couple of inches into the air, and that was enough to unbalance the cycle. The rear wheel just slipped sideways and I went over on my left side.

"My left leg was practically torn off immediately. When you're riding a bike and you take a spill on your side, there's nothing between your rig and the pavement except your legs. If you can't fall clear, then your leg gets it. My leg took the full force of the cycle. We just roared along on my leg, leaving most of it behind on the road, and when we finally stopped the leg was just smashed bone with bits of flesh and muscle hanging off it. I remember thinking, it looks like something in the back of a butcher shop. Then I passed out."

WHEN I came to a day or so later, my leg was gone. They had to amputate it. They tried to save it, but there really wasn't anything to save. It was back on California No. 1 in lots of little pieces.

"The thing that hurts the most about it is that I'll never water ski again. Never ride a rig again. Never do a lot of things I've always done before."

If an experienced, veteran cyclist like John Hogan can lose a leg in an accident, what about the amateurs? One of the biggest problems about motorcycles is that just about anybody can drive one, and no questions asked. That means a lot of amateurs are zooming around.

In every state in the nation, a motorist must pass a test before he is permitted to drive a car or truck. Yet, despite the obvious fact that handling a motorcycle requires an entirely different set of skills than driving a car, in 43 states in the nation anybody with an ordinary driver's license can tool around on a cycle. Only five states—New York, Vermont, Maine, Oregon and Hawaii—require special cycle licenses or endorsements on a driver's

license, which are given only after a man satisfactorily passes a cycle-handling test.

Thus, the vast majority of people zooming around on cycles today were never given any specialized training. And because of the newness of the motorcycle revolution, few cyclists have had very much experience on the bikes.

That's mostly because the machines are easy to get for America's affluent youth. A motorcycle used to cost from \$800 up to \$2000 and more. But now various manufacturers, particularly the Japanese, offer machines that cruise at 50 miles an hour and can accelerate up to that speed in seconds, for as little as \$300. Thousands of youngsters can afford to pay cash outright for such cycles, others are able to get installment loans, and many thousands more rent them for a day or for a weekend for just a few dollars.

As a result, the great majority of victims of killer cycles are young kids, especially students. Says a Louisville doctor, after a survey of accidents in that city:

"The individuals who are being killed and injured are largely high school and college people. They are not 'leather jacket boys.'"

The little bit of information that is available on the driving experience of cyclists involved in accidents is revealing. A survey of 123 injured cyclists at two Minneapolis hospitals showed that one out of every five were driving their bike for only the first or second time. The study also revealed that 70 percent of the injured had either rented or borrowed the cycle.

Further, 20 percent of the injured were passengers. Yet all but six of the bikes involved were lightweight models such as Honda, Vespa, Yamaha and other popular favorites. Most experts agree that small cycles of this type should not carry passengers because of their basic instability. Riders only complicate the driver's problems of control and increase the chance that an accident will occur. However, most advertisements for lightweight cycles and scooters portray handsome young men and beautiful young women speeding along together on motorcycles, quietly encouraging unsafe double-riding by romanticizing it.

"This is really none of a surgeon's business," says Dr. Robert H. Kennedy of New York, an expert on vehicle accidents and injuries. "But the truth is that we are fed up with trying to patch up the bodies of young kids, unnecessarily injured in steadily increasing numbers."

KENNEDY and all other accident and safety authorities maintain that no one should be permitted to operate a motorcycle unless he has passed special written exams and road tests and been issued a motorcycle license. In addition, rental agencies should be more strictly regulated to make certain that unlicensed and inexperienced cyclists aren't given these lethal weapons to play with.

Fred Sohn, a student at Brooklyn College, was an amateur cyclist. At the end of March, 1967, on a Saturday afternoon when the last snows had just about vanished and the spring sun was bringing a dreary winter to an end, Sohn went into a cycle rental shop and signed up for a bike. He had driven a cycle only once before in his life, and he had never received a lesson or been given a test.

Although New York is one of the few states that requires motorcyclists to have a special endorsement on their driver's licenses, the law first went into effect at

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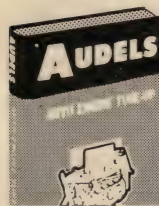
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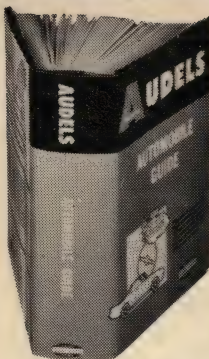
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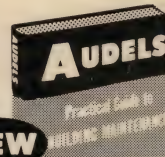
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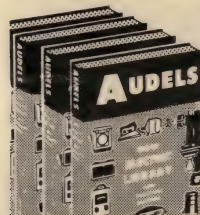
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the end of 1965 and covers only new drivers who are taking out licenses for the first time. As older licenses expire and must be renewed, then cyclists must be tested to qualify for a special motorcycle endorsement. Because the state's renewal system is staggered, it won't be until October, 1968, that every driver in the state will come under the new law.

Sohn's license was valid for motorcycling because it hadn't expired since the cycle law was passed, and so he was permitted to rent a rig with no real experience. He took the cycle out and drove over to the Belt Parkway, a 50-mile an hour highway that circles around Brooklyn and Queens. Sohn headed for Coney Island, intending to get a hot dog, and hoping possibly to pick up a chick who would accept a ride from him.

The young college student was cruising along at 50, nearing the Conely Island exit, when a car going in the same direction swung into Sohn's lane. Sohn reacted quickly—and incorrectly. As he hit the brakes, he also tried to throttle down. But Sohn turned the throttle the wrong way, up-speed. The bike roared ahead, the sudden motion making Sohn lose braking pressure for a split second. In that instant the cycle lunged forward and into the trunk of the car, actually cutting into the trunk and becoming embedded in it. The car swerved and rammed a light pole.

Sohn was killed instantly. One of the three men inside the car suffered a broken neck and died the next day without ever regaining consciousness. The other two men were critically injured.

As is so frequently the case, the driver of the car told police that he didn't see the motorcycle and wasn't even aware of it. This lack of visibility is such a large factor in the motorcycle death rate that action has already been started to help eliminate the problem. Senator Vance Hartke of Indiana, speaking at a National Safety Council motorcycle safety forum in Chicago last October had this recommendation:

"Motorcycle drivers should be required to drive with a headlight on at all times. Dr. J. Allen, visual safety expert from Indiana University, has said that a vast majority of cycle accidents involving motor vehicles are caused when the operators of automobiles do not see the two-wheel vehicle. An easy flick of a light switch will make it more likely that the cyclist will be visible to all other travelers."

IN line with this suggestion an association of motorcycle manufacturers and distributors has begun to promote a "Lights on for Safety" campaign.

Another obvious reason cycles kill four times as many operators than a car for the same number of miles driven is that in the event of even a minor accident the cyclist and his passenger are completely unprotected. What is truly weird about cycle injuries and deaths is that a lot of cyclists just don't seem to care about safety features. All professional cyclists wear crash helmets, and most of them wear special protective clothing, usually leather because it absorbs a lot of punishment before giving way. The pros never mount their machines with bare arms or legs.

But millions of amateurs will go tooling along at 50 in their bathing suits, or bermuda shorts or light summer slacks and polo shirts. And they'll go with their heads unprotected, even though the largest proportion of cycle deaths and injuries are from skulls that smash like an



YOU and the LAW

PUFF. A guy who hates your guts goes around telling your relatives, friends and neighbors that you are a notorious "sleep-around" guy who has several girls on the string. Can you sue him for spreading such stories about you?

Answer: No, declared a Texas court. While an accusation of unchastity may be hurtful to a woman it's considered harmless applied to a man.

NON-STOP. You drive into the side of a moving train while the wigwag is going. You escape serious injury but a friend riding with you suffers several broken bones. Does your carelessness entitle him to damages?

Answer: No, an Iowa court decided. Under the so-called "guest statute" a passenger assumes the risk for a driver's negligence when he gets into the car. If he doesn't want to assume, he should stay away from the car.

PROFIT SHARING. As a wedding present your wife gets a \$1000 gift from her parents plus another \$800 from other relatives. The honeymoon doesn't last long, and you two fight constantly. Disgusted, you grab half the wedding gift money out of the bank and walk out. Is she entitled to get it back from you?

Answer: No, ruled a California court. Although wedding gifts are traditionally given to the bride, especially from her side of the family, they belong to both husband and wife together.

TOUGHIE. You lose your sight after your family doctor fails to diagnose a dangerous eye disease. Correct diagnosis could have kept you from going blind at least temporarily. Is the doctor guilty of malpractice?

Answer: No, said a Pennsylvania court, since the ailment was too hard to detect for a general practitioner. It would have been different if the medic had been an eye specialist.

egg shell when they hit solid asphalt or concrete.

The evidence of deadly head injury in motorcycle accidents has become so overwhelming that New York and Pennsylvania recently passed regulations forbidding anybody to ride a cycle without a safety helmet. But these are the only two states to pass such laws, even though experience has shown that the rates of death and serious injury can be cut about 30 percent with the use of crash helmets.

Yet even passing a helmet law is just about useless, because a lot of fast-buck manufacturers are peddling \$3 and \$4 toy helmets and implying they are standard safety helmets capable of lending protection to your head. These helmets are actually nothing more than eggshells. But many cyclists are buying them because real crash helmets cost five and six times as much, and because nobody is bothering to crack down on the charlatans peddling the toys.

JIM Metcalf was a student at the University of Michigan. He had been operating a motorcycle ever since he was 14, because his father was a cycle buff and had taught each of his four sons to ride. Jim's father was also safety conscious, and he always insisted that his sons wear helmets when they rode. In the spring of 1965 somebody stole Jim's Harley-Davidson. His professional cycle helmet that was tied to the bars also vanished. Jim's bike was insured for theft, and when the insurance check arrived he immediately bought another. And he bought a new helmet, one that looked as solid as the old professional one that had been stolen, but that cost less than half the original's price.

A couple of weeks later Jim was riding around town, just out for a spin to help him unwind after a couple of stiff exams. He got on a lightly traveled road outside town and opened it up a bit, cruising at a little above 40. Without warning, a huge dog darted out from a driveway. Jim braked, swerved to miss the animal, and lost control. The bike veered off into a ditch, but by the time it left the road Jim had the speed down to almost nothing.

"I'm going to make it," he thought. Then the front wheel went into the ditch and the bike flipped. Jim was thrown off. He somersaulted lazily through the air, landed on his feet and then pitched forward. He tried to tuck his head down onto his chest, but he wasn't fast enough and the side of his head smashed against a large rock.

They found him about 10 minutes later. He was still alive. But his cheap plastic helmet had broken into several pieces, and his skull was fractured. He underwent an emergency operation within an hour and died the next day.

"That helmet offered about as much protection as a felt fedora," a traffic expert who described Jim's case commented. "If he'd been wearing a regulation safety helmet, a crash hat made to American Standards Institute specifications, he probably would have come out of it with only a severe concussion. You can figure that kid was murdered by a money-hungry manufacturer who palmed off a toy helmet as the real thing."

Can anything be done to guard the American public—and cyclists—against the most dangerous features of these killer cycles? Safety experts think so, and they've given it a lot of study and thought.

The biggest step forward would be to have every state—or the federal government if the states don't get moving—

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Building runways too short for a pigeon to take off from, "stacking up" planes over airports until their fuel runs out, ordering jets up and down in weather where you can't see your hand in front of your face—these are just a few of the safety-be-damned practices that are sending U.S. air fatalities soaring. Now, in an explosive expose, a crack 5,000,000-mile command pilot details the shocking, long-hidden dangers in the sky and charges they are turning today's sleek airliners into little more than wingswept coffins—FROM THE \$5.95 BEST SELLER IN OCTOBER MALE

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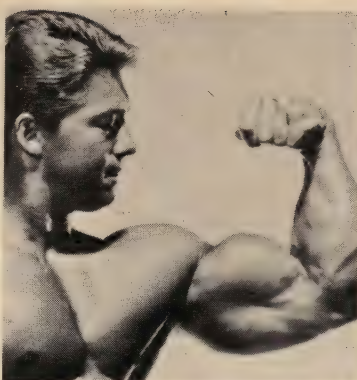
make it mandatory for cyclists to pass special written exams and bike-handling tests before issuing them a license to operate their rigs. Rental agencies should be forced out of business if they don't make certain that a customer has a valid motorcycle license. Further, every cyclist and his passenger should be required to wear a crash helmet approved by the American Standards institute.

As for the passengers, it should be illegal for any cyclist to carry a passenger unless his rig is designed and equipped with an extra permanent seat with footrests and handholds. Safety authorities say passengers should be completely barred from the smaller lightweight bikes because they're simply not built to carry two persons with any degree of safety.

These are the biggest reasons for the bloody motorcycle carnage that has hit the nation. But there are others that should be attacked. The National Traffic Safety Agency—which has been given the job of forcing Detroit to build safety features into all new cars—is now preparing uniform safety standards for motorcycles. Senator Hartke has urged the agency to require that crash bars be standard safety equipment on all motorcycles.

"RESEARCH is needed," says Senator Hartke, "to discover whether the mixing of both automobiles and motorcycles on our highways increases the number of accidents. Some highways, such as the New York State Thruway, prohibit vehicles with small wheel sizes. It is possible that other major turnpikes, or interstate highways, should establish similar regulations. Or, perhaps both automobile and motorcycle safety would be promoted by building separate bike trails for cycles and scooters of a certain size. These are questions which should be explored thoroughly, not just for the protection of motorcyclists, but for the safety of every single American who uses the highways."

We're paying much too high a price in death and serious injury because of the violent love affair that has developed between American youth and the latest model motorcycles. The bikes are fun, they're exhilarating, they offer kicks and cheap transportation. They also offer another way to die or get smashed up. But it's about time we act to roll back the river of blood that has been staining our highways. We've just got to make motorcycles safer, and we have to make cyclists smarter, even if it means passing more laws. ***



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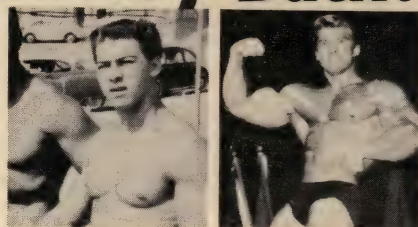
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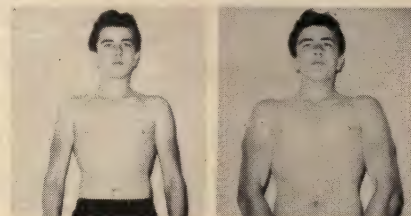
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I enclose \$..... in full payment for the plan I have checked. PLEASE RUSH!

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Hell-Raising Rebel

Continued from page 17

recount."

It was typical of the plain-talking, tongue-in-cheek approach of the millionaire sportsman, writer-editor, television personality, politician and all-around hell-raising "Mr. Conservative" that is William F. Buckley Jr. It's no wonder that this motorcycle-driving egghead, who calls them as he sees them, has also been called damned near everything under the sun by his friendly fans and caustic critics. He's been labeled "dazzlingly brilliant," and "a twisted, ignorant man," "the voice of conservatism," and "a black reactionary," "America's greatest debater," and a "tiny child of the Middle Ages."

He may be all of the above, but without doubt he is one of the quickest men in America with the quip. Asked when Africans will be ready for self-government, William Buckley twirls his ever-present cigar and draws out, "When they stop eating each other." When an interviewer inquired why Senator Bobby Kennedy of New York had rejected a chance to debate on his nationwide television program, *Firing Line*, Buckley pursed his lips for an impressive moment, tilted his eloquent eyebrows and shrugged magnificently: "Why does baloney reject the grinder?"

Lyndon Johnson is "Uncle Cornpone," debate opponent, novelist Gore Vidal is "a philosophical degenerate," writer Norman Mailer comes "close to being the most ignorant man I have ever met." New York City's mayor, John Lindsay is always dismissed by "Wild Bill" as "destiny's tot," historian and ex-White House aide Arthur Schlesinger Jr. evokes a simple, "no one believes anything he says, anyway."

This passion for the verbal hip shot is nothing new to this heir to an \$110,000,000 oil fortune. Bill Buckley has been blasting off on whatever bothers him ever since, as a kid of six, he wrote an angry letter to King George V, demanding that England pay its war debt.

SUCH early non-conformism wasn't unknown to the Buckley family. Bill's great-grandfather had been an immigrant who left Ireland after scrapping with the hated English. His son became the sheriff of Duval County, Texas, and characteristically raised sheep in cattle country. His son, William F. Buckley, Sr., was an oil wildcatter who hit it rich. At his death he had holdings in seven countries and was worth over \$110,000,000. He was thrown out of Mexico for opposing the revolutionary government and raised his 10 children to be both staunch Catholics and to distrust government interference in peoples' lives. He brought up his brood to be "absolutely perfect" and set up three successive dining tables for them, to which they were promoted or demoted according to how well they acted and how cleverly they spoke.

Once when living in France, he became so outraged by the French dairy industry that he bought a Jersey cow and set it to graze on the front lawn of his Parisian estate. All his children have

espoused his conservative political views, but the most well-known, of course, is Bill Jr. or the "Young Mahster" as his sisters and brothers nicknamed him as a boy. After his angry letter to the King of England, Bill took on the president of his fashionable prep school. A few weeks after enrolling he visited the president of the school to tell him what was wrong with it. Later, at another institution, he turned up at a faculty meeting and according to his father, "proceeded to expound to the stunned staff on the virtues of isolationism, and the political ignorance of the school staff."

Bill was still sounding off when he went into the army. Two days after arriving at a San Antonio military camp after the end of World War II, Lieutenant Buckley wrote the General who commanded the base telling him that "he found a great waste of manpower, the staff was inadequate and he was surprised that such things should be." Luckily the letter was intercepted by a friend before it reached the general.

At Yale, "Wild Bill" quickly became known as a "big man on campus." He was chairman of the *Yale Daily News* and churned out editorials that kept his classmates stirred up and arguing, if not exactly converted to his point of view. He was a natural for the debate squad and it was here that he first picked up the skill that makes him so adept today at the give and take of public political fist-cuffs. While a student, he sent a letter to the U.S. State Department advising them with typical bluntness to give the Russians an ultimatum: Either hold free elections in Czechoslovakia—or else.

AFTER graduation Bill first became nationally known with the publication of his book *God and Man at Yale*. A bestseller in 1951, it blasted the teaching staff at Yale for preaching socialism and being anti-Christian. For the next few years Buckley made numerous speeches around the country spreading his message, also finding the time to write a book with his brother-in-law defending the late Senator Joe McCarthy. Then, in 1955, he founded his magazine *National Review*. Although the publication has probably cost Buckley over a million dollars over the years, it remains his first love.

The magazine is published out of a battered old building on East 35th Street in New York City. Buckley has a staff of 20 or so, including his sister, Priscilla, who is his managing editor. The atmosphere is easygoing. On the wall is a

scroll saying that the American Institute of Management felt that William F. Buckley should be singled out because of "his individual executive managerial abilities." Next to it is a line Bill has drawn to a financial statement showing *National Review* is \$2,181,222.23 in the red. Also in the office for a long time is a picture of bearded old Karl Marx with a Goldwater button pinned on him.

On the walls are also a lot of letters attacking Buckley after he criticized the head of the John Birch Society, ex-candy tycoon, Robert Welch. Buckley, not only zeroed in on the Birch Society founder, but had poked fun at him by saying, "For all I know he thinks I'm a Communist plot." (Bill's pitch has long been that the principal internal threat to the U.S. is not Communism but liberalism. Welch's followers had bombarded Buckley with derogatory mail and the lanky Irishman has lovingly pinned up some of his favorites: "Judas . . . Traitor . . . You utter rat . . . Finks like you who turn their peashooters on the John Birch Society.")

ALTHOUGH Buckley is ruthless in debate and in print, he doesn't take himself too seriously when relaxing. Then his voice and manner become altogether different, and he seems an open, warm sort of a guy and an excellent host. It still seems to surprise Buckley that his political opponents can't avoid personal hard feelings after a bitter bout of furious verbal battling.

A lot of Buckley's critics believe that Buckley turns on the charm just as a tactic to lull his opponents into a false sense of security. One who holds this view is James Wechsler, liberal editor of the *New York Post* and a frequent Buckley debating opponent. He says, "Buckley has the facility of creating an atmosphere which leads you to believe you are engaging in a reasonable discourse, only to make some outrageous point at the end. You become mellow and amiable, then suddenly discover that he is practically calling you a traitor."

This kind of attack prompts Buckley to tilt his aristocratic nose somewhat, as if he had sniffed a slightly rotten egg. "Drop a little itching powder in Jimmy Wechsler's bath," Buckley suggests, "and, before he has scratched himself for the third time, Arthur Schlesinger will have denounced you in a dozen books and speeches, Archibald MacLeish will have written ten heroic cantos about our age of terror, *Harper's* will have published them, and everyone in sight will have been nominated for a freedom award."

Some opponents who joust with the witty conservative just don't allow Buckley to get on their nerves. One such is curly-haired, Bohemian novelist Norman Mailer. "Buckley and I are like wrestlers," he says. "One night we wrestle in Atlantic City, then we go out for beer together, and the next night we're at it again in Pittsburgh."

It may not seem that way but Bill Buckley isn't always worrying about the sad state of this troubled globe. He also has time to indulge in the good life. He entered his sloop, the *Suzy Wong*, in several big-time races and is both a passionate and expert sailor. He's hell on wheels on his Honda, and both he and his attractive wife are avid skiers.

Although Pat Buckley, an attractive brunette is a stylish, carefully groomed graduate of Vassar and herself the daughter of a rich family, the Taylors of Vancouver, she has the same direct way of speaking as her husband. Once she blew up because of a hate letter she had seen



"Roadhog!"

that was sent to her husband by a stranger, and she decided to answer it herself. Her first sentence was, "Dear Madam: Who in the hell do you think you are?"

Although Buckley considers himself a Republican he has never been welcomed with open arms by the leaders of the party except when Barry Goldwater ran for President in 1964. He also alienated many New York Republicans when he ran for mayor of the nation's largest city in 1965, on the surprisingly strong Conservative party ticket.

For many of his fans this was "Wild Bill's" finest hour. From the beginning it was a weird, refreshing campaign. Buckley seemed to say whatever he felt like saying, whether it won him votes or not. Buckley pulled off the kid gloves, especially when he discussed Republican candidate John Lindsay's program which, according to Buckley, was "a studied affront to reason, though there is a certain amount of fun—sick fun—in exposing it."

He went on to say that he didn't expect to win. Once when asked how many votes he would get, he winked and replied: "One." He told the voters that he wanted them to support him because of the set of principles that he stood for, and that running for office "isn't my racket." But the principles that Buckley spoke for coupled with his political sex appeal led him to garner an amazing 340,000 ballots and stun the professional politicians of both major parties.

AMONG his platform planks was one on New York's bus and subway system, always in trouble because of lack of cash. Buckley sailed into this political hornet's nest with a refreshing, straight-from-the-shoulder approach. New Yorkers, he felt,

should tackle the question of whether people had a right to public transportation. "If they do, they ought to ride free. If they don't, they ought to pay what it costs. This is the basic difference between conservatives and liberals. Do you pay for what you use? I'm in favor of paying. I think that the only way people can appraise the value of a service—to them—is to pay for it."

He also lashed out against former Negro Congressman Adam Clayton Powell, calling him "an incorrigible demagogue who encourages hate." He wanted to cut the city's welfare rolls, put those able to work on city projects and opposed a civilian review board for police. Buckley called for 5,000 more policemen to the city force and suggested a plan to offer bounties for information that led major criminals to be put behind bars. He wanted to legalize off-track betting or promote a city lottery to raise city funds.

BILL also refused to eat any foreign food to win ethnic voters, kiss any babies or make any speeches in languages other than English. Oddly enough the voters of the nation's greatest melting-pot city ate it up. Even those who didn't vote for him applauded the witty, no-nonsense approach to public affairs by the controversial Irishman.

And perhaps it is his frank approach that makes Buckley such a thorn in the side of his political foes. Bill Buckley is a patriot, no ands, ifs, or buts. To the doves on the Viet Nam war he has said, "I think world opinion is just a paper tiger. In one week we landed Marines in Santo Domingo and bombed North Viet Nam, and everyone expected a lot of shouting and not very much really happened."

Although Buckley really burns at demonstrators against the Viet Nam war, his biting language never loses its cool. "I wonder how these self-conscious *boulevardiers* of protest would have fared if a platoon of American soldiers who have seen the gore in South Viet Nam had parachuted down into their mincing ranks?" he has asked. He has also for some time advocated bombing of Red China's nuclear bomb plants.

ALL this plain talk has made Buckley a whipping boy of the liberal intellectuals and government bureaucrats. That's one fight "Wild Bill" welcomes, for he holds no brief for typical eggheads, though he obviously qualifies as one himself. He once said with outright relish, "I would rather be governed by the first 2,000 names in the Boston phone book than by the faculty of Harvard."

So the lion of conservatism goes on his hectic, bristling, laughing way—ever-ready to prod a Washington phoney or political pundit with a blast of savage Irish irony. Easily the most well-known figure on the political right in America today he is being touted to run for governor of New York on the Conservative ticket. Some of his followers even see the White House in Buckley's future.

He is still as sure that he is right as he was when he took on the King of England at six. "I am not one who is writing his third autobiography on the mistakes he made in his second. I like to think I was hit by grace when political intelligence was distributed." Then his eloquent eyebrows lift and his mouth opens in an impish grin that could charm the birds out of the trees, and he launches into another inspired monologue on the virtues of conservatism. ***

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Draft Dodgers

Continued from page 37

both dived for the same escape hatch. Now, as a result, they have at least one thing very much in common. Both have chosen to wiggle out in the same curious way.

Ron's family was large and money was always tight. His decision to become a doctor meant years of grim shoe-stringing to put him through college. To get through pre-med he worked summers in a steel mill to augment his student loan, and earned his meals during the school year with a part-time job in the campus cafeteria.

He was an earnest student but not a particularly brilliant one. To maintain even passing grades required endless hours of skull-busting study. Still, he managed to get along all right until he met Karen. Then everything went to hell for him.

KAREN was a student at the same college, majoring in men. The rugged physique Ron had developed in the steel mill amply qualified him for the role. She had her own private apartment off the campus and before long Ron was stumbling directly from her place to his first morning class, exhausted and badly hung-over. He dropped his cafeteria job and rarely cracked a book.

His skidding marks brought him a sharp warning from the Dean. This was followed soon afterward by an even sharper warning from the Selective Service System. It came in the form of a notice that all students who failed to pass a qualifying examination would lose their 2-S Student Deferment and be immediately reclassified 1-A.

That really scared Ron. Despite his rugged appearance, he was afflicted by a severe back ailment, one whose major symptom was a broad streak of yellow running from his head to his tail. The very thought of all the hideous forms of death that lurked in a Viet Nam jungle made him break out in a cold, shuddering sweat. He galloped to Karen's apartment.

"Baby, from now until examination day, all dates are off. I won't have time for anything but cramming to pass that quiz."

"But that's two whole weeks," she protested, pouting prettily. "What am I supposed to do with myself all that time. I'll simply die, just sitting here night after night by myself."

"If I'm shipped off and killed in Viet Nam," he pointed out grimly, "you'll be sitting around by yourself a lot longer than just two weeks."

She made a wry face. "All right, lover. But at least, we can have one for the road before you lock yourself in your hermit's cell."

The night before the exam, Ron knew he had it made. If he didn't get the highest mark in the school, he'd hit damn close to it. His phone rang and he snatched it up. Karen's voice, sounding strangely subdued, said, "Darling, I'm afraid I've got some bad news for you."

It took a minute for what she told him to soak in. Then he shot out of his chair, his hair on end, eyes glaring wildly.

"Good God!" he yelled. "That's im-

possible. You swore that you never missed taking your Pill regularly, right on schedule."

"I always did, darling, except once. When we went on that long weekend camping trip up in the mountains, I forgot to pack my pills. I didn't want to spoil your holiday so I decided it was all right to take a chance just that one time. I g-guess it w-wasn't your lucky day."

HE didn't sleep a wink that night and by examination time his mind was in such a turmoil that he couldn't have spelled cat with the help of a cue card. The paper he turned in was such an unholy foul-up that they threw it out without even attempting to grade it. When the bad news came, he knew what it said before he tore open the envelope.

"Your draft status has been reclassified 1-A. Your local Draft Board will notify you shortly when to appear for examination and induction into the Armed Forces of the United States."

When he stopped shaking he lit out for a place he had noticed near the campus. It was a vacant shop, now occupied by an organization that claimed it was for World Peace. Ron had heard it was behind most of the student protest marches and rallies. He had also heard it was a Communist front but right then he couldn't have cared less.

The window was full of badly-lettered signs condemning U.S. aggression in Viet Nam, napalm bombing and the draft. Inside a big wall poster screamed: SUPPORT THE SOUTH VIET NAM NATIONAL FRONT FOR LIBERATION (Viet Cong). Under this a hand-written card said: *All contributions for arms guaranteed safe delivery to Hanoi.*

Some unbathed Vietnik types stood around on bare, dirty feet. A young man with pimples led him to a corner, heard his story and patted his arm reassuringly.

"Don't worry about a thing, friend. If you sincerely oppose this unholy war of

aggression, we'll see to it that you never have to take any part in it."

"How?"

Pimples shook a chiding finger. "All in good time. First you must prove your sincerity by aiding us in our work. There will be a group meeting at eight tonight. Be there on time."

For the next two weeks Ron carried protest posters, handed out anti-U.S. literature and endured endless hours of ranting diatribes against President Johnson. It was almost a relief when his Draft Notice finally came. He raced to Pimples face.

"It came. I'm to report Monday at 10. What do I do?"

Pimples got out a booklet with a glaring yellow cover. "Read this and it will explain everything."

The title was *Escape from Freedom*. A crude cartoon strip on the cover depicted a mother trying to convince her son that it was better to be napalming innocent peasants than living a peaceful, useful life in booming Canada. Most of the booklet's 12 pages were devoted to explaining Canada's easy immigration laws.

No passport or visa was needed to enter the Dominion and draft-evasion was the one Federal crime not included in the extradition agreement between the countries. Once there, the fugitive would find several groups devoted to helping him settle down and find him a job. Chief of these, and publisher of the booklet, was a peace organization in Toronto.

Ron started packing at once. After a final night together, he and Karen parted tearfully. He told her, "As soon as I'm settled in a good job I'll send for you and we'll be married."

Crossing the Border proved ridiculously easy. The Customs official didn't even take down his name. Ron gave the purpose of his visit as sight-seeing and was vague about how long he'd stay.

"All right," the official said agreeably. "We'll give you a visitor's permit for two months. If you decide to stay longer, drop into any Immigration Office and they'll be happy to give you an extension of time."

Ron took his first step on Canadian soil and drew a deep breath. He was free at last, his troubles all over. It took him several days to discover they were only beginning...

On the West Coast, George R—— was following an almost identical pattern and timetable, but under vastly different conditions. George was the pampered scion of a wealthy Southern plant owner. He had never worked a day in his life and never intended to. He arrived at UCLA in a new foreign sports car with a monthly allowance that would have kept Ron in luxury for a full year. But when his Draft Notice came, the same yellow tremor shivered down his backbone. He telephoned Daddy's lawyers in New York collect.

"Take care of this for me fast. I don't care how you do it. Just get me out of it."

THE Attorney cleared his throat and explained, as tactfully as possible, that there were one or two things in the U.S. that not even Daddy's money could buy. One of them was the Draft Board. George hung up, shaking, and headed for the nearest Left Wing student group.

His pamphlet was thinner than Ron's but contained much the same information. George piled his monogrammed luggage into his sports car and headed north in style. He stopped only long enough to send Daddy a telegram, explaining his sudden move.

Look for the Sign of the Diamond

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"Rush my check care of Vancouver's best hotel," he finished. "Am nearly broke."

George had never really bothered to get to know his father very well, which turned out to be a sad mistake. He was blithely unaware that Daddy was a died-in-the-wool super-patriot. The telegram awaiting him in Vancouver was almost too hot to handle with bare hands.

"No yellow-bellied slacker," it began, "is a son of mine. Am instructing my attorneys to immediately cut you out of my will. If you need money, get out and earn it the way I had to."

From that moment, George and Ron had a great deal in common not only with one another but with the thousands of other draft-fugitives who ducked blindly into the Canadian escape hatch. No one knows the exact number. By authoritative estimate, there are from 400 to 600 in the Dominion's major cities. In addition, an unknown number have settled outside the urban centers or are drifting aimlessly around the country with Canada's own army of unbathed Beatniks. Almost without exception they are disillusioned, frustrated and bitterly homesick for a country they may never dare see again.

On the day they failed to appear before their Draft Boards at the specified time, they became guilty of a Federal crime for which the punishment can be five years in a Federal penitentiary, a \$10,000 fine—or both. At first, most of them gleefully thumbed their noses at the threat. There is no way the U.S. can bring them back forcefully to stand trial. Not yet, that is.

Despite over-all Good Neighbor relations, there are a number of areas where the ties are badly strained. In fact, in Congress there is serious talk of putting

through a bill to make draft-dodging an extraditable crime.

If such a bill passes, Canada will have no choice but to arrest all U.S. fugitives from the draft and return them for trial. But even if this does not occur, the future for the runaways is anything but golden. Few took the trouble to look behind the easy escape for the pitfalls and hazards.

Most took it for granted that once they took out Canadian citizenship—a relatively easy process—they would be immune to arrest. Then, when they felt homesick, they could come back to visit any time. It was quite a shock to discover that after waiting the minimum five years to apply for citizenship, they could still be arrested if they set foot on American soil.

Nor can they hope to sneak back now and then in safety. Because theirs is a Federal crime, they are on the FBI Wanted list. Few know that the FBI has agents in Canada who are keeping an eye on the escapees and their movements.

Worse, for them, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police—RCMP—has always cooperated closely and fully with the FBI. Some draft-dodgers got the shock of their lives recently when, at the request of the FBI, RCMP Constables hauled them in for intensive questioning.

THIS outraged those Canadians who oppose the war. An editorial in *Maclean's*, Canada's leading bi-weekly magazine, demanded, "Just what business is it of ours if young Americans leave home to escape the compulsion to fight in Viet Nam? What is at stake here is the right of political asylum—a right that we grant without hesitation to refugees from countries that we consider to be unfriendly, but a right equally valid for refugees from any coun-

try." This, of course, did nothing to soothe the feelings on this side of the Border.

A number of Left Wing and other Pacificist groups are trying to help the escapees find jobs. But one group, the Canadian Friends Service Committee, a branch of the Quakers, has become bitterly disillusioned. They expected to be aiding young men who were conscientious objectors on sincere religious grounds. Instead, they have found all but a handful to be outright cowards who fled because they were afraid of the war.

Nevertheless, quite a few of the refugees do find jobs—of a sort. Canada is enjoying a record boom, with employment about the same level as ours. But there are a number of factors the runaways overlooked in their haste to escape the draft.

A boom in a sprawling nation, sparsely populated by 20 million people is not quite the same as a boom in an industrialized nation of 200 million. U.S. prosperity is based largely on our huge manufacturing plants and industries, employing millions of both skilled and unskilled workers.

Canada's manufacturing is small and relatively minor. Her prosperity is based on harvesting her natural resources wheat, oil, gas, minerals. These are where the jobs are. But the farms are in the vast, bleak western half, where the towns are mainly clusters of shanties 50 to 100 miles apart. Most of her mines and oil fields are near the Arctic Circle where the temperature stays at 65-below-zero for months at a time.

The work is so arduous that men can work no more than 20 days out of the month. At the Rainbow lake oil field for example, jobs paying \$1,000 to \$2,000 a month are going begging. Laying pipeline at 65-below is no picnic. The nearest telephone is 150 miles away, the nearest

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city, Calgary, 650 miles south. Few draft-dodgers are suited to that kind of brutal existence.

A number married and took their brides along. The girls have been fairly successful in finding clerical or stenographic work which pays barely enough to support their jobless husbands.

Canadian wages are lower than those in the U.S. and intentionally kept that way. Much of Canada's export trade depends upon holding prices down. When the United Auto Workers started a drive last year to bring Canadian wages up to the American level, Parliament stepped in and blocked the effort by freezing wages. It did the same in several fields, while living costs are soaring.

Those fugitives who had a little money found their American dollars worth only 92 cents in Canada, an instant loss of eight percent. Furthermore, everything they have to buy is taxed and double-taxed. The U.S. gets only 22 percent of its income from sales and use taxes, but Canada gobbles up nearly 40 percent—almost double.

BUT the biggest blunder of all was in overlooking who offers the relatively few good jobs. American firms own or control nearly 45 percent of all manufacturing in the Dominion, 53 percent of the petroleum and natural gas industry and nearly 56 percent of mining and smelting.

American-owned firms are already under fire for not hiring more Canadians. But even without that, they are distinctly cold to draft-dodgers who now have criminal records to haunt them for life. When an American applicant can't show proof that he is legally exempted from the draft, the interview terminates.

The refugee who simply can't find work and runs out of money faces a new hazard. Canada's relief budget is already so severely strained that she has been forced to postpone her new Medicare Program at least a year for lack of money. If the growing number of unemployed refugees becomes too much of a relief burden, she might very well solve the problem by shipping the bankrupts home.

Also, kindly as Canada might feel toward draft-dodgers, she is facing a mounting crime problem as bad as ours, if not worse. Any refugee who commits a crime or otherwise runs afoul of Canadian law stands a very good chance of being immediately shipped home to face the music, not only to relieve her overworked courts of the extra burden but to avoid an international incident.

For the moment, General Hershey is not considering making any big issue out of the draft-dodgers issue. He said recently, "With a manpower pool of 31 million registered for the draft, we aren't getting too excited about a few hundred or a few thousand who skip out. However," he added ominously, "a sharp step-up in the war or other situations that could pop up overnight could cause us to drastically revise our feelings in the matter."

Caught between the Devil and the deep blue sea, is there any possible way a disillusioned runaway can get out of his self-made trap and escape the worst penalties? At the moment, there is one.

General Hershey told newsmen recently, "If a boy who violates our draft, even by running to Canada, has a change of heart, we aren't vindictive. If he comes home voluntarily and says, 'I'm ready to serve,' we would put him in the Army and not prosecute."

For those who've decided to cop out, it's probably the best deal they're ever likely to get. ***

Untested Drugs

Continued from page 41

The doctor who attended Joe's last hours filled out the hospital record with meticulous care. Under *Cause Of Death* he wrote, "Cardiac failure due to heart valve damage resulting from an earlier severe and prolonged attack of rheumatic fever."

This was quite accurate—as far as it went. But it does not tell the full story, an ugly and shocking story which neither Joe nor his 24 fellow-victims were ever told. Had the certificate been honestly and fully filled out it would have read, "Heart valve damage deliberately caused by the undersigned doctor for the purpose of drug research."

Some years ago, when Joe was stricken with rheumatic fever, he was rushed to the nearby Veterans Hospital, noted for the excellence of its equipment and the high caliber of its medical staff. There he found himself among scores of other victims of the baffling disease, all receiving the finest of care at Government expense.

Shortly after he was settled in bed, his assigned doctor drew a chair close. "Joe, do you know anything about rheumatic fever?"

"Only that it feels like hell," Joe said.

"Which is almost as much as we ourselves know about it. We aren't even certain of its cause. Until recently, the only way we had to treat it was with salicylate drugs—in plain English, aspirin compounds, which sometimes helped but often didn't. Now we've had a major break-through. See those men over there?"

He pointed to a sunny alcove where a group of patients in robes and slippers were noisily kibitzing a card game. All of them seemed in excellent health and spirits.

"What are they doing here?" Joe asked. "They look okay to me."

"And as far as we can tell now, they are okay. But when they were admitted recently, many of them were far worse than you. Their recovery is due entirely to a new drug, Adrenocorticotrophic Hormone—ACTH for short. We have been using it here for some time now with, to say the least, striking results."

"Never mind spelling it, Doc," Joe said weakly. "Just get me on the stuff quick."

I WANT to, Joe, but first we must observe a formality. The FDA—the Federal Food and Drug Administration—has not yet gotten around to approving ACTH for general use. They're so under-staffed and overworked that they're a year or more behind in evaluating new drugs. Until they do, ACTH can only be administered as an experimental drug, still being tested on volunteer subjects. To put you on that program, we'll have to have your written permission to use you as a human guinea pig in any manner we deem necessary. I have the standard form here if you feel you want to sign, but I must warn you of two possibilities. First, ACTH doesn't work the same on everyone. It might be of no help whatever in your case. Second, while no adverse side effects have

yet appeared, there is always the possibility that some might show up later. Now, what do you say?"

"Hand me your pen, Doc," Joe said.

The doctor took the signed form and got to his feet. "Be proud, Joe, that you're participating in a drug research that may prove a medical blessing to millions and help us conquer a major child-killer." He nodded toward the adjoining bed, "Your neighbor, there, signed up a little while ago. You'll be starting neck-and-neck so you can check on one another's progress."

THE effect of ACTH on Al, Joe's neighbor, was dramatic. In no time he was able to be up and around. But Joe's condition grew steadily worse.

The day Al was discharged as cured he bent over the bed, his face deeply troubled. "I feel like hell, going out like this, Joe. I'd give anything if it had worked for you the way it did for me."

"Forget it," Joe whispered. "It's just the breaks of the game, Al."

What Joe never knew was that the "breaks" were a deliberate manipulation by the entire hospital staff for the purpose of establishing the true value of ACTH therapy. Whether he lived or died, or how much he suffered, was of little importance except as a statistic on the drug test record sheet.

To prove the superior worth of any new drug over the old, the two must be tested simultaneously under conditions as nearly identical as possible. In this case, one group received the actual ACTH therapy. A second group, closely matching in age and condition, got the older salicylate drugs disguised as ACTH. A third group of 25 men, chosen by lot, was given no medicine at all. Joe was one of this group, which got only placebo-sugar pills and injections of sterile water, neither of which had any medicinal value whatever.

By the time the fever had run its natural course, all 25 unsuspecting victims of medical trickery had suffered irreparable damage to the valves of their hearts. For them there is only the small consolation of knowing that ACTH was shortly approved by the FDA and is now the standard treatment which promises new life and hope to millions of rheumatic fever victims.

The foregoing is no made-up scare story. The test program was reported in full detail in one of the leading medical journals. Dr. Henry K. Beecher, Professor of Anesthesia Research at Harvard Univer-



"Well, thank goodness the sex part of our marriage is over with."

sity and Chief Anesthetist at Massachusetts General Hospital, included it among 22 cases of grossly unethical medical experimentation on humans. "Instances of such practice," he said, "are by no means rare but are almost, one fears, universal and are increasing as the amount of experimentation on man grows."

Dr. Beecher's bombshell set off a storm of controversy within the medical profession. Doctors and drug manufacturers accused him of sabotaging the whole field of medical research. It sparked a Congressional investigation and led the FDA to drastically tighten its rules. But it is highly unlikely that it will settle the question of ethics or seriously curb the practice of using innocent patients as guinea pigs for unproven drugs or procedures.

Most of the cases exposed were far more ugly and shocking than the ACTH program at Veterans Hospitals. They indicate that hundreds, if not thousands, of deaths every year are due to nothing less than sheer medical murder in the name of humane research.

Drug testing represents a juicy plum to hospitals, clinics and individual doctors who are paid generously to make guinea pigs of their patients. About 40 percent of this research is financed by the Federal Government. Most of the remainder is paid for handsomely by private drug manufacturers who are anxious or over-anxious to get a profitable new drug approved and on the market. The end product may indeed prove a medical blessing, but the methods of proving it are frequently appalling.

Drug retailers, who simply stock the drugs supplied by manufacturers and ordered by doctors' prescriptions, are of

course not guilty of any of these shocking experimental practices.

Some time ago a new antibiotic with the tongue-twisting name of Chloramphenicol had been proven to cut the mortality rate from typhoid fever by 50 percent. Nevertheless, it was decided to run another test—possibly because there was still a little research money left unspent.

In this test 251 typhoid patients received the drug and 20, or about eight percent, died anyhow. Of the control group of 157 who got only worthless placebos, 36, or about 23 percent, died. A later investigation indicated that 13 of these would have died in either case. But 23 could have lived if they had received the antibiotic. Instead, they were callously murdered to verify a point already proven.

IT had also been found that the drug sometimes produced a dangerous side effect on bone marrow, causing a form of anemia that is often fatal. To attain what the researchers called a "further definition" of this effect, *triple* doses of the drug were given to 21 unsuspecting patients. Eighteen of these came down with the deadly bone marrow depression, as against only two in the control group of 20 who received normal doses. If that isn't outright murder, then cyanide cigarettes should be legal.

According to strict medical ethics, drug testing is supposed to be done only on willing volunteers who have been given a thorough understanding of the test and any risks involved. But when ethics and money clash, it is too often ethics that take the beating.

In one case, researchers wanted to study the effects of a particular anesthet-

ic on abnormal hearts. Without warning or permission, they made guinea pigs out of 31 patients undergoing minor surgery. While they were unconscious from the anesthetic, the doctor injected carbon dioxide into their breathing systems. This produced wildly abnormal heartbeats. In one case they kept the patient in this condition for 90 minutes. According to Doctor Beecher, this could have induced a fatal heart attack in any of the patients with an abnormal condition, to begin with.

For a well-financed study of the excretory system, one hospital allowed 26 newborn babies to be X-rayed a number of times for dangerously prolonged periods. The effects of that shocking act may not show up for years, but over-exposure to X-rays can cause radiation sickness, bone cancer or deadly leukemia.

One particularly shocking situation was exposed recently at New York's Kings County Psychiatric Hospital. Of 7,000 mental patient admitted over the past 10 years, 3,000 have been used to test experimental drugs. The remaining 4,000 received either established drugs or placebos.

The hospital admitted using a cute trick to dodge a state law requiring informed consent from anyone taking an experimental drug. It refused to admit any patient until he signed an agreement to take any drugs offered without question. Now the hospital has agreed to get written consent from each patient hereafter.

"But it's all nonsense," one of the staff snorts. "How do you expect a mental patient to understand what we're doing or what he is consenting to, anyhow?"

The hospital also makes frequent use of the so-called "Double-blind" technique. In this, neither the patient nor his doctor

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"Your wife tells me you're ashamed to take her out anyplace, Mr. Stratton."

knows that an experimental drug has been substituted for the standard treatment. The purpose, explains the clinic director, is to prevent the doctor from formulating a preconceived idea of what reaction to expect. It could also endanger the patient's life if his doctor is ignorant of what is causing a sudden adverse reaction. But, then, what the hell?

New York's famed Bellevue Hospital shows the same callous disregard for unfortunates. It first denied, then admitted, that it regularly performs multiple biopsies on derelicts and Bowery bums. (A biopsy consists of thrusting a sharp instrument through the flesh into the liver or other organ to extract a piece of tissue for examination.)

Officials first claimed it was done solely for the good of these patients. Since most are alcoholic, liver biopsies were taken to check on the condition of that organ. Later, however, they admitted under fire that the samples were actually used in cancer and other wholly unrelated research.

Bellevue insists that no patient has ever suffered harm from these tests. If true, this would indicate a rather exceptional record. Medical statistics indicate that, nationally, around five percent of those who have a single—not multiple—liver biopsy die from the effects.

CHILDREN are favorite victims of the experimenters. Last year 18 children ranging in age from 3+ months to 18 years, became unsuspecting guinea pigs while undergoing heart surgery. The thymus gland was removed from 11 of them and all had patches of skin from unrelated adults grafted onto their chests—this merely to satisfy scientific curiosity over the effects. In another case, 50 juvenile delinquents and mental defectives from a Children's Center were given a drug that caused a dangerous liver malfunction. The effects lasted as long as five weeks and may well have left permanent damage.

Drug manufacturers have always found prisons a rich source of test subjects. For example, both Upjohn and Park-Davis maintain permanent research laboratories at the Michigan State Prison. To en-

courage prisoners to "volunteer" for possibly hazardous drug experiments they are promised shortened terms or early paroles.

Government researchers frequently use whole segments of the Armed Services without their knowledge or consent. One such experiment a couple of years ago brought tragic consequences. An LSD-type drug was introduced into the drinking water of an entire camp. The result was a chaos in which a number were severely injured. A lieutenant was killed when, under the delusion that he was only six inches tall, he tried to walk under a speeding jeep.

NOW, even the most ethical drug research is under heavy fire, much of it charged with being either criminally careless or deliberately falsified. Until recently, the FDA, which is supposed to police the drug industry, has been appallingly slipshod and indifferent. Now, under its new chief, Dr. James Goddard, it has come to life and begun doing what it was meant to do to safeguard the public. Dr. Goddard has been taking a hard second look at drug research and been shocked by the poor quality of the studies.

"The hand of the amateur is evident too often for my comfort," he says. An aide calls drug research "a profession peopled by amateurs."

Of 1,209 drugs approved in recent years, the FDA is demanding new safety tests for 280. The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association and 41 individual drug firms are fighting the demand as "unnecessary and expensive." After all, what if they do kill or cripple a few thousand people as long as they make money?

The National Institutes of Health, a Federal organization, grants funds to hospitals or individual doctors for special research on rheumatism and arthritis. The director says that fully half of the studies proposed are so poorly planned that they would not answer the questions posed. The poorest of these, he adds, "come from some of our best medical centers."

Dr. Stanley Schor of Temple University

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recently completed a study of 149 drug researches reported in the 10 top medical journals. He found that almost 73 percent drew conclusions that were wholly unjustified. In some cases, errors in arithmetic loaded the statistics in favor of a worthless drug.

Not all the dangerous errors are innocent. A number of doctors have had their names stricken from the list of approved researchers for outright fraud. Among these last year was Dr. Leo Cass & Associates who operate three clinics in Massachusetts. The Justice Department is now investigating charges that they used the names of dead people as patients who supposedly benefitted from experimental drugs.

Another prominent University of Pennsylvania professor performed the following experiment: For research on the drug DMSO, 20 men supposedly took it for 26 weeks without adverse results. Actually, about half the subjects dropped out early in the test and one, who broke out in giant hives from the drug, was not reported at all. Investigation revealed that, in addition to teaching, the busy doctor had accepted research grants on 153 experimental drugs for 34 companies. He was reinstated after revamping his record-keeping and cutting his workload to only those tests he could properly supervise.

IN 1965 Merck & Co. introduced a new drug called Indocin for arthritis, advertising that 50 to 80 percent of the test patients were significantly benefitted by it. A panel of arthritis specialists recently blasted the research as slipshod, to say the least. A more accurate study found the high-priced Indocin not one bit more effective than plain aspirin.

A few months ago Wallace Laboratories paid a \$2,000 fine for falsely advertising that its drug Pree MT had no known bad side effects. Wallace & Tiernan Inc. of New Jersey was fined a whopping \$40,000 last fall for concealing the fact that its new drug Dornwall had caused deaths.

IN 1952 Warner-Lambert brought out Peritrate. In five-page color ads in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* it claimed that the drug not only relieved angina pectoris, a severely-painful heart condition, but prolonged the life of heart patients by preventing future attacks.

Now the research behind those claims is under heavy fire. A group of experts who rechecked the tests charges the patients taking Peritrate were younger and their condition less critical than those used as a control group. Also, a second test where the same number died in both groups, was suppressed. The FDA seized a shipment of Peritrate and forced the company to drop its advertising claims.

One leading firm is about to market a new drug, yet unnamed, as a miracle treatment for infectious hepatitis. There will, of course, be heavy advertising, but one fact will *not* be publicized. To test the drug, hundreds of innocent children in orphan homes were deliberately infected with hepatitis.

This spring, two doctors in a New York hospital were charged with implanting cancer cells in patients without their knowledge in order to test a new cure.

The FDA can't begin to police the entire industry or even keep up with current research.

In one case, the FDA discovered that two drugs being marketed by leading manufacturers had caused 500 cases of

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bowel ulcers and at least 15 deaths. The companies were ordered to immediately discontinue the drugs and warn all doctors of the hazards involved.

They complied at once—but they sent the warnings by 3rd Class "junk mail" without even their company names on the envelope. Doctors so flooded with advertising that the likelihood is that at least half of them threw the warning letter away unopened.

Nevertheless, the current rash of investigations and exposures may produce one all-important result. It may at last shock the public and Congress into giving the FDA enough money and manpower to do its job adequately. ***

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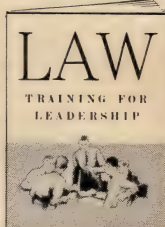
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Sex Survey

Continued from page 19

wood club and he felt he had something extra coming.

"Look," he said hopefully, "you're not sending me away without a nightcap."

"Gee," Carol lied, "I'd love to ask you up, but you know my crazy schedule these days. A working gal has to get her sleep."

She gave him a quick peck on the cheek and flipped the car door open. A second later she was out, grinning brightly.

"Hey," he gasped with surprise. "What gives?"

"Next time," Carol promised. "I'll make it up in spades."

Blowing him a kiss, she turned and hurried into the building.

Once in her apartment, Carol wasted little time. Stripping out of her chic sheath, she changed over into a miniskirt and abbreviated blouse. Minutes later she was out of the apartment, heading in the direction of nearby Malibu. A half hour later she parked her Volks to the side of the darkened beach house and slid out. It was a moonless night, but the pound of the surf was clearly audible as she located the screen door and let herself in. Flicking on the wall switch, she stared about the disorderly room and smiled. The rumpled bed was piled with paperbacks and newspapers, and empty beer cans littered the floor. Kicking off her shoes, she started emptying ashtrays, humming as she worked. It wasn't much later, about 10 minutes, when she heard the slap of approaching footsteps. At the bang of the screendoor her heart skipped a beat as she hurried forward in greeting.

Steve was in his late 20's, a lean, muscular six-foot surfer with craggy features and a two-day stubble of beard. He wore a faded pair of khaki swim trunks and he was dripping wet. She beat him to the towel hanging on the back of a chair and he showed neither surprise or real interest as she patted him dry.

"I know," she whispered finally. "You're mad because I'm late."

Steve shrugged.

ANOTHER guy could never get away with this, but when it comes to Steve, Carol can't help herself and he knows it. So far he's the one guy who can make Carol feel like a woman and his terms are harsh and unrelenting. At one point she lets the towel drop, then slips out of her blouse and bra. In the soft light her bared breasts are a glowing pink.

"Please, Steve," she asked, "Can't I stay —?"

When he nodded, she went to the bed. "Not all night," he reminded her when he joined her. "I've got things to do in the morning, early."

"Any way you want it," she whispered.

When he snapped her close, she yielded submissively. He can do almost anything he wants with her, and he does. . .

The fact that Steve can dominate Carol to the point of meek submission doesn't seem to bother her. "Of course, I wouldn't behave this way with any other man," Carol said during a recent West Coast

sex behavioral study, "but with Steve it's different. He has his faults, lots of them, but he's the only man I've ever known who can really make me come alive. I'd do anything for him and he knows it. Maybe it's foolish," she concluded, "but I know plenty of women, single and married, who'd give just about anything to experience the kind of lovemaking I've known with Steve."

The sad fact is that Carol's statement is for the most part true. In today's freer and more permissive atmosphere, and with the impressive evidence garnered by hundreds of recent sex studies, more and more women, both single and married, are voicing their views on sexual matters and are spelling out clearly and bluntly just what they prefer and resent in men when it comes to the delicate art of making satisfying love.

"One sexual complaint lodged by a growing number of women," reports Dr. Alfred Gorham, a prominent Westchester County marriage counselor and psychologist, "is the lack of imagination most men bring to their lovemaking. In fact," Dr. Gorham continues, "this single male attitude alone has been a frustrating and destructive force in the sexual lives of countless thousands of women, and the greater tragedy is that it is so unnecessary."

AS a case in point. Dr. Gorham refers to 26-year-old Arlene J., presently divorced. The candor with which Arlene discussed her ill-fated marriage is pertinently revealed through her taped interviews. A segment from one such session follows:

You say your husband lacked imagination in his lovemaking. Could you be more explicit.

Well, to be blunt, he never varied his approach. In fact, I don't think he ever really considered my needs. By that, I don't mean that he did this deliberately, or to be cruel. I think it just never really entered his head that I'd have preferences in the way he went about things.

And how did he go about things?

His own way pretty much. I mean, he would think only of satisfying himself. That's what caused all the trouble. To put it plainly, there was never any preparation in his approach. He'd just have his climax, and as far as he was concerned that was the whole bit. The fact that it tore me up, emotionally I mean, didn't seem to matter.

Did you try discussing this problem with him?

Yes, but admittedly I didn't find it easy and Ed found it even more difficult. I think male ego was involved. I suppose he was trying to keep himself from being hurt; that he couldn't satisfy me in bed. Anyway, he'd avoid the subject, and if I persisted he'd either sulk or even leave the house. After a while, I just stopped bringing it up.

According to Arlene's recounting, things continued to deteriorate and by the end of their first year of marriage, sex had become a somewhat meaningless experience for her, an act performed out of a sense of duty. But it was around this time that Tony entered the picture. A bachelor in his mid-thirties, Tony had a reputation as a *womanizer* and Arlene was admittedly curious.

"I wasn't really looking for an affair," is the way Arlene stated it, "but we met a few times at different social gatherings and he seemed to sense my problem. One night he simply gave me his unlisted phone number and told me to call if I ever felt too lonely. I laughed and told him it would never happen, but I guess

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he knew me better than I knew myself."

The upshot was that one night shortly afterwards, while her husband was on an overnight business trip, Arlene not only called Tony but accepted his invitation to drop by his apartment. What happened is straightforwardly told from another of Arlene's taped interviews.

Did you go to his apartment with sex in mind?

I can't honestly say yes to that, but it must have been in the back of my mind. After all, I did know that Tony had a reputation as being a skillful lover, and I suppose—even though I wouldn't admit it to myself—the fact that I accepted his invitation would indicate that I wanted something to happen.

And did something happen?

Very much so.

What precisely?

We engaged in sexual relations. In fact, we were together three times that night.

Can you describe your response to Tony's lovemaking?

It was a total experience, the likes of which I had never known before. Looking back at it now, it seems I should have felt some sense of guilt or shock at what I was doing, but I didn't. As I said, it was a total experience and everything else just kind of blacked out.

OTHER meetings in Tony's apartment followed, and though Arlene at one point did try to break it off, she found it increasingly impossible. Then about four months after she had accepted Tony as her lover, her husband found her out and the inevitable divorce followed.

"The regrettable fact," says Dr. Grahm, "is that if Arlene's husband had shown some willingness to deal with this

problem in the first place, none of this may have happened and the marriage could have been saved. Of course, this doesn't make Arlene's behavior excusable. In our interviewed sessions following her divorce she criticized her inability to terminate the affair, but she found it a compulsion she couldn't resist. Considering the sexual void she had faced in her marriage, her behavior, if not forgiveable, at least becomes understandable in the light of the facts."

Meanwhile, if unimaginative lovemaking is a common male failure, another, and even more damaging fault, is the ignorance most men display in regard to basic female physiology.



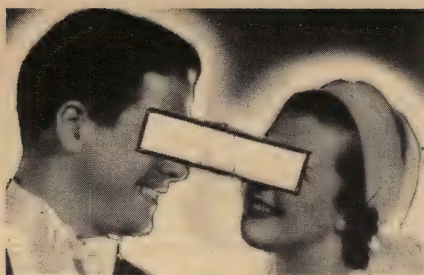
"I forgot to warn you . . . he can't stand criticism."

In their recent best seller, the *Human Sexual Response*, authors Dr. William Masters and psychologist Virginia Johnson, after 11 years of intensive sex research, reported that male ignorance of the human female sexual response cycle was nothing less than appalling. Working with 200 volunteer female subjects, ranging from 20 years and up, and through the use of "autoerotic" manipulation techniques, Masters and his associates observed these women through thousands of orgasmic cycles.

AS a result of these studies, Dr. Masters was able to characterize the female sexual response cycle as having separate, distinct phases. During the "excitement" and "plateau" phases, general swelling of the breasts and chest area was observed, and in the third stage, the "orgasmic" phase, most of the women observed registered climactic responses that exceeded the male's in both intensity and duration.

In his report, Dr. Masters carefully pointed out that some variations in the human sexual response cycle were constantly observed. "Not only is there a significant difference amongst individual women," Dr. Masters reported, "but there is also marked variation in the individual subject herself. Day to day, and week to week, she presents an entirely different picture of sexual activation for the observer."

Accordingly, as the experts see it, it is only by sensing these subtle but important changes, along with a general knowledge of the female sexual response cycle, that a man can hope to attain some expertise in the art of lovemaking. On the other hand, to disregard these physiological factors, according to these



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same experts, is to court frustration and almost certain disappointment for the woman involved.

The documented evidence more than points this out. In a recent mid-West study among women in a 20 through 35 age group, male ignorance in this area was heavily underscored. A sampling follows:

"I've been engaging in regular sex since my freshman college year," was the comment of one attractive coed, "but I've yet to meet the man who can make the act as significant as I think it could be."

ANOTHER, a 24-year-old secretary, single, registered blunt irony in her terse comments. "Perfection is hard to come by," she said "in lovers I suppose as well as anything else, but the ignorance shown by some men in this area is unbelievable. What they know about making real love can be summed up in one word—zero!"

In the opinion of Judy R., a 27-year-old fashion illustrator, the European man has a definite edge over his American counterpart when it comes to the great indoor sport. After doing a year of graduate study abroad, Judy's comparison comments were based on first hand experience.

"For one thing," Judy told the interviewer, "the average European man is far more subtle in his technique than most Americans I've know. As an example, on a first date, you don't have the sticky problem of fighting off those wandering hands. In fact, the European men I dated never went in for this kind of hanky-panky. Personally, I think they find this kind of tactic beneath their dignity as mature men, and I can't help but respect them for it. Frankly, I think making love in a car not only uncomfortable and cramped, but kind of vulgar, as well. It becomes like two kids playing a dirty game, instead of two adults engaging in a mutual and rewarding experience. Then again, there's a kind of hurry up and go-go mood to the whole thing that never did go down well with me. Time is the essence, I find. I don't want to be rushed before, during or after, and this is something that most European men understand, and as a woman I find this treatment extremely preferential and rewarding."

Judy's convincing statements are supported by most medical authorities, and it is regrettable that so many men fail to grasp its importance. In writing on the differences in the sex urge between men and woman, psychologist Dr. Warren J. Palmer writes: "... too frequently men equate a woman's sex urge as being patterned after their own, but this is not the case. This does not mean, however, that the female sex urge is of less intensity than the male's, but whereas a man's sex urge is predictably uniform, lies closer to the surface and can be more readily satisfied, a woman's sex urge is more deeply rooted, more slowly satisfied. Accordingly, when the male curbs his rapidly spiraling urge to meet a woman's slower arousal, the potential sexual gratification for both partners is greatly enhanced. In fact, when this knowledge is brought into play, most men are surprised to discover that once a woman's more deeply-rooted sex urge is aroused, any indifference she may have shown toward a sexual overture is generally removed and she welcomes coitus readily."

In a recent sex behavioral study made in Houston, Texas, Pam G., a 30-year-old library researcher, recounted a per-

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sonal experience that is more than apt. It occurred one afternoon when Pam's car blew a tire along a fairly quiet stretch of highway. Fortunately, as Pam told it, a passing motorist came to her assistance.

"He was in his late forties," she recalled, "with an interesting rather than a good-looking face. Actually, if we had met somewhere else, say at a friend's, I doubt if anything would have come of it. Anyway, he changed the tire and then we just sort of chatted. The point I'm trying to make is that he wasn't the least bit aggressive. He didn't feed me a line, and up until a point he didn't seem interested in so much as trying to put a finger on me. The turning point was when he went to wash his hands at a small creek below the roadway. I went along, bringing a towel I keep in the car. It happened then, almost on its own. We were laughing and joking, and then suddenly my hand touched his arm. I remember our exchanging sudden looks, and I think at that moment both of us knew that our chemistry had become involved and that we had reached a point of no return, as the saying goes. He kissed me, and I responded. The next moment we were hit by this emotional avalanche."

According to Pam, they shared intimacies in a small area screened from the road by a clump of trees.

"Thinking back," Pam continued, "the whole thing was a bit wild, but memorable. I mean, here I was with about half my clothes off, the sound of an occasional car passing on the highway above, and even more unbelievable this stranger's face just inches above my own. Something like this had never happened to me before, but somehow I wasn't shocked by it all either. It must have been him. He was a very experienced lover, and I guess I felt secure with him. He had a way, that kind of indescribable gentleness that a woman can't help responding to. At one point, despite the unusual circumstances, nothing seemed important but the moment. I think if the whole world was to have suddenly looked on, it still wouldn't have bothered me."

ALTHOUGH Pam recalls little of the man's physical appearance, it's interesting to note that his "gentleness" as she expressed it, had left an unforgettable impression. The reason for this is not hard to explain since in the opinion of most experts, gentleness remains one of the key characteristics a woman prefers in a lover. Yet, despite this almost universal preference, this fact remains oblivious to

countless numbers of men.

"Too frequently," writes Dr. Norman Frisch, a New York psychologist, "men will inflict severe pain during the sexual act, and only because they have little or no knowledge about basic female anatomy. If they did, forcible entry would not be the common complaint it is."

The fact that "cruelty" is a common factor in thousands of yearly divorce cases bears out this point, and in most instances the cruelty relates to the sexual act.

"He wasn't a drunkard and he didn't beat me," is the way 25-year-old Rosiland L., a recent divorcee described her former husband, "but when it came to sex he was more rapist than lover."

Just how did your former husband fail as a lover?

He was simply rough and clumsy, and the fact that he hurt me didn't seem to matter.

Did you point this out to him?

I didn't stop pointing it out, but the best he'd do would be to mumble an apology, then he'd roll over and fall asleep. All he really wanted was his own satisfaction and on his own terms. This went on for close to a year. Finally, I refused to have sex with him unless he promised to change his ways.

What happened then?

He didn't change, didn't even try, and then it became a kind of battle. When I'd refuse him, he'd mock me out. He'd call me frigid or anything else that came into his head—some of it pretty ugly. One night, when I refused him, he actually ripped the clothes off me, including my bra and panties, and then he forced himself on me. That was the end of the line. I cleared out the next morning and started the divorce proceedings the same day.

Too frequently men are misled into thinking that women secretly prefer being roughed up, even bruised some when being loved. Regrettably, this myth stems from the notion that virile masculinity and gentleness can't mix, and that underneath it all a woman really goes for the "tough-Joe" school of lovers. To a very limited extent this may be true, but it applies to a particular type of woman, the masochistic female who can be sexually aroused only through infliction of pain. Of course, this is a disturbed mentality, a minority type, and to lump the average woman in this category is to display shameful ignorance of the facts.

In the *Encyclopedia of Sex*, Dr. Stewart Frobe writes: "The sexually insecure man inflicts pain as a means of equating his own failings. In his own way he holds the woman responsible for his sexual fears or impotence, and he accordingly punishes her through the infliction of pain for a failure that is really his own. By way of comparison, it is not unlike the inefficient workman who blames his tools, or the malcontent who blames society for all of his ills and disappointments."

"Conversely speaking, the sexually secure man has no cause and therefore no desire to inflict pain during the sexual act. By comparison, his lovemaking is tempered by understanding, and it is this secure and trusting climate that women in general seek above all else. . ."

In today's more open society, with a greater dialogue existing between men and women, particularly in the area of sex, the preferential treatment that a woman expects and looks forward to in a love relationship should become common knowledge. The thing to be remembered is that a woman well loved, loves well in return. It's a lesson worth learning; a lesson every man should learn. ***



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Bowie Knife Rampage

Continued from page 31

ing on either side of the convoy. A second truck caught fire and GIs began dropping off it as the driver fought to keep it on the road. The truck veered off the road, smashed into a clump of trees and went up in a sheet of flames.

Friend, bent low behind the steering wheel of the careening jeep, spotted dozens of Viet Cong snipers in the trees and bushes at the roadside. Bullets thudded into the body of the jeep from both sides and it bucked like a wild bronco. Friend struggled with the steering wheel to keep it under control.

The rest of the convoy was taking a terrible pounding from the shells. The whole stretch of highway looked like a battlefield where a full-scale engagement was being fought. Three of the vehicles, almost half of the convoy, had been destroyed in the first savage minutes of the surprise attack. Their twisted, smoke-blackened hulks were strewn across the road and the bodies of the dead and wounded Americans lay scattered around them.

The other vehicles had come to a stop and the GIs in them had begun to fire back at the Cong forces surrounding them.

As Friend raced toward the rest of the convoy in the jeep, a shell scored a direct hit on the right front wheel. The jeep, completely out of control, skidded across the clay roadway, flipped over into the underbrush, throwing Friend out, and burst into flames.

Friend was thrown against a tree, his head hitting the trunk and stunning him. When his eyes began to focus again, although everything was still blurred, he saw that he lay on his back under a clump of bushes. He could hear the Cong snipers all around him in the woods. Some of them were only a few feet away.

Friend, a sturdy 20-year-old who comes from Oakland, Maryland, examined himself for injuries. Except for the blow he had gotten on the head, he seemed to be all right. But as he tried to assess his chances of getting out of the ambush alive, they seemed slim. He wasn't armed. All he had was a knife which he had used for skinning rabbits back in Maryland. It hung in a sheath from his waist.

He wormed around on his stomach and wiggled forward cautiously through the bushes. He had to move slowly; he could hear the Reds searching the underbrush. When he had gone about two yards, he found a clearing and he was able to look across it and see the roadway while he was still concealed by the undergrowth.

The shelling had stopped now, to allow the Cong hidden along the sides of the road to move in on the disabled convoy. As Friend watched, he could see the five vehicles of the convoy that hadn't been blown up had formed a loose circle, in the style used by wagon trains when attacked by Indians in the days of the Old West, and were waiting for the Communists to break cover.

Meanwhile, Friend was completely cut off from the rest of the Americans by the Cong crouching by the roadside. To add to

his troubles he could hear a patrol of Reds beating the bushes as they hunted for him and any other GIs who might have escaped the ambush. His only hope was to work his way deeper into the woods and then try to circle around and make his way back to the convoy farther up the road.

Crawling forward, sometimes on his stomach, sometimes on his hands and knees, Friend pushed his way deeper into the brush, hoping to elude the enemy searchers.

He had gone only a few yards when he heard a movement off to his left and he flattened himself on the ground just as three Cong soldiers came trampling through the underbrush only inches away from where he lay. He burrowed into the ground, scarcely breathing, as they brushed past him, calling softly back and forth to one another as they searched.

He got slowly to his feet. The brush grew only about waist-high and as Friend stood up he suddenly found himself face to face with one of the Cong soldiers. The Red was about three inches taller than Friend. He had a rifle in his hand. He was as surprised to see Friend suddenly materialize in front of him in the jungle as the Marylander was shocked to see him. But both men quickly recovered. The Cong soldier started to swing his gun around to fire and opened his mouth to yell, and Friend sprang forward.

FRIEND flung both arms around the other man's neck and drove him to the ground before he could call out. The Cong soldier dropped his rifle as they fell, his hands going up to try to break the hold Friend had on his neck. The two men rolled over and over, flattening the bushes around them as they struggled in the dense jungle growth. Their hoarse breathing was the only sound in the silent woods.

The Red guerrilla jammed both his thumbs into Friend's throat just under the chin and shoved a knee into the American's stomach as he tried to force Friend back but the desperate GI held on tightening the vise-like grip of his arm around the Cong's neck.

Friend began gasping for breath as the Cong dug his thumbs deeper and deeper into his windpipe. He could feel the hard metal of his knife in the sheath at his waist and he wished there was some way he could get to it, but he didn't dare loosen his grip on the Red soldier. Both men were near exhaustion now but neither

let up on the pressure he was exerting on the other.

Suddenly, off in the distance, there was a soft call from the other Cong searchers, followed by a second call. Both men struggling on the ground heard it at the same time. Friend reflected that the other searchers were trying to locate the man he had pinned down.

The call seemed to revitalize the Cong soldier. He thrust his body forward with a sudden, surprise surge of strength and managed to break Friend's hold and throw him off. Both men were now on their hands and knees on the ground, warily watching each other, each prepared for the other to leap.

Again, there was a call in the distance, this time from closer by. The Cong soldier turned his head to shout in answer and that was the moment Friend had been waiting for.

The American's fist shot out, with all the energy he possessed behind it, and caught the Red soldier flush on the jaw. The Communist sighed once as if all the air inside of him had been let out, and collapsed on the ground.

Friend got to his feet shakily. He could hear the other soldiers crashing through the bushes, calling more loudly as they looked for their missing member. Friend searched all around in the tangled brush, trying to locate the rifle the Cong had dropped. He could not find it and now the other soldiers were only a few yards away and from the noise they were making were advancing rapidly in Friend's direction. The American took one last look at the soldier on the ground, saw that he was still unconscious and likely to remain that way for a while, and then he struck out in a crouching run through the underbrush in a direction away from the oncoming Cong.

HE ran headlong through the woods now, the branches and thorns tearing at his clothes and the thick roots underfoot tripping him up time and time again. From the excited shouts behind him he knew that the body of the unconscious Cong soldier had been discovered and the others were in hot pursuit of him.

He had now completed a wide semicircle and was once again heading through the woods toward the highway.

Several yards beyond, he broke through the last of the underbrush and was out in the open beside the clay road, about a quarter of a mile above the scene of the ambush.



"Have a bad day, dear?"

Friend ducked down in a ravine beside the highway and, half-crouching, began to run toward the five vehicles under attack from the Cong.

When he got to within a few yards of the dug-in Americans in the convoy, he threw himself full-length in the clay ravine while he looked the battle over.

The Communists, pouring fire into the circle of trucks, had the Americans surrounded on all sides, but the GIs in the convoy were putting up a stiff fight.

The roadway was littered with corpses, American and Viet Cong.

As Friend watched, one of the Americans, a sergeant whose name he didn't know, suddenly leaped into one of the convoy trucks, threw it in gear and roared down the roadway, parallel to the ravine. The sergeant had the muzzle of his automatic rifle pointed out the window of the truck's cab and he swept the advancing Cong with it as he drove. Half a dozen of them, screaming, went down under his white-hot lead spray and others fell back as the truck came toward them.

When the truck had reached the end of the line of advancing Cong, the sergeant turned around to come back up the road again. And now several Red soldiers leaped onto the back of the truck and be-



"You gotta be kidding."

gan to crawl over the top of it toward the cab as the sergeant opened up with his automatic rifle at the Reds in the ravine.

Friend could see that the sergeant knew that the Cong guerrillas were on the truck; he zig-zagged from side to side and managed to dislodge a couple of them, but three of them clung to the top of the racing truck and continued to worm their way forward until they reached the cab.

Behind the wheel, the sergeant kept squeezing the trigger of his automatic rifle hanging from the window, and although his aim was not as accurate as on his first run, he still managed to send a deadly fusillade over the Cong who were trying to dodge out of his path.

At this point one of the soldiers on the top of the cab leaned over and smashed the windshield with the butt of his rifle directly in front of the sergeant. The truck suddenly turned sharply as the sergeant tried to duck the blow of the rifle. It went plunging off the shoulder of the road, overturned, and came to rest on its back, the wheels still spinning in the air and the Cong soldiers trapped underneath. Inside the cab the sergeant was slumped over dead, the sheared-off steering wheel pinning his body to the back of the seat.

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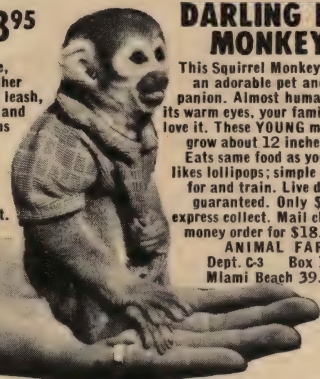
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On the roadway, the Cong guerrillas kept up their fire at the remaining four trucks. They concentrated their bullets on the largest vehicle of the convoy, a 13-ton armored carrier, but despite the intensity of their barrage, the carrier remained intact. One group of six or seven Reds attempted to rush it. Two of them were shot down only a few feet after they had emerged from cover. The others got almost to the carrier before they, too, were cut down.

In the ravine, Friend was waiting for a chance to make a dash into the grouped vehicles of the convoy.

Three guerrillas who had been driven back by the American guns, stumbled into the ravine only a short distance away from where Friend was crouching. All three of them had rifles and Friend thought that this was the end for him. He yanked out his knife and waved it in the air and, incredibly, the Cong soldiers backed away from him and scattered in all directions.

Up on the road, another wave of Cong swept toward the armored carrier from the side where Friend was, shooting as they ran. The Americans returned their fire. The air was filled with the roar of battle. Dust and smoke and the stench of gunpowder turned the highway into a boiling cauldron of bodies and bullets. Men screamed in pain and terror. Three Red soldiers dashed across and threw themselves under the nearest truck. An American quickly dropped out of the truck door, hit the ground rolling, his rifle raking the figures beneath the truck. When he stopped shooting, they lay unmoving. The soldier clambered back into the truck's interior. The Americans had broken the attack and the Reds fell back.

NOW that the GIs and the trucks had driven back most of the Cong on the side of the road where Friend was waiting, they turned their guns and directed their fire toward the opposite side of the highway, where the enemy was laying down an intense barrage.

Suddenly Friend spotted a lone Cong soldier slip onto the highway and begin running for the armored carrier. The

Marylander saw that the soldier, with a pistol on his hip and a rifle in his hand, was carrying a bag of explosives—a satchel charge. Friend could see that none of the Americans firing from the vehicle had spotted the enemy soldier.

Friend stood up and shouted a warning, knowing even as he did that it couldn't be heard above the din of battle. As he watched, the Cong guerrilla continued on, headed straight for the carrier.

Friend, still unarmed except for the hunting knife at his waist, did not hesitate. He plunged up the side of the ravine and went racing across the clay road. Up ahead the Viet Cong was climbing up the side of the armored carrier. Friend, out in the open now, was halfway across the highway when he was struck in the chest by a bullet fired from the other side of the road. He felt the impact and it staggered him but didn't knock him off his feet. The bullet pierced his flak vest and lodged against an ammunition clip in his pocket, splintering itself, without wounding him. Friend reached the carrier and saw the Viet Cong dynamiter snaking his way up the side of the vehicle. The Red had not noticed Friend come up below him.

Friend leaped up and grabbed the guerrilla by the collar and yanked him backwards. The two men hit the dirt, grappling furiously. They broke and each stood in a half-crouch facing the other. The Red soldier clubbed at Friend's head with the stock of his rifle and the young GI ducked and took the force of the blow on his shoulder.

THE Cong swung the stock of the rifle again but Friend broke the blow with his hand and wrestled the weapon loose and it hit the ground and bounced away. The Cong slammed a blow with his fist at Friend's head and as the American staggered backwards, he grasped the Red's arm and pulled him down with him.

The Communist soldier, groping for the pistol on his hip, landed on top of Friend. The guerrilla rolled quickly away, his hand on the butt of the pistol. Friend rolled toward him, pulling the hunting knife from his sheath as he did. The Viet Cong

was up, trying to scramble aboard the armored carrier when Friend reached up with one hand and grabbed him by the collar. Friend raised his arm and drove the knife straight into the soldier's body.

The Viet Cong toppled forward, the pistol falling from his lifeless hand, the bag of explosives sliding off his shoulder. Friend glanced down at the handle of his knife sticking up out of the Cong's body. He did not try to retrieve it.

At this point, 2nd Lt. Ted Hendrickson, of Rock Island, Illinois, who was aboard the armored carrier, leaned out and saw Friend and the body of the dead Cong with the explosive satchel lying next to him. Hendrickson then realized what a close call they'd all had.

"Hey, come on soldier," Hendrickson yelled as he reached a hand down and lifted Friend up into the carrier.

Americans inside the carrier were still firing at the guerrillas in the trees and bushes alongside the highway.

When the Communists saw that the attempt by the soldier with the explosives to blow the armored carrier had failed to come off, they mounted another charge.

In a solid line, the Cong advanced across the road, their bullets pouring in to the besieged vehicles. The Americans held their fire until the enemy was only a few yards away and then they opened up with everything they had. The GIs sent volley after volley pounding into the onrushing enemy. Many of the Reds went down and the others retreated back into the cover of the jungle.

Lt. Hendrickson thought they had cleared enough of the enemy out of their way to make an escape.

Hendrickson started the big armored vehicle up with a roar and it began to move down the highway, through a hail of enemy bullets, stopping now and then to pick up the wounded along the way.

Soon Richard Friend and the armored carrier he had saved from destruction were in the clear and rolling fast away from the scene, heading back toward the base.

FROM start to finish, during the ambush, out of 48 Americans in the convoy, 16 were killed and 29 were wounded.

Back at the American base in Suoi Cat, Friend, whose face was bruised but was otherwise unhurt, said gratefully, "That Lieutenant really saved us. He moved out of there fast."

Friend was nominated for the Silver Star for his heroic action of single-handedly, and virtually unarmed, saving the armored carrier. One of the 11th Armored officers summed up the feelings of all the men in the Regiment when he said, "That's the least we can do for him."***



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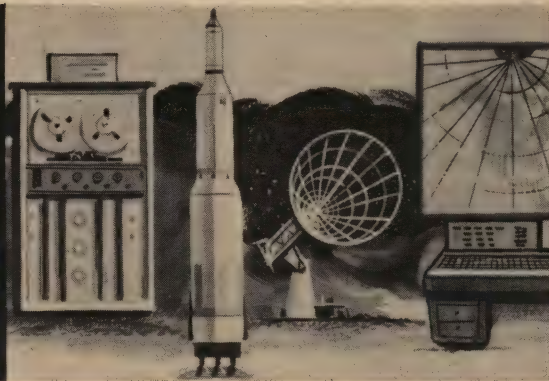
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Unkillable Six

Continued from page 25

fashion supported his body on them.

The German Oberst was a handsome blonde man with pink skin but his face was drained from fatigue. His artificial legs were obviously giving him a lot of trouble. But he went on, "You six Allied prisoners have been carefully chosen. You were the chiefs of your Escape Committees in each of your prison camps. Between you, you have engineered hundreds of successful escapes. Your fertile brains have pinned down whole divisions of German troops to guard these prison camps, troops that are desperately needed for any counter-offensive the Führer may be planning. So we have decided to put you all together here in this cosy castle with its walls and towers, all six of you, guarded by four hundred of the most alert and best-trained German soldiers in the Wehrmacht. Now let's see how clever you are." The Oberst smiled down at them grimly. "Oh, yes," he added as an afterthought, "you fellow prisoners in the camps you left have been told that you men are hostages. That if any of them try to escape, your lives will be forfeit. And of course the reverse is true. If you six men try to escape and fail, you must suffer the ultimate penalty. The Geneva Convention does not protect this camp."

He paused to see if any of the six prisoners would protest. None of them did. One of the other officers on the platform stepped forward and handed him a sheaf of typewritten papers. The German Oberst said, "Before I introduce the six prisoners, let me introduce myself. I am Oberst Fokke. As you can see I am of no use to the Fatherland in combat, not any longer. So I take my duties here very seriously, as you will soon learn."

One of the prisoners in the middle of the rank whispered without moving his lips. "We'll show that kraut bastard how useless he really is." All six of the prisoners smiled. Oberst Fokke looked down at them and smiled grimly in return.

"You were instructed not to speak, not to make any move or gesture at this formation," he said. "You have disobeyed. I will deal with that disobedience afterwards. At this time I wish to introduce you to each other and to all the members of my command. I want all my soldiers to know each one of you in the greatest detail. When I call the prisoner's name he will step forward and ascend the platform. He will stand at attention until further orders."

HE braced his arms against the steel support of the two poles and read from the top sheet on the lectern. "Wing Commander Lloyd Stephens, British Royal Air Force."

The prisoner standing at the far end of the rank wheeled smartly and ascended the platform. Buzz Mabry winced when he saw this prisoner's face. He had obviously been badly burnt and his face, the right side of it, was a lump of angry red scar tissue. Then Mabry remembered why the name was so familiar. Lloyd Stephens had been England's top air ace until he

had been shot down over Germany less than 15 months ago. He had been shot down in flames but had survived. He had obviously once been a handsome man; lithe figure, sandy hair and moustache, strong features. But now he was a human gargoyle, as frightening as a monster carved on the sides of the ancient German cathedrals.

A squad of German prison officers formed on one side of the platform to hear the briefing and study each prisoner. Two SS men accompanied Stephens and stood beside him on the platform. Oberst Fokke read from the sheaf of paper on his lectern. "Wing-Commander Stephens led or planned 23 escape tries from his Stalag, said escapes involving more than 300 prisoners. At least 34 of them made it to neutral or Allied soil. The rest were recaptured or shot. Commander Stephens is a specialist in making skeleton keys and picking locks. Besides of course being a master planner as all of you six prisoners are. I feel I have something in common with the Commander. We have both suffered in this war. But that will not keep me from adding to his suffering if he tries any tricks."

Buzz Mabry stepped out of ranks and shouted in a loud voice. "I protest the insulting of a prisoner of war. It is contrary to paragraph 5 Article 7 of the Geneva Convention. I insist that the Protecting Power be informed of your action and suitable apologies be made." He grinned up at the Oberst.

At that moment something exploded against his right ear and suddenly he found himself on his knees, all his muscles turned to liquid. An SS guard was standing over him with a rubber truncheon. Two other guards were lifting him to his feet and propping him up.

Oberst Fokke went on. "Gentlemen, these guards are specially trained and specially armed. They can beat you to death without breaking the skin. You can either listen to me on your knees or on your own two feet with a clear head. The choice is yours."

THE German officer looked down at the next sheet of paper. He called out, "Colonel David Welles. American Armored Forces. Captured in Africa in 1943. Since then he has been Number One Escape Officer in every prison camp of which he has been an inmate. Colonel Welles is an expert in digging tunnels and finding other escape hatches."

Mabry's head was beginning to clear now. He could see the short stocky figure of Welles ascending the platform. Then to his surprise he heard Welles speak out. "I wish to protest against the treatment, the verbal insults and physical abuse given to prisoners of war in direct contravention to the Geneva Convention."

Mabry saw how it must have happened to him. The SS guard standing behind Colonel Welles raised the rubber truncheon to strike him along the side of the head. But at that moment the American tank officer wheeled to his left and ducked under the German guard's falling arm. But three other guards closed in on him. Black rubber clubs whirled through the air and then Colonel Welles was being propped up alongside of Wing Commander Stephens.

Oberst Fokke waited patiently. Then he took one hand out of its steel pole brace and shuffled the papers in front of him. "The next prisoner is very, very extraordinary. I advise all guards and guard officers here assembled to keep an especially vigilant eye on this man. He fought in the Spanish Revolution and

then became a French citizen. He was the last man to surrender in the Maginot Line and has given us trouble ever since. He had always operated as the prisoner's Escape Committee Intelligence Officer and Counter Intelligence Officer of whatever camp he has been in. As such he has murdered some of the best informers and Allied traitors the Third Reich has in its employ. That is Sous-Officier Erasmo Cruz. Escort him to the platform with care. He is a killer without any fear for his own life."

BUZZ Mabry saw a short, very dark prisoner with glittering, almost mad eyes being escorted by four guards to the platform. Erasmo Cruz looked like a bad character, the kind of guy even his best friends would find dangerous to live with. Cruz didn't shout any defiance. He did something worse. He hawked a big gob of spit that landed directly on the sheaf of papers in front of Oberst Fokke. The German officer took the befouled sheet of paper and impassively handed it to one of the SS officers standing behind him. He did not even glance at Cruz and there was something so ominous in this that Mabry felt a twinge of fear. And he had never been afraid of any man before in his life.

The high metallic voice of Oberst Fokke went on. "The next man is very deceiving-looking. His name is Robert Pollard, rank unknown, nationality unknown, but he was captured operating in Holland in 1943 as Supply Coordinator for the Dutch Resistance. He is a genius at getting his hands on necessary escape materials and has always been the Escape Committee Supply Officer of every Stalag where he has been imprisoned. There is one rather astonishing fact in his dossier. Robert Pollard weighed 275 pounds when he was captured. After almost four years in German prison camps where the food ration calories per day per person is to the ratio of 1200, bare subsistence level, he should have been down to the usual lean trimness of our other prisoners. Instead he now weighs 310 pounds. Escort the prisoner to the platform."

Robert Pollard was an enormous man who was using green tent covers sewn together for his prisoners uniform. He went up on the platform and stood at attention. He seemed like the typical jolly fat man and this tempted Oberst Fokke into a witticism. He leaned over his lectern and said smiling, "Perhaps the prisoner, Robert Pollard will tell us his secret now, how he remains so solidly upholstered on the meager rations we feed him."

Pollard said in a deep bass voice. "Have I your permission to speak, Herr Oberst?"

The German officer nodded. Pollard leaned over the platform wolfishly. "I eat German prison guards," he said. "Watch yourselves."

The other prisoners broke into laughter as did some of the German soldiers. But Oberst Fokke's face grew red with anger. "You will be a skeleton when you leave this Stalag," he said. "That I promise you." Pollard gave him a porky fat man's smile.

There was only one other prisoner standing in rank beside Mabry. He was so ordinary-looking that he seemed to blend into everyone else around him. Now Oberst Fokke pointed at this man and said, "The next prisoner is another Englishman, a former actor of prominence. His name is Victor Graves. His specialty is disguise and make-up. He can also imitate the voice of anyone he has heard even once. He can make himself look like any of his guards and he

has done so. He has escaped from a dozen prison camps but has always been recaptured before he could get over the border. He is perhaps the most cunning of the men here. Bring him up to the platform."

Victor Graves started his march to the platform and then an extraordinary thing happened. His gait changed. He seemed to hobble a little, his torso bent over with effort. His arms dangled down as if on canes. His face became contorted and sweaty with physical effort. The parade ground became deathly still. Everyone recognized the horrible imitation. The prisoner, Victor Graves, had transformed himself into Oberst Fokke walking on two artificial legs. Fokke's face had gone deadly pale and he turned his head away, unable to speak. Victor Graves then briskly mounted the rest of the platform steps and bowed as if he expected applause.

There was an awkward silence until Oberst Fokke recovered from this latest insult. Then he pointed down to Buzz Mabry, who was now standing alone. "Our final prisoner," Fokke said. "And he is, as they say in his native land, a master of all trades. His rank is Sergeant which means that his real rank could be anything from Sergeant to Colonel. We will never know unless he tells us. His specialty is making lethal weapons out of thin air. Knives, pistols, cannons materialize in whatever prison camp we incarcerate him in. But he also has the talents all the other prisoners have. He can open security locks, he can plan escape tunnels. He can disguise himself and he can murder. He is a real prize, this Sergeant Mabry. And he will be in our care until the end of the war. Bring him up to the platform. No doubt he will entertain us with a little trick or witicism as the others have done."

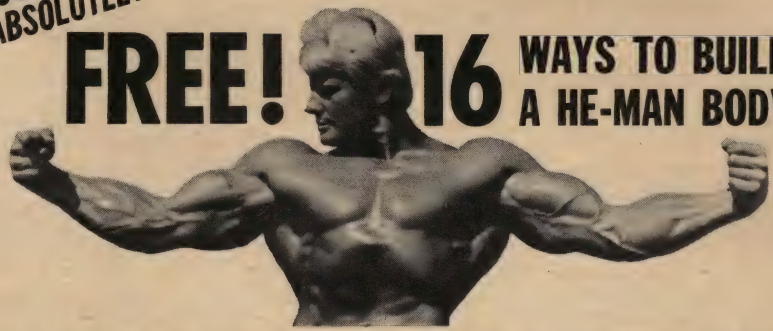
BUZZ Mabry marched up the steps of the platform. He was thinking hard. There was a hidden purpose to this performance and he was trying to put his finger on it. Some instinct told him not to make any gesture of defiance. He took his place in the rank of prisoners standing at attention.

Oberst Fokke stood at the lectern and addressed the 400 German SS men formed into *Rollkommando* squads. "Soldiers of the Third Reich, we have been given an important task. To guard these six prisoners who will be held as hostages for the behavior of the prison camps in which they were formerly held. I pledge my soul to this task. If even one of these prisoners escape, I will pay the forfeit and take my life with my own hand. But before I do so, I will punish any guard whose stupidity and laxity helped them in any way. German officers, parade your men past this platform so that all the guards may study the prisoners. Then regroup your men for a final ceremony."

That would be the thing to watch out for, Buzz Mabry thought, the final ceremony. This Oberst Commandant was crazy. And there was obviously no Protecting Power for this Stalag. They had probably listed it as a criminal instead of a POW camp. Mabry watched the SS guards file slowly by. He saw the naked machine guns poking their snouts out of the four corner towers, the armed guards patrolling the high stone walls. Then he saw a special platoon of SS men come by, holding wolfhounds on leashes. The wolfhounds had slaverling muzzles and lunged frantically in the direction of the prisoners, none of whom flinched away. The guards held the dogs back.

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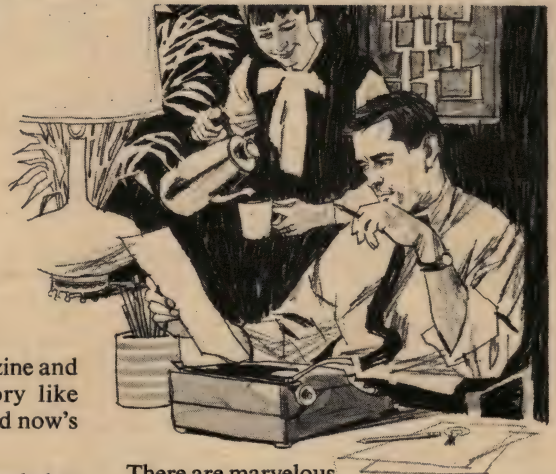
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As the troops began to form for the final ceremony, a German Army band marched through one of the side gates and onto the inner parade ground. They played martial music as if preparing for some sort of grand entrance. After five minutes of this an ambulance slowly wheeled through another side gate and rolled up to the platform. Four men in medical whites hopped from the rear of the ambulance. They hoisted out a wheeled metal cart whose top was covered with a huge surgical towel. They carried this cart up the steps of the platform and wheeled it to the lectern. Then they stood at attention around it.

Oberst Fokke seemed to have gained new strength. He took his arms out of the steel pole braces and stood erect on his artificial feet. "I want everyone in my command to witness the first precautions we will take against our prisoners escaping," he said. "They have all been searched, they have all been screened in every possible way. At this moment they are all completely helpless and without any tools or weapons to help them escape. However they have their natural resources still. I have decided to nullify some of the natural skills of those prisoners who have showed themselves without proper respect for German authority."

What followed was one of the most brutal scenes that Buzz Mabry had ever witnessed. Obeying Oberst Fokke's shouted commands, the four men in white medical coats seized the first prisoner. It was Victor Graves, the actor. One of the German medical technicians whipped the rough surgical towel off the top of the cart. Metal instruments gleamed in the sunlight. Another of the white-coated medical men hooked up a battery to the ambulance generator. Then a steel rod from the cart was plugged in to the battery socket until it glowed with white heat. Two SS guards pinned Victor Graves arms to his sides and the four white-coated torturers pounced on him. Other SS guards surrounded the rest of the prisoners. A burning hiss and then the smell of burning flesh filled the air. When Mabry next saw Victor Graves, the actor had a smoking swastika burned deep into his forehead. He had fainted from the pain and was being propped up by the guards.

"We will see how successful his disguises are now," Oberst Fokke said. He barked out further commands.

The white-coated torturer pounced on Erasmo Cruz. The darkhaired, stubby Spaniard fought furiously before they over-powered him. They placed his hands over the metal cart. There were loud cracking noises, at least a dozen of them. And then they let him go.

CRUZ stood swaying at the edge of the platform. His hands hung limply from the ends of their wrists, the ten fingers were askew, pointed every which way. They had broken every bone in his fingers and both his wrists. He was helpless. But his dark eyes were burning with hatred as he stared at Fokke.

The Oberst addressed the other prisoners and his guards. "A murderer without the use of his hands is not so fearsome. What has just happened is a mild warning. I do not like to be made a fool of by prisoners in my custody. I like to be treated with proper respect. Herr Pollard, consider yourself lucky that I have a weakness for the wit of fat men. Hermann Goering has always been a hero of mine. But don't push your luck too far or I will have that fat carved off your skeleton as if you were a turkey, and these four men are master carvers.

They have by no means exhausted their talents. Prisoners Mabry, Welles and Stephens, accept my congratulations for your good manners and your good sense. But I advise you to forget about the Geneva Convention and the Protecting Power. They will not help you here."

That was all. The band began to play again and the guards closed in around the prisoners to march them into the castle and lock them into their cells. The four torturers gave their two victims first aid, bandaging the burn on Grave's forehead and putting casts on the crippled hands of Erasmo Cruz. The man in front of Buzz Mabry, the scar-faced Wing Commander Lloyd Stephens whispered hoarsely, "Looks like we've had it Yank." Mabry didn't answer.

In the very center of the castle grounds was the inner keep, a stone tower to which in olden times defenders retired when the castle walls were breached and the other defenses overrun. Now this central stone tower had been turned into an escape proof prison.

The tower rose four stories high with a huge windowless bedroom for the six prisoners on the top story. The one staircase leading up and down had three separate gates which could not be open-



"Thanks for offering to decorate my first cake, dear."

ed except by a guard in the headquarters buildings who did so electronically. The grounds around the tower except for the electrically charged barbed wire enclosing it were absolutely bare to give clear fields of fire to the machine guns that were trained on the tower from the surrounding walls and turrets. At night, floodlights lit the area except when there was an air raid alarm and then vicious wolfhounds were turned loose to roam the area, ready to tear apart any escaping prisoner.

It was impossible to escape from the tower. But if a prisoner did make it out of the stone structure, he would still have to get through the wall of electric barbed wire enclosing the camp, run the gauntlet of patrols, escape the vigilant eyes of the sentries patrolling on top of the walls, and then get through the heavy, barred, iron gates.

By putting the prisoners high up in the tower, the Oberst Kommandant had knocked out the most reliable and most consistently utilized route of escape: tunneling. By isolating them in the one tower building, he prevented them from making contact with sympathetic guards or traitors or even planted enemy Intelligence agents. It was foolproof. There was no way to escape.

That first night in the isolated tower, Colonel Welles took command as the highest ranking officer in the group. Buzz Mabry protested. "Colonel, he said, "I can't tell you my real rank since that is classified information, but I think I should be allowed to take charge of our little unit here. This is a special situation, one that I've had special training for, and I think I can do the best job in getting us all the hell out of here."

COLONEL Welles showed his own extraordinary qualities by saying drily, "Prove that and I'll give you the job." The rest of the prisoners were giving Mabry cool measuring glances. They had all been through the worst the war had to offer, they had heard a lot of loudmouths; talk was cheap and didn't mean anything to them. Mabry would have to produce.

As they all watched him, Mabry started pulling tiny coiled springs and small thin tubes of metal out of his pockets and from the linings of his garments. In a few moments there was a small pile of metal parts on the communal table. Very swiftly Mabry started putting these springs and bits of metal together. In five minutes he had assembled a small gun that could fit into the palm of his hand. He opened his mouth, spit, and from behind his molars ejected a tiny brass-jacketed bullet. He fitted that into the firing chamber of the gun. He grinned at all of them seated on their bunks watching him. "You heard the Oberst Kommandant, he bragged we were all clean. OK, I outfoxed him. You guys got anything to show?"

Wing Commander Stephens said in an awe-stricken voice, "My God, a gun. How the devil did you ever manage that?"

Mabry's eyes narrowed. "That's my business," he said. "OK, let's have a vote. Do I command this outfit or not?"

Colonel Welles said, "Pretty good but not enough. Anything else?"

Mabry nodded. "In about three minutes the guards will come busting in here to make a showdown inspection and they won't quit until they find this gun. That's because this room is wire, bugged, and the Oberst is listening in right now. He can't call his guards back, they're already on their way. Let's just wait for them."

They could already hear the pounding of boots on the stairway and then the guards burst in with their machine pistols at the ready. Mabry smiled mockingly and tossed the SS Sgt. the tiny pistol lying on the table. "Tell your boss I can get plenty more where that came from," he said. "Anytime I want." The guards left.

Mabry nodded at his fellow prisoners and said, "OK, that was qualification number two. I can spot any room that's bugged and exactly where the microphone and wires are. I can manufacture a gun anytime I want, let those kraut bastards know that, I don't care, they can't stop me. Starting tonight I'll be giving all of you lessons in deaf and dumb language, talking with our finders and hands, another of my little talents. Is that enough Colonel? And what the Oberst said is true. What ever you guys are specialists in I can do as good or maybe even a little better. If you want proof I'll give it to you. I can even eat my way up to 300 pounds." He grinned good-naturedly at the massive Dutchman, Pollard, who grinned back to show that no offense was taken.

The Colonel shrugged. "You've convinced me already. I'm willing to give you command of the group if the rest are willing. Does anyone here disagree?"

Mabry searched the faces of the others

at the table. Wing Commander Stephens had a look of bland English politeness as he nodded his agreement. Pollard and Victor Graves also quickly gave their assent. Only Cruz seemed doubtful. He scowled at Mabry and said, "You're too eager."

Mabry said coolly, "I always like to trust my life to the best possible hands."

Cruz gave him a hard look. "OK," he said. "But I'll be checking you out every inch of the way. I'll give you this: the tower is bugged. I spotted that too. But having that gun stashed is easily explained, if you know what I mean."

"You mean if the *Oberst* and I are friends and he let me keep it to impress you," Mabry said. "But that would be against all the psychology he's been using so far. You, as an Intelligence man, must realize that. Breaking your hands, burning Grave's face, all the other crap, was the beginning of a campaign to crush our spirit. Now to show that he was not infallible, would give us hope and courage. He doesn't want that."

Cruz nodded his head thoughtfully. "That's true," he said, "but I'll still be watching you all the way. You're just a little too fancy." He paused and then said, "One of the first things I'm going to think about is how come you know deaf and dumb sign language."

LATER that night when the lights in the huge tower room were dimmed, when the guards on the walls around it walked their posts by the flood lamps of the corner turrets, Buzz Mabry lay on the cot and thought about what Cruz had said. He hadn't given an explanation because he would have had to explain his whole life and that would have been too painful a task even for him. But years ago, learning the deaf and dumb sign language had been the only thing that had kept him from going insane.

Buzz Mabry had joined the American Army Intelligence Corps in 1941, the day after Pearl Harbor. He had gone through a year of intensive training and then had been dumped in North Africa by submarine to become part of an underground network. There he had paid professional thieves to teach him all their tricks: the art of burglary, picking locks, the quick and most silent way to murder a man with knife or rope, how to almost magically make things belonging to other people disappear beneath his jacket or into his sleeve. When his network was penetrated and he was captured, Mabry tried not to be taken alive and fought off a whole company of Gestapo men until he fell, wounded in half a dozen places.

It was while recovering from his wounds in a German prisoner-of-war hospital that he had learned the deaf and dumb language. He himself had been sentenced to death as a spy by a German courts martial and was being made well enough so that he could stand up before a firing squad. In its ways this was an exquisite torture: his body was to become sound be soon destroyed. His physical disabilities prevented him from escaping, though with his techniques he could easily have done so if he had been in good health. His only hope was to escape at the precise moment his physical condition permitted but before he was well enough to face the firing squad. This proved to be an impossible hope. They were going to shoot him as soon as he could stand up without bandages on.

It was during this time that a terribly wounded prisoner was brought into the ward. He had suffered a severe head wound which destroyed his ear drums,

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cut off his arms and legs and mangled his tongue and palate. Yet miraculously he was still alive and would recover. The wound had resulted from a shell exploding very near, so near it had blown him right out his clothes and he had been found naked with a pile of dead American soldiers.

Buzz Mabry decided to help the wounded man by learning the deaf and dumb sign language and teaching it to the wounded man. He got books from the prison hospital library and a soft-hearted Kommandant sent away for other books he needed. Finally Mabry wheedled the Kommandant into sending him to a famous medical clinic in a nearby town where he could learn the language faster. Since he still could not walk he was taken there by ambulance and stretcher.

After he had learned the language Mabry spent long days trying to communicate with the "basket case" by tapping on each other's chest; the basket case used his head to tap. Mabry felt that this was the last decent thing he could do, to teach a fellow American prisoner to communicate with the outside world from inside his double-walled prison of physical separateness and official iron bars. He worked for many days without progress. He was sure that his fellow prisoner had learned the alphabet but the taps were not making sense until one day he wrote down what the "basket case" was tapping out. Then the message was clear only it was in a foreign language, "Ich bin ein Deutscher", the prisoner was spelling out, "I am a German."

That was the final irony, that he had wasted the last days of his life teaching an enemy to break out of his physical prison. Mabry went to the Kommandant and told him that a mistake had been made, that the "basket case" was a German soldier, and that it was a hell of a way to treat a defender of the Fatherland, putting him in with American prisoners.

The "basket case" was removed that very evening. The next morning the Kommandant came personally to Mabry's bed to shake his hand and thank him for a service to the German Wehrmacht. A week later the Kommandant came to tell him that his death sentence had been revoked. He would become an ordinary prisoner of war, allowed to live because he had helped a German soldier in the most terrible of circumstances. Ten days afterwards, on a morning when he would have been facing a firing squad, Mabry was shipped to a regular Stalag in northern Germany. For the next two years he helped his fellow prisoners escape, and since his services were deemed more valuable where he was, he did not take advantage of his own opportunities. But he was recognized by authorities as a ringleader and so transferred to this special Stalag Siegfried.

BY the end of the first week in the tower all the prisoners knew the deaf and dumb sign language but they actually used it very little. The reason for this was they had no important secrets to tell each other. They were finally in an escape proof jail and none of them had been able to see even a small hole, a tiny pinpoint of daylight that might lead to freedom.

Early every morning they were led out into the castle courtyard for exercise and work. They were ordered to clean up the grounds, tidy the garden paths, cut the shrubbery and other odd tasks. Breakfast, lunch and dinner were given them in the main dining hall of the castle and always under heavy guard. At three

in the afternoon their workday was finished and they were allowed their own games in the courtyard or use of the special library set up for them in their cage. After dinner they were confined to the tower, without option.

The massive Dutchman, Bob Pollard, was beginning to melt away. He had lost at least 20 pounds in one week. Obviously his food-getting techniques had failed him here.

BEFORE being locked into the tower for the night, they were all searched for anything that could be used as a weapon. The guards were particularly careful with Buzz Mabry, stripping him down, going through the lining of his clothing. But nothing was ever found. After the first week a different routine was followed. Each of the six prisoners was given a different work assignment in different parts of the castle and only saw each other at meal times and at night in their vast tower room. Each individual prisoner was guarded by a squad of eight soldiers during the day so that there was no possibility of escape.

To Mabry, making everyone work separately was highly suspicious, it could only be an excuse to get one of the prisoners out of range of his fellow prisoners without exciting suspicion. It was then that the thought occurred to him that one of the six might be a planted German agent. He set careful little traps and after another week he was sure of his premise. He was also pretty sure which of the other five was the German agent. Then he was ready to make his move.

One night in the sixth week he called a conference and using the deaf and dumb sign language told his fellow prisoners that he had made contact with someone on the outside. They thronged around him. Cruz indicated the table leg where the bugging device was located, asking Mabry with his eyes whether he should put it out of commission.

Mabry nodded. Cruz, his broken hands now healed into great bony hunks, ripped the wires out of the table leg and smashed the disc microphone against the wall. It shattered into a hundred pieces. Mabry leaned back on his bunk and waited until the excited questions had died down. Then he threw a tissue thin piece of paper on the table. It had two sentences written on it in blue ink. "If you can get through the main gate, we will take care of you from there. Reply as received."

Colonel Welles said, "How do we know

this is authentic, Mabry? How do you know it's not a plant?"

"There's a code recognition word in the message," Mabry said. "It's formed by certain letters in certain numbered places in the regular words. That message is absolutely authentic. There's an underground group in the village nearby that can help us if we get past the main gate."

"How did you get the message?" It was Wing Commander Stephens asking.

Mabry shook his head. "I just can't tell you that. I can't tell anyone."

Wing Commander Stephens turned away with contempt. "That's just a shoddy little showoff trick. You know we have no chance to escape, this place is fool-proof. So you've written that message yourself just to look good."

Cruz leaned forward, his knobby broken hands twitching. "I've never liked you, Mabry, you son of a bitch. Tell us how you got that message or I'll finish you off right now."

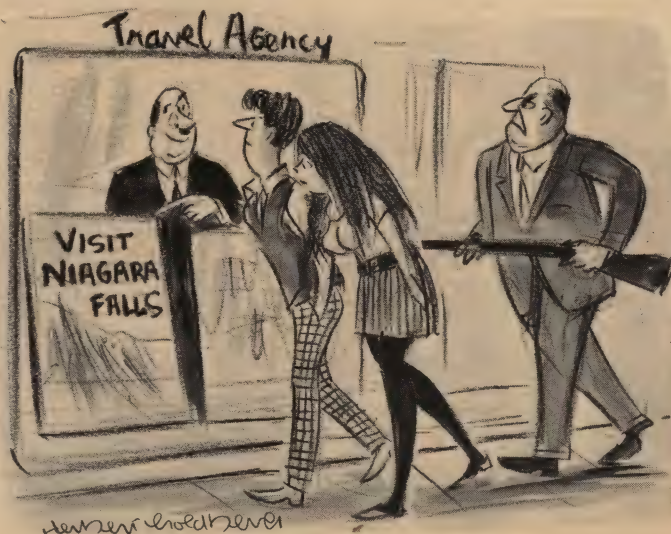
Mabry seemed to flow off his bunk like a snake. In one incredibly fast movement he had Cruz by the hair of the head and his arms twisted behind him. His eyes were blazing with such fury that the other prisoners started back from him. But then Mabry seemed to come to his senses. He looked them all over very carefully. "OK, pick one man you trust the most and I'll tell him how I got the message and where. If I don't convince him, I'll give up command of the camp and do whatever you guys tell me. OK?"

THEY agreed that Colonel Welles as senior in rank would be the proper officer to hear Mabry's explanation. Mabry took the Colonel into a far corner of the tower room and talked to him for a long time. When they came back Colonel Welles said to the others, "I don't want anyone here to question Mabry ever again on anything he does or wants us to do. That's a direct order as senior officer. Now let's get on with it."

Mabry could see that the others, even Cruz, were enormously impressed. Everything was working out fine. He gave his orders.

"Wing Commander Stephens, you're an expert on all locking devices. I want you to find a way to jam those three gates so that for a few days at least they'll have to use keys. Then it should be easy enough for us to pick the locks and get outside whenever we want to."

"Cruz, every night when we get back



to the tower room here I want you to search for bugging devices and put them out of commission so we can talk without worrying about sign language or being overheard.

"Pollack I want you to figure out how to make six lifelike dummies out of our excess clothing and gear, including mattresses and blankets. That shouldn't be hard. Also I want you to get some animal blood and fat to smear over the dummies. That should keep the wolfhounds busy just long enough.

"Colonel Welles, you and Graves will be armament men. I'll get parts of guns in here and you stash them in the room until the night we take off. Then you put them together as guns. Don't worry about how I got the parts. Our underground people in the village will get them to us. They will also get us some wire cutters. Once we get past the main gate they'll have transportation for us and stash us in town until the heat's off. Just leave all the tricky stuff to me. I'll have us out of here within a month."

Three nights later Wing Commander Stephens returned to the tower room with his scarred face excitedly triumphant. He said to Cruz sharply, "Are you certain the 'bug' is out?" Cruz nodded. Stephen turned to Mabry. "Listen to this. Today they made me work in the headquarters kitchen and I got a chance to listen in on their conversation, *Oberst Fokke* and all the staff officers. We've got a wonderful opportunity. Tomorrow night the Hqs. staff is having a party and bringing a whole load of frauleins into the castle, prostitutes, I think. Anyway, the dogs will be taken off duty for that night and the guard complement will be only a skeleton one. Now I figured how to knock out the floodlights by cutting the electrical wires, and it won't take but a minute to get over the wall. This is a really great stroke of good fortune."

Mabry shook his head doubtfully. "I won't have any weapons by then."

STEPHENS said urgently, "We won't need weapons to get out of here if we follow my plan. And then the people you've made contact with in town can arm us if necessary. Can you get word to them so they'll be waiting for us tomorrow night?"

Mabry looked at the others, still doubtful. "How about you, Colonel Welles, what do you think?"

Colonel Welles said, "I liked your original plan, Mabry, but I think we should follow where luck leads us. Wing Commander, I must congratulate you for a fine piece of work."

Stephens bowed his scarred head in acknowledgement. "Then shall we lay it on for tomorrow?"

Mabry grinned. "Right," he said. Everybody shook each other's hand. They were all tremendously excited. Up to that time they had not had the slightest hope of escaping. Mabry gave the final word. "We'll break out of here at dawn."

The next day, Mabry noticed with amusement, his guards watched him with elaborate innocence and carelessness. He made a few suspicious motions with his hands to give them something to report, just for the hell of it. At the end of the day's work he asked the guard Sergeant for some bleach to wash his tower room down. The Sergeant marched him by the supply room so that he could pick up a gallon can of the liquid.

Mabry skipped the supper formation so that he could check the whole tower room himself for any bugs. But they hadn't even bothered to replace the one Cruz had ripped out the night before. Mabry arranged the can of bleach on the top

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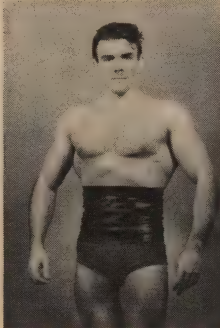
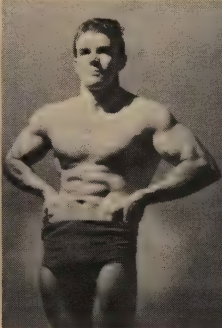
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of the table and then he took off the rope that served as his trouser belt. He looped the smooth cord over his hand and waited.

He heard the three separate clangs of the gate shutting on the tower stairs and he smiled to himself. A few minutes later his fellow prisoners filed into the room.

It was already growing dark but the floodlights around the tower had not come on. The other prisoners sat around the table waiting for Mabry to brief them. Mabry said blandly to Wing Commander Stephens, "I guess you already took care of the electrical wiring that put out the floodlights?"

Stephens nodded.

Mabry got up and strode the length of the room back and forth. He tapped his rope belt nervously in his hand. The other men had swiveled around to follow his movements. Mabry said curtly to Stephens, "Hand me that can of bleach." As Stephens turned away, Mabry quickly stepped behind him and slipped the rope around his neck. As he pulled the rope tight he put his knee against Stephens' back. He said urgently to Colonel Welles, "OK, pour that bleach over his hair."

Welles threw the liquid over Stephens. The Wing Commander's scarred face grew frantic with fear. He tried to scream for help, for mercy, but Mabry tightened the rope around his throat so that only animal choking sounds came out. And then as the bleaching agent did its work, an astonishing change took place in the Wing Commander's appearance. His sandy hair, his mouse-colored moustache, turned a bright glittering blond and oddly enough with that blond hair his features became unmistakably Germanic instead of British.

The other prisoners had jumped to their feet. Cruz had made a threatening motion toward Mabry but when he saw the hair turn blond he froze in astonishment.

Mabry said softly, "Don't worry about talking, I've got all the bugs out, that's why I didn't go to chow." He leaned over Stephens' shoulder and said coldly, "Tell us the truth or I'll kill you right now. Exactly who are you and what happened to the real Commander Stephens?" He loosened the rope so that the man could talk.

The German agent said hoarsely, "Commander Stephens is dead but it was none of my doing. The SS men took him from his Stalag secretly and shot him. Then they cremated his body and I was ordered to take the Englishman's place. I, too, was a pilot. I, too, was shot down and my face ruined. But I lived in England until I was 12 years old and I received special training. I was the only one who could take his place."

MABRY tightened the rope once again then spoke to the others. "I knew we could never get out of here on our own, that the only way was to make Fokke let us escape. I knew almost from the first day Stephens was a plant. He blurted out I had a gun so that the bug would pick it up and the guards would come. Then we were made to work separately. Why? So someone could make his report but also so that Stephen could get his hair dyed. He's a young man and it grows out awfully fast. So I used Stephen to help us get out. I faked those messages, there is no underground cell in the town to help us. I wrote those messages myself. I explained everything to Colonel Welles that night when you people insisted I explain to someone. He was smart enough to go along. So

now our escape has been arranged by *Oberst Fokke* and Stephens here and we rendezvous with the underground in town they close in and nab all of us." Mabry gave a wolfish grin. He tightened the rope around Stephens, neck and said "Isn't that right?"

The German agent nodded, his lungs gasping for air, his eyes almost popping out of his head.

Mabry said softly, "Those three gates are already unlocked, aren't they? You were going to fiddle with them as if you were picking them. Right?" The German nodded.

Mabry asked softly, "Will there really be a party going on in the main castle. Will there be women there?"

Again the German nodded.

Mabry loosened the rope a little more. "Do the guards at the gate have orders to let us through or must we go over the wall?"

THE German agent's voice was a mere croak now because of his bruised throat. "You must go over the wall," he said. "The guards do not know. No guard below the rank of Sergeant knows the *Oberst's* plan."

Mabry asked one final question. "Does Fokke believe we will wait until dawn?" The German agent croaked "yes." It was the last word his tortured larynx ever uttered.

As the other prisoners watched in horror, Mabry tightened the rope around the German's neck, garroting him. It only took a moment. The eyes bulged horribly, a blue roach-shaped vein grew in his temple, and then he slumped forward. Mabry let him go and the lifeless body fell to the floor.

Mabry still held the rope. It was tinged with red and white patches of skin. He knelt and searched the body. He found a Walther pistol and a pair of wire cutters and tossed them to Colonel Welles. Then he said to the others, "OK, our only hope is to kidnap Fokke and get some weapons. Is everybody agreed?"

There was no dissent. Mabry led them down the stairs and through the already-unlocked gates. There Colonel Welles took the lead with his wire cutters. In the darkness and in the absence of floodlights they were invisible to the guards along the wall and in the corner turrets.

It took nearly fifteen minutes for Colonel Welles to cut the wire and then they all crawled through. They were now out of their special compound and in the castle grounds proper. But the wall, the massive central gates guarded by sentries, still barred the path to freedom. Also, they knew, special prison troops would be scattered along the road to pick up the mythical underground resistance group.

Mabry led the way to the brightly-lit central castle, whose lights showed through carelessly drawn blackout curtains. Phonograph music blared. Parked in front of the main entrance was a scout car with a carbine in its side scabbard and a Schmiesser automatic pistol in the driver's windshield rack. This was a piece of luck. The scout car even had a machine gun mounted in its rear seat. Mabry motioned them all into the vehicle.

But instead of driving it toward the castle gates, Mabry turned the scout car on to the gravel path that led to the inner keep where the headquarters of *Kommandant Oberst Fokke* was located. This part of the castle was more luxurious than the prison section and less heavily guarded. There were no sentries on the door. Mabry and his men pushed



"If you need anything, just yell."

inside, through the great baronial hall, to the dining room. Mabry had the Schmiesser automatic pistol, Cruz the carbines and Colonel Welles the Walther pistol. Graves was unarmed.

The sight that greeted them could have been taken from one of the paintings of Sodom and Gomorrah. *Oberst* Fokke holding a goblet of brandy almost as big and round as his shaven head, was sitting on a raised royal throne. On his lap was a buxom blonde girl with golden braids twined around Fokke's neck. His free hand was groping up her brightly colored, peasant skirt. The girl's long white thighs could be seen by the rest of the German staff officers drinking around the table. Three other girls, almost completely naked except for flimsy underclothes, a pert little serving caps on their heads, were pouring brandy from huge hand-blown bottles. As one girl poured brandy into the glass of a German staff officer, he ran his free hand all over her naked body. Beneath the huge oaken table laden with roast goose and suckling pig, two naked pair of legs stuck out.

Mabry shouted in German, "A good holiday to all of you. Excuse me for coming uninvited." He waved his Schmiesser pistol at them. Then reached down and tapped the two sets of bare buttocks that peeped out from under the table. "Finish up and get the hell out of there."

From under the table came a grunted, "Ein moment mal". Mabry waited. Meanwhile his fellow prisoners were lining up Fokke and his 10 staff officers against one wall and the girls against the opposite wall. The officers had been disarmed, the girls had dressed hurriedly, and not too completely. Graves finally had a weapon, Fokke's pistol.

Mabry beckoned *Oberst* Fokke to advance toward him. The German Kommandant tottered forward on his artificial legs. He was very drunk and there was a crazy glint in his eyes.

MABRY said, "I want you to call the guards at the castle gates and tell them you are having these girls escorted to their homes by some Headquarter soldiers and that we are to be allowed to pass through. Don't make any mistake or you are a dead man."

Oberst Fokke shook his head. "I will never help you scoundrels to escape. Never. You are a sacred trust. I will die first." He staggered over to a chair and sat down, head sunk on his chest, eyes staring balefully at Mabry.

Mabry went down the line of staff officers. "I need one of you to get us out of this castle," he said. "Call the gate guards and tell them we're coming through and to let us pass."

None of the officers stepped forward. Colonel Welles said to Mabry, "Whoever makes that call will be shot by the Gestapo. Anyway, there's no percentage for them." Mabry nodded.

The couple under the table finally crawled out, struggling to fasten their clothing. They took their places against the walls of the dining hall. Neither of them seemed embarrassed. They were in good shape, Mabry thought. He strode over to Fokke and took the *Oberst's* wrist watch. It was a short hour before midnight. Mabry was thinking hard. He was reluctant to do what had to be done. He said to Victor Graves, "Do you think you can imitate the *Oberst's* voice over the phone?"

Graves smiled confidently. "Easy," he said. "I'll give them the message to let us pass through." He went to the end of the dining room hall where a field phone hung suspended among a collection of Bavarian hand-carved drinking mugs. When Graves had finished telephoning he came back and winked at Mabry, "All taken care of," he said. "With the right camera man I could have won an Academy Award."

IT was Cruz who spoke up now. "We have to kill all these guys before we make our getaway," he said. "It'll give us an extra headstart."

"Like hell," Mabry said. "Stephens was necessary, but we can handle this different. Colonel Welles, you and Pollard and Cruz bring these German officers, except Fokke, down into the dungeons. Undress them and bring up their uniforms."

Mabry walked over to the four girls against the other wall, finding them hostile and fearful except for the peaches-and-cream blonde who had been under the table. She smiled and said, "My name is Erika. Is it true that you and your friends have been in prison camps for over two years?"

"It's true," Mabry said.

The other girls began to giggle. Erika said with a sly smile. "That means you have not had a woman for two years?"

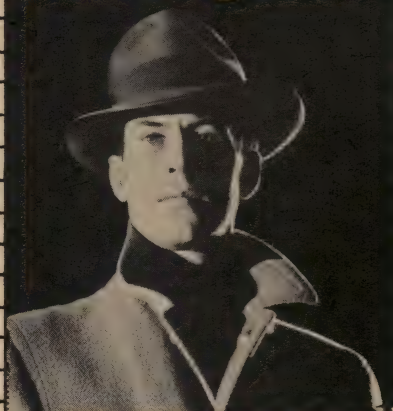
Mabry grinned at her. "That's right."

At that moment Colonel Welles, Cruz and Pollard reappeared in the dining room hall. "We locked them in one of the dungeons," Colonel Welles said. "They'll be safe there. But I've got some bad news. That German officer who was under the table was so grateful for not being killed that he told us we'll never make it out that gate. It seems that Fokke took precautions against every possible circumstance, even this. They have instructions that they are to refuse to obey any order from him unless it's preceded by a special code word used only for that particular day and known only to the guard officer and Fokke. We'll have to make Fokke talk."

Mabry nodded. "I'll take Fokke with me when we go through the gates. If he doesn't say the magic words, I'll blow his head off." He leaned over *Oberst* Fokke who was sitting in a drunken sprawl at the huge oaken table. "Do you understand that Herr *Oberst*? If you don't get us out of here you'll be singing with the angels."

The others had already changed into the uniforms of the German officers. Mabry selected one from the heap of clothing Colonel Welles had thrown on the floor. He wanted a uniform that fit loose so that he would have maximum freedom of movement. He put on a braided

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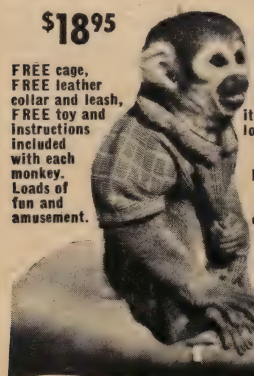


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officer's cap that was a little too large so that it came down low to hide his face.

Mabry took Fokke by the hair of his head and lifted him to his feet. Then he said to Colonel Welles, "You and Cruz take two of the girls in the scout car with the machine gun. Use the girls as cover if they start firing. I'll take Oberst Fokke here, the blonde and the other girl, Pollard and Graves in the big command car Fokke uses. If Fokke gives the password and they let us through, just follow us right out. They've got the road and the village staked with troops but they don't expect the breakout until dawn so they should let us through. We'll head south toward the front lines and take our chances on sneaking through to the other side."

Colonel Welles said, "And what if Fokke won't say the code password?"

"He'll be dead," Mabry said grimly. "Then we'll take care of the gate guards. When you hear us blasting, you start that machine gun hosing the walls and towers."

The command car loaded up looked like a wheeled burlesque house. Mabry arranged the two girls so that all their legs were sticking out of windows. He also had Fokke sit with his artificial legs dangling outside the rear window, on the side facing where the guardhouse would be when he stopped the car. He figured it would give him an important half second edge.

Mabry drove. He eased the command car slowly over the gravel path. Pollard and Graves crouched down with their carbines ready, Fokke covered by their weapons. Mabry had the Schmeisser pistol in his lap. Behind him came the scout car, with Welles driving and Cruz at the machine gun.

They were approaching the huge iron-grilled gates. Two German officers stood there waiting to inspect their papers. Damn, Mabry thought, the gates weren't open. On the other side he saw two more German guards with their rifles on the ready and another guard on the turret above them. He said to his two men. "If Fokke balks, I'll get the two officers. Graves, you get the guy on the turret. Pollard make sure of those two krauts on the right."

THE guards were suspicious. But the legs dangling out of the command car made them doubt their own suspicions. After all maybe the *Oberst* had been too drunk to remember the coded password of the day. Mabry drove with his left hand and fondled the Schmeisser pistol with his right. He was parallel now with the two German guard officers. They had drawn their side arms but seeing Fokke's artificial legs dangling out of the command car, their faces looked concerned and doubtful and they let their weapons sag a little downwards. But then Fokke sprang up and shouted angrily in German. That was all Mabry needed. His car door window was already lowered and now he lifted the automatic Schmeisser and triggered off a blast that bracketed the two German officers. The shots were high, catching them in the face. Gouts of blood splattered over the windshield as they went down. Mabry raced the command car into the gates, hitting with a tremendous crash. The gates sagged outward but the lock held. Mabry backed the command car up. The girls were screaming with terror but Fokke was still. Pollard had shot him through the back of the skull.

Graves and Pollard cut loose with their carbines. The guard on the turret above them fell in a slow somersaulting arc

and crashed onto the hood of the command car as it backed off from the castle gates. The two other guards had gone down but one of them was firing. Mabry poured Schmeisser pistol fire into him until he was flat on the ground.

Behind the command car, Cruz was traversing his scout jeep machine gun all along the walls of the castle, knocking the sentries off them like ducks in a shooting gallery. Answering machine gun fire was weak and inaccurate. But Mabry knew that as soon as the defenders recovered from shock, recovered from their reluctance to shoot at the girls in the scout car, their aim would get a hell of a lot better. He plunged the gas pedal down and the command car leaped forward, slamming into the iron grille gates. This time the lock burst and the gates swung open. The command car roared through and out on the free road. Mabry looked back. The scout jeep was just coming through the gates but now it seemed to veer out of control. Colonel Welles had been hit and was slumped over the wheel. More German guards were running out into the courtyard. Machine gun fire was raining down into the scout jeep. Cruz was answering them with their own machine gun, swiveling it as fast as he could, fighting off his attackers. But the scout jeep was still inside the iron gates. Cruz and Welles were lost. Even as Mabry debated trying to rescue them, Cruz was caught by machine gun fire and blasted out of the jeep. The two girls with them were already dead. Mabry stepped on the gas pedal and made the command car thunder down the road away from the castle. But sporadic fire was breaking out all along the road.

THE blonde girl, Erika, climbed into the front seat. "I'll tell you what roads to take," she said. "When we get to my house in Karlsruhe, I will hide you."

Erika and her girl friend, a brunette named Hilda, were terribly frightened. They had seen their other two girlfriends killed in the scout car and they realized if they did not help these crazy Americans to escape the same thing would happen to them. Erika whispered to Mabry, "If I do hide you in my house in Karlsruhe, will you promise not to kill us?"

Mabry said roughly, "We don't kill women." Hw grinned at her. "We may tumble you on the bed a little, after all it's two years."

Erika grinned back at him. "Just leave us a little present, so it won't be unprofessional."

They had taken the staked-out troops by surprise and on the blacked-out roads it was easy to avoid their pursuit. Mabry recklessly kept the gas pedal pushed to the floor, taking his chances on hitting vehicles coming the other way. No vehicle in Germany was permitted to use its headlights at night.

It was nearly dawn before the command car entered the outskirts of Karlsruhe. Erika directed Mabry through the city to a pretty little suburb and made him stop in front of a house with green shutters and a white picket fence. Mabry asked in astonishment, "Is this your house?"

Erika grinned at him impishly. "Of course. It's like all women. Nice and innocent and sweet-looking on the outside, but on the inside—well wait till you see."

"Listen they'll search your house at least one time," Mabry said. "Maybe we'd just better go on."

"Nonsense," Erika said. "I have a secret room in the basement. I had it built to hide from the Russians, now I'm

going to hide Americans in it. I think that's funny."

The girls and men got out of the command car and went into the house. Mabry drove the car into the garage. Dawn had not yet broken and Mabry was almost positive none of the neighbors had seen them.

The interior of the house convinced him. It was all thickly carpeted halls and huge wickedly mirrored rooms with thick mattress beds. Erika went down to the cellar and brought up bottles of champagne and long sticks of wurst and a boulder-sized loaf of black bread. It started off as a general party in the parlor of the mansion. Then Victor Graves drifted away with Hilda.

Mabry waited until he had had his fill of the spicy food and champagne, and then he and Erika went upstairs. When he left, the massive Pollard was still chomping away on the knucklebone of a whole ham, having made it clear that nothing could entice him away from the table of food.

Upstairs in one of the magnificent bedrooms, Mabry slowly undressed while Erika prepared a hot bath in the huge double tub. She filled the water with different colored perfumes that formed bubbles and then she too undressed. She had a magnificent body, full arching breasts and curving buttocks. Her long blonde hair flowed down to her navel. Mabry made a grab for her but she ducked aside and pushed him into the tub. He fell in with a great splash and she stood there laughing at him. Finally they were standing beside the tub embracing passionately. She was his first woman in two years and Erika herself was insatiable. They lost all sense of time until there was a knock on the door that gave them just enough time to cover up before it opened. Pollard stood there munching on the biggest, thickest sandwich Mabry had ever seen in his life.

"I just thought I'd let you know there's a Gestapo car parking in front of the house," Pollard said. "Do we fight or hide?"

Erika said excitedly to Mabry, "Trust me, I will hide you." She took him by the hand and led him down into the cellar. Mabry told Graves and Pollard to follow but all three men took their weapons. In the cellar Erika pressed a switch hidden in a corner and part of a wooden wall swung out. "Get in," she whispered. "They can never find you here. I'll tell them you've gone south on foot."

Mabry looked at the small secret room. It could just about hold the three of them. He turned and looked Erika directly into her wide blue eyes. "Can I trust you?" he asked.

For an answer she kissed him fervently on the mouth. "Yes," she said. Mabry led Graves and Pollard into the secret hidden room and pulled the door shut behind him. He waited a few moments then pushed the door open again. He told Graves and Pollard, "Get the hell out of there and hide in the corner behind that sofa." He stashed himself behind the furnace.

Three minutes later the door at the top of the cellar steps swung open. Two Gestapo men came gingerly down, holding their pistols at the ready. They were treading very softly. Behind them came the blonde Erika and the brunette Hilda. On the faces of the two girls were looks of excitement. When they were at the bottom of the steps, Erika stepped forward and pointed to the location of the secret door. The two Gestapo men leveled their pistols and riddled the door

with bullets until their guns were empty. Erika and Hilda stood there with delighted, satisfied grins as the Gestapo men reached to put fresh clips in their guns. Out of the wall recesses appeared Graves, Pollard and Mabry holding guns. "Put your hands high in the air," Mabry told the Gestapo men. Then he said to Erika, "You'd better do the same, you and Hilda."

What Mabry had to do then was the most unpleasant thing he had done in the war. He searched the Gestapo men and relieved them of their Identity books. Pollard took the Identity books and went upstairs. Mabry said to Graves, "I know you're softhearted, go upstairs and help Pollard." He had already told Pollard what had to be done.

When Graves left and Mabry was alone with the two Gestapo men and the two girls he told them to march to the further wall and press their foreheads against it. Even now he tried to think of another alternative but there was none. He made the Gestapo men strip off their uniforms and using his Schmeisser pistol, Mabry executed the two Germans and the two girls with a short burst of fire. Then leaving the two dead men lying in their underwear, shoes and socks, he went upstairs, carrying their uniforms. They switched uniforms.

They used the Gestapo staff car and started on the road south, through Karlsruhe, south toward the fighting front.

On the morning of the next day they heard the thunder of artillery. Mabry had Graves, who was driving, pull up in front of the village town hall. "We're close enough now," he said. "We'll just wait for our troops here. This will be the first place Intelligence takes over."

He was right. Two days later American infantrymen and tanks chased German infantrymen right through the town and out the far side. Later in the day an American Intelligence team came to take over the town hall records. The first man inside leveled his carbine at Mabry and said, "Hande Hoch. You are a prisoner of war."

Mabry grinned at Victor Graves and Pollard, "Here we go again," he said. It was three hours later before their identities were confirmed by SHAEF and they were released from arrest and sent off for rest and de-briefing to London. For them the war was over.

Pollard proved to be a very high ranking American Intelligence agent who had been "planted" in Holland three years before the breakout of WWII. His obsession with food led to his death in 1953 when he died of a heart attack.

Victor Graves is now the director of a small country theater in England. Plastic eliminated the swastika branded on his forehead by *Oberst Fokke*.

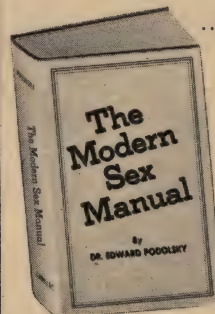
Buzz Mabry has married and settled down in a small California town and amassed a fortune by shrewd dealings in real estate where prior information is so important. ***

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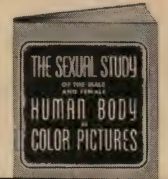
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MALE CALL

BLOODY MESS

Dear Editor:

Thanks for your article on medical labs in MALE, JULY. It's about time somebody showed what they can do to people. Let me tell you about a friend of mine and what he went through after his own doctor sent him to one of these labs to get some tests done.

First, the place wasn't what you think a laboratory should look like. It was in the basement of a house and pretty messy. Then the girl who took the blood sample looked like she would still be in high school. She puts one of those rubber tubes around his arm and tried to find his vein but couldn't, even after sticking him about four times. My friend said he got a little scared then, went to find the technician who ran the place.

After they finally got his blood, they mixed it up with someone else's and as a result the doctor thought my friend had kidney trouble and gave him medicine which made him very sick. He was in the hospital for awhile and nearly died before a couple of other doctors found what was really bothering him.

I hope a lot of people read this article and will be more careful in the future because of it.

Ed Kenmore
Cleveland, Ohio

\$ MILLION MISTAKE

Dear Editor:

Good for you for coming out against those divorce laws (MALE, JULY) that make it tough to correct a mistake unless you've got a million dollars. I know. After 22 years tied to the wrong woman, I finally found the right girl. And what happens? Though I've got a good job now, by the time I finish paying through the nose to my ex, my beautiful new wife and I will be too old to enjoy each other. A guy can't win.

Name Withheld by Request
Chicago, Illinois

(Editor's Note: Still, 22 years does sound like a long time for you to have waited until you discovered your mistake)

GANG GIRLS SCORE

Dear Editor:

Boy, your article about those Love Thrill Gang Girls (MALE, JULY) really burned me up. If you'd ever gone with one of those girls, as I do, you'd know they're just normal, healthy, swingers who aren't afraid to do what they really like—make love. You're still living in the age of the Rumble Seat.

Arnie Miller
Newport News, Virginia

(Editor's Note: Maybe you're right, Arnie, but a girl who has to have a gang with her before she can make love, would never have gotten a ride in our Rumble Seat)



GUYS GO FOR LORI

MATCHMAKER LEARY

Dear Editor:

Was fascinated to read that Lori Tunney, the lovely New York model in your last issue (WORLD'S PRETTIEST WINDOW CLEANER, MALE, JULY) has a "thing" about cleaning dirty windows. I work in a factory and our windows are not merely dirty but filthy, so I thought it might be nice for Lori to come visit our town. I'd show her around, and then she could clean the windows in our factory to her heart's content. My intentions are purely honorable. I'm married, have seven kids, and an eighth is on the way, if you want to know the truth. I do have a friend who works next to me in the factory, who'd like to meet Lori. His name is Specs Maris. He's a paraplegic and blind, but he really goes for Lori.

Tim Leary
South Bend, Indiana

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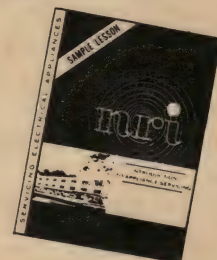
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The PASSION RACERS

Continued from page 15

proceeds of the job, Grofield with a bullet in his back. Parker had fixed him up first with a doctor and second with a hotel room, had split the money in half, and had gone back with his half to the States, leaving Grofield to recuperate on his own time.

A boring interval, until now. But now he had this girl to focus his interest on, and to bamboozle. Having told her a cutdown version of the truth in such a way as to convince her it was a lie, he now switched stories abruptly, making a sandwich of lies with the truth hidden away in the middle. "I don't suppose there's any reason you should believe me," he said ruefully.

"Right as rain," she said.

A sudden knocking at the door shut her up as though she'd been switched off. She got wide-eyed again, with a return of her earlier panic, and whispered shrilly, "It's them! They're looking for me!"

Grofield pointed at the window. "Up the sheet," he whispered. "I'll play dumb."

She nodded and ran to the window.

There was more knocking at the door, and a voice called in an American accent, "Hey! Anybody home in there?"

Grofield called, "Just a second, just a second." The girl was on her way out the window, in a swirl of gray skirt and tanned legs. Grofield shouted, "The door's unlocked. Come in."

The door swung violently open and bounced against the wall. Three of them came in, stocky hoods with thick faces and worried expressions. They looked forty ways at once and one of them came over to stand beside the bed, look down at Grofield, and say, "You seen a girl in here?"

"In here? Only in my dreams, friend."

"Whadaya doin, layin there? You drunk?"

"Sick. I got gored by a bull."

The other two, meantime, had searched the room. It hadn't taken long. They opened the closet and bathroom doors, glanced inside, shut the doors again, then looked behind the armchair and under the bed and that was that. One of them went over to the window and leaned out and looked, and Grofield hoped the girl had had sense enough to go all the way up and back into the room upstairs, and haul the sheet in after her. Apparently she had, because the guy brought his head back in, looked at the one who talked, and shook his head.

THEN they left. All three of them walked over to the door, and Grofield watched them.

Grofield shifted position till he could use his right arm to lever himself up, and managed to get into a sitting position by the time those long tanned legs came swinging in the window again.

The rest of the girl followed, landing gracefully on hands and knees and popping right up again. "I want to thank

you," she said.

Grofield said, "I don't like those guys."

"They're dreadful, terrible, awful."

"We've got to talk."

"Who goes first?"

"Names first," he said. "We might as well have something to call one another. My name's Grofield, Alan Grofield, and that's straight."

"Hello, Alan Grofield. I'm Ellen Marie Fitzgerald, and that's also straight."

"It sounds straight enough. What do they call you?"

"Elly, mostly."

Grofield practiced raising his left arm. It was feeling better and better, and was only really bad immediately after sleep. "What's the story about those three guys?"

"I'm not sure I'm going to talk to you at all."

GROFIELD gestured with his thumb at the door again. "Those three thugs, little girl. You need help to keep clear of them. In fact, you need this room."

"You wouldn't throw me out."

"Not if I know what I'm involved with. But I don't go in blind, that stupid I'm not."

She bit her lip and looked worried. "I suppose you're right," she said at last. "I suppose I've got to let you know the truth. Did you ever hear of Big Ed Fitzgerald?"

"Big Ed Fitzgerald? No, I can't say I have."

"He tries to keep out of the limelight, avoid publicity, but the papers have written about him a few times. Particularly when he had to go give evidence in front of that Congressional committee."

"Oh? Who is this guy?"

"He's . . . well, he's what they call a kingpin."

"A kingpin."

"In the underworld," she explained, being very earnest now, like a brand-new schoolteacher. "He's very important in organized crime in Philadelphia."

"Oh," said Grofield. "Ah. And this Big Ed Fitzgerald is related to you, is that it?"

"He's my father."

"Your father."

She shook her head and waved both hands, expressing confusion. "I didn't know it myself," she said, "until three years ago, when the committee called him. I just thought he was a building contractor. But he's a lot more than that. He's in the rackets up to his neck."

The last sentence sounded terrible in her mouth, and Grofield winced. "Very graphic," he said.

"Sorry. But he is. He's a kingpin, it said so in the papers."

"The thugs are his boys?"

"Oh, no. They work for someone else, a . . . competitor of my father's. Someone who's trying to—"

"Don't say it. Trying to muscle in?"

She smiled and nodded. "That's right. My father's having a meeting with them in Acapulco on Friday and—"

"You mean like that Apalachin meeting a few years ago."

"But this time they're meeting outside of the country, which is a lot smarter."

"Right."

"Anyway," she said, and gestured vaguely, "anyway, they kidnapped me. They're trying to use me to force my father to go along with what they want. So that's why I've got to stay here until Friday, and then get down to Acapulco to meet him, so he'll know I'm safe."

Grofield motioned at the telephone. "Why not call him now? Why wait till Friday?"

"Because I don't know where he is now. He's incommunicado somewhere, because it would be too dangerous for him right now. These other people might try to kill him."

"So today's—What day is today?"

She seemed surprised. "You don't know what day it is?"

"Honey, when you just lie around in bed forever, one day begins to look pretty much like another."

"Oh. It's Tuesday."

"Tuesday. And you have to be in Acapulco by Friday."

"On Friday. I wouldn't dare get there early."

Grofield nodded. "All right," he said, "I think that part's probably the truth. Acapulco on Friday."

"What do you mean, *that* part?"

She opened her mouth to say something else, something angry, but the door opened at the same second and the three hoods came back in, all of them holding guns. The talker smiled in a smug way and said, "Hello there, Miss Fitzgerald. You kind of got lost." He looked at Grofield and made clucking sounds and said, "And you tell lies. We got to do something about that."

Grofield said, "All you people go home. The party doesn't start till five, I don't even have the ashtrays out."

The talker shook his head and said, "You are a very funny man. I wanna keep you with me all the time, to make me laugh when I'm blue. You well enough to walk?"

Grofield got out of bed slowly, feeling weak but capable of movement. The stiffness that came after sleep had worn off again by now, but he still had no strength. His trousers seemed to weigh a ton, and his fingers were thick and slow-moving and prey to trembles.

"Come on," said the talker. He took Grofield's elbow, not gently.

Grofield was being walked now toward the door, and all at once a single thought came pure and clear in his head and he said, "My suitcase." He half-turned toward it, still being tugged the other way by the hand at his elbow.

"You won't need it. You can come back for it."

Grofield retained sense enough to nod. "It doesn't matter," he said, and they led him out of the room and left the suitcase behind.

Presently they were in the room directly above his old one. The hoods had rented a suite up here, three rooms with this one in the middle. There was a hall door, but it was double-locked and the key was gone, so you could only get in and out through the rooms on either side.

Grofield and Ellen Marie Fitzgerald were alone now, Grofield half-sitting and half-lying on the bare mattress, the girl prowling the room in nervous agitation. They'd been brought here five minutes ago and left alone, and until now neither of them had done any talking. The way Grofield felt, the silence could have gone on forever.

GROFIELD said, "The way I see it, the only reason your pals left us alone like this is to hear what we have to say."

Her eyes widened, and she glanced toward one of the side doors. "You think so? Why?"

"To see where I fit in, see if we know each other from somewhere. You ready to tell me the truth now?"

She hesitated, biting her lower lip. Finally she said, "No, I can't. I wish I could, I owe you at least that much..."

Grofield let the silence stretch between them again, for several reasons. In the first place, he expected any minute she'd make a slip and say something about the money. In the second place, he wanted time to think about where he was and work out a way to be somewhere else.

The more he thought about it, the more he had to accept the fact that he needed this girl's help. She'd gotten him into

a mess he couldn't handle as a single, and she could damn well cooperate to get him out again.

She was still pacing over there, looking panicky but intent. He said, "Come here."

She stopped, startled for a second, and then reoriented herself and came over toward him. "You help me get out of here and get my suitcase back. I help you get to Acapulco on Friday."

"It's a deal," she said, maybe too quickly.

Grofield looked at her, and she was as sweet and innocent as a ten-year-old nun. Unicorn bait. And in the brain behind those eyes, Grofield was convinced, she was planning to ditch him, with or without the money, the first chance she got.

"Help me off this bed."

"All right."

SHE scrambled off first, took his right arm, and helped him through that no-man's-land of balance between sitting down and standing up. Once he was vertical he was all right.

He looked around the room, and it was discouragingly bare. With the curtains off the window and the covers off the bed, the place looked naked, vacant, nobody home.

Aside from the bed, there was the normal minimum of hotelroom furniture; a metal dresser with a fake wood veneer, a floor lamp with an atrocious pink shade, a Danish-modern armchair with green leatherette seat and back, a small writing table and chair in a style to match the dresser, and a low luggage rack at the foot of the bed.

Grofield said, "Don't you have any gear? Luggage?"

"In the closet."

"Get it out, let's see if there's anything we can use."

From the closet she got two small white suitcases, very expensive looking. She set them both on the bed, opened them, and stepped back. "Take a look," she said. "No guns or knives or hand grenades."

"Oh, shucks," said Grofield. "I had such high hopes." He went over and, right-handed, poked through both suitcases.

It was all normal goods. Cashmere sweaters, cotton blouses, wool skirts. Bras and panties and stockings and garter belts, but no girdle. Four pairs of shoes, of varying styles, and some rolled pairs of socks. Toothbrush and toothpaste and a whole array of toilet articles and cosmetics.

He held up a can, saying, "What's this stuff?"

"What? Oh, hair spray. You know, to hold a set."

"This is one of these pressure cans, right? And the stuff sprays out the top here." He gave an experimental push to the button on top, and a brief fog hissed out. "Doesn't go far," he commented. "Dissipates in a hurry. You ever get this stuff in your eyes?"

"Lord, no. It stings like fury."

"How do you know?"

"Well, I got a little in my eye once. It stings like soap, only worse. They tell you on the can, be sure and keep it out of your eyes."

"Fine." He went over and set the can on the dresser. "Weapon number one," he said, and went back to the suitcases. He came up with a small pair of scissors in a clear plastic case. "What's this?"

"Nail scissors."

"Nail scissors. A weapon?"

"They have blunt tips. Rounded tips."

"Too bad." He tossed them on the bed. "We'll think about them some more later. What else, now?"

But there didn't seem to be anything else. Reluctantly, Grofield gave up on the suitcases and looked around the room again, but the room itself was still as bare as ever. He went into the bathroom, a small white place with a vent instead of a window, and found nothing there either.

Back in the main room, he said, "All right, we work with what we've got."

"But we don't have anything," she said.

"Sssh, quiet."

Grofield prowled around the room, looking at this and that, thinking. He listened at the doors on both sides, hearing radio music from the room on the left and low conversation from the room on the right. So that was the disposition of forces, two and one.

She said, "They don't want to kill us, but they will if they have to."

"That's the way I feel, too," Grofield said. He unplugged

MALE'S COMPLETE BOOK BONUS

The PASSION RACERS

the lamp, took the nail scissors, and cut the electric cord near the base of the lamp. He stripped about an inch of the two wires bare at the cut end, fastened these to the metal knob and lock of the door through which he'd heard the radio playing, and plugged the other end in again.

She said, "Won't that kill somebody?"

"I don't know. Maybe. Maybe it'll just knock him out. He won't be coming in here, I'll tell you that much."

"I think you scare me," she said.

Among the toilet articles in her luggage was a fresh cake of sweet-smelling soap. He took this, and a white sock, and went into the bathroom, where he filled the sink with steaming water, too hot to touch. He put the soap in the sock, then draped the sock over the edge of the sink so the soap was submerged.

She watched him uncomprehending, and finally said, "What's all that about?"

"Product of a misspent youth," he told her. "We'll let it sit five minutes or so, and then we'll see."

"What are we going to do?"

"An oldie. I'm going to have a sudden relapse, groaning and carrying on, on the bed. You hammer on the door—that one, not the one I wired—and call for help. They—"

"They won't believe it," she said. "Even I wouldn't believe it. They did that in every western movie ever made."

"I know. But I am sick and they know it, so it's more likely to be legit in their eyes. Besides, I'll holler my head off, and they'll be in a hurry to stop me."

"All right," she said. "It's worth a try. So they come in. Now what?"

"One or two of them come in," he said. "In any case, we can figure only one of them will come over to me. The other will stay in the doorway, probably, or just a step or two inside the room. Now, the one who comes over to the bed is mine." He picked up the can of hair spray and said, "I'll use this on him, as soon as he gets close enough."

"What if he doesn't get close enough?"

"He will. The way I'll be hollering, he'll get close enough."

"All right. What do I do?"

"You take care of number two."

"Good of me," she said.

"Clever of you, in fact. Come here, let's see if it's ready."

They went back to the bathroom and Grofield took the sock out of the water. "It'll do," he said, studying it critically. "Give me a towel, we'll dry this."

She handed him a towel, and said, "I still don't get it. Am I stupid?"

"No. Merely overprotected." He folded the sock in the towel, patted it dry, put the towel down, and walked back into the bedroom. "What we have here," he told her, "is a homemade blackjack."

"We do?"

"**R**IGHT. The hot water melted the outer edge of the soap a little, and now as it hardens again, the sock sticks to it and you've got a nice, hard handy cosh here." He held the sock by the loose upper and showed it to her. "The other way," he said, "is to fill the sock with sand, but we don't have any sand."

"Does it really work?"

"Guaranteed. Just swing it with all your might. If his back is to you, which we dearly hope it is, go for the head. If he's facing you, go for the stomach, swing sidearm. Then, when he bends over, give him the second one in the head."

He lay down on the bed, the spray can in his right hand tucked down against his right hip. The door was to his left, so the can should be out of sight until he was ready to use it. He looked over at her standing by the door and said, "You ready?"

She gave him a weak smile, a shrug, and a nod.

"Okay. Let me groan a few seconds first, build it up, be-

fore you start on the door."

He thrashed a little on the bed. Eyes squeezed shut, he began to moan.

"Help! Help!"

She was doing beautifully, hollering away and hammering her fists on the door. On the bed, Grofield was screaming like a banshee and waving his right arm in the air.

The door burst open so fast that Ellen Marie barely had time to jump back out of the way and get the cosh down out of sight. Grofield, doing it right, let another notch out of his voice and projected a howl straight through the ceiling.

Both of them had come charging into the room, guns drawn. It was the talker and one of his assistants. The talker yelled at everybody at once, trying to be heard over Grofield's shrieking, "Shut up! What is it? Watch her! Shut your face, you!"

He came running toward the bed. The other one, open-mouthed, stood in the middle of the room and paid no attention to Ellen Marie, but gaped at Grofield instead. Grofield's waving arm dropped down to his side, fingers folding around the spray can.

But the talker had his own methods. He didn't want to know what Grofield's problem was, he just wanted to shut Grofield's mouth. So he came running to the bed, reversing the gun in his hand, and immediately swung the gun butt in a long, rapid loop aimed straight at Grofield's head.

GROFIELD, his eyes half-closed, saw it coming just barely in time and wrenched himself out of the way with a jolting effort that drew the kind of knife pain from his wound that he hadn't felt in two days. The gun butt smashed into the mattress next to Grofield's ear.

He'd lost the can. It was down there somewhere, he almost had it, but his finger couldn't find the button on top. He just grabbed it, swung with it.

The talker had wound up his swing half-bent over the bed, enraged face directly above Grofield's. Before he could regain his balance, Grofield had swung around and hit him in the mouth with the side of the spray can.

But the can was too light. It startled the talker, but that's all it did. Grofield hit him two more times fast with the can, once again on the mouth and once on the nose, and only dented the can. But by then he'd finally found the button, and he started spraying.

Only he was too late. The talker was already backing away from the bed, getting control of things again, reversing the gun to get the long-distance end aimed at Grofield. Grofield had managed to cut his lip, but that wasn't enough, not nearly enough.

Nor could he get off the bed in time. The useless spray can still clutched in his hand, Grofield struggled around on the bed, trying to get up, trying to get on his feet. His left arm didn't want to help at all, didn't want to do a thing.

In front of him, too far away, the talker had come to a stop, was braced, had the gun around and aimed, was saying, "Good-bye, you smart bas—"

And fell over on his face.

Grofield had managed finally to get off the bed by throwing himself over the edge. He and the talker hit the floor at the same time. The talker's gun bounced and landed beside Grofield's cheek. Grofield looked up and saw Ellen Marie standing there, the only vertical person in the room.

She shook her head and hefted the blackjack. "I don't know what you'd do without me," she said.

She helped him to his feet and handed him the talker's gun, then pointed at the other door. "I haven't heard a thing from there," she said. "Shouldn't we have heard something?"

"What?"

"I don't know. A scream maybe."

"Or sizzling?"

"Oh! Don't talk like that."

"Wait here," he said. "I'll go around and see."

He went through the other room, out to the hall, down past the locked door to the room where he'd been imprisoned, and tried the door to room number three. It was unlocked, and inside, hood number three was lying on his face on the floor.

Grofield went over and looked at him and he looked very gray. Grofield called through the door, "Unplug that thing."

"All right. Wait a second."

Grofield waited till she told him it was all right, then unlocked and opened the door. "There," he said. "Our choice of escape routes."

He was feeling very down now, after the sudden burst of activity. Also, his throat was sore from all the shrieking he'd done. Dragging the limp body into the middle of the room, even with Ellen Marie's help, left him shaking with weakness. He sat down on the bed, gasping a little, saying, "Get their guns and their wallets and any official-type papers they may

have on them, and pack everything away in your suitcase. Then we're getting out of here."

"Good. Where do we go from here?"

"First, down to get my suitcase. Second, out of the hotel and into a cab. Third, to a car-rental agency, where you are going to rent a car. Fourth, out of Mexico City."

"I can't go to Acapulco," she said. "I don't dare get there before Friday. There are more of—" she motioned at the three on the floor—"more of them down there. That's why I came here; I thought I'd be safe here until Friday."

"But they were waiting for you."

"Yes."

"So we'll go somewhere else." He felt more rested now, and much more pleased with life. He got to his feet, staggering almost not at all, and said, "A place I've heard of. We'll both love it. Come on."

They locked the hoods in, and went away.

The car was a Datsun, a Japanese make, cream-colored, with automatic gearshift. A two-door sedan, it was a little cramped for Grofield's long legs, but not bad. It was a family-type pleasure-type car, sturdy and reliable, but not very peppy. Grofield, at the wheel, had the feeling he'd have trouble getting away from even a determined cyclist.

Still, it was a pleasant little car, about the size of an American compact. Their luggage was on the back seat, two suitcases each now, Grofield having taken extra time to do some shopping for clothes and a bag to put them in.

She said, "You haven't told me yet where we're going. Is it a surprise?"

"For both of us. I've never been there myself, but I've heard of it. It's north of here about—"

"North? But Acapulco is south. Shouldn't we at least go toward Acapulco and stop off somewhere along the way until Friday?"

"No, not a bit of it. I looked at the map, and as far as I can see, there's only one road to Acapulco. It goes through Taxco, and then on down to the coast. It's the only road to Acapulco from anywhere, so all your friends have to do is start at one end and search for us until they find us."

"Oh. I didn't realize that. Only the one road?"

"Only the one road."

"But that's ridiculous. Acapulco is a big city, a resort city. Then how are we going to get there?"

"We'll worry about that," he told her, "when the time comes. What we're going to do now is go north, to a place called San Miguel de Allende."

That night, rested, they walked the streets of San Miguel. They walked through a little park, hand in hand, and up onto the bandstand. Under the light Grofield kissed her. She was warm and slender and soft, her blouse electric beneath his hand.

They went down off a bandstand on the other side and walked around the square, which was flanked on three sides by small shops and bars and eateries, all with either the most modest of signs or no signs at all, and on the fourth side by a large pretentious Gothic church. They walked around on the strip of sidewalk bordering the park, and all at once she stopped, squeezing his hand. "Don't move!"

IT was whispered, but it was shrill and urgent. Grofield stopped and didn't move. He looked around and saw nothing, no one walking, no one in sight. There was the church, with some cars parked in front of it, and the shops with cars parked in front, and that was it.

"In front of the church," she whispered.

He whispered back, "What? What is it?"

"The Pontiac. The green Pontiac with the whitewalls. It's their car."

"Honner's."

"Who?"

"Honner's," she said. "The man you hit with the spray can."

Grofield whispered, "Sit down on the bench here. Don't move. Don't make any noise."

"Where are you going?"

"Just be quiet."

He moved away from here, into the park, skirting the edge of the park just outside the ring of light from the bandstand. When he was on the side opposite the church and the Pontiac, he stopped to watch and listen.

No one. Nothing moved.

He crossed the street, moving with silent, loping speed, turned right on the narrow sidewalk in front of the shops, moved back around the square again to the church, this time keeping close against the buildings.

Grofield moved down the row of cars in a half-crouch, came to the Pontiac, stopped beside it. It was empty and the doors were locked.

He moved around to the front and opened the hood. It

made a loud sound that rang in the silence, like the sound an oven makes when it's cooling. Grofield reached in, unable to see what he was doing, and ripped every wire he could get his hands on. When he was finished, he left the hood open; it would make too much noise to shut it.

He went straight across the street now to where he'd left Elly. She was sitting on the bench where he'd told her to wait. He whispered, "Phase one. They aren't there. Wait here some more."

"Where are you going now?"

He squatted down on his heels and rubbed his palms and fingers on the grass, wiping the grease from the Pontiac off them. "The only way they could have found us," he said, "is through the car-rental office. They must have checked them out this morning, with lots of pesos and a good story, and the clerk we talked to yesterday told them all about us, and how I studied the road maps for San Miguel de Allende."

"THEY'RE fast, Alan," she whispered. "That's why they scare me, they're so fast. And Honner's a lot smarter than he looks."

"We'll see. The point is, they're sure to have a description of the car. I figure that's where I'll find them."

"You're going after them?"

"I've got to. We can't get back to the hotel without the car. And our luggage is back there, remember? Luggage."

"Oh," she said. "The suitcase."

"I'm beginning to regret that suitcase," he said. "I admit it freely. Money is a burden. I may write a monograph on the subject." He stood up. "Later on. I'll be back soon. You be ready to jump aboard."

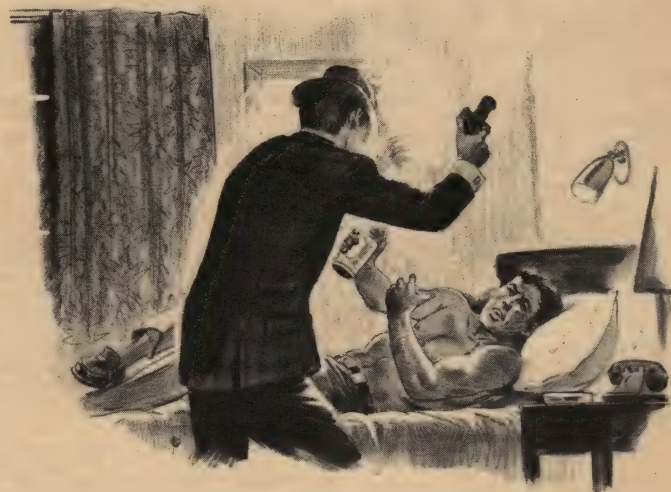
"All right."

He moved away, taking one of the captured guns from his hip pocket. He'd brought it along as an extra precaution, feeling a little foolish to be carrying it but preferring to feel foolish rather than naked. This was the smallest of the three guns they'd taken away from Honner and his friends, a .25-caliber automatic from Italy, Beretta Jetfire. Little more than a toy with its tiny grip and two-inch barrel, it would do the job at the kind of range Grofield might want it for.

Carrying it in his right hand, he moved off again into the darkness at the edges of the square. He was still moving cautiously, but more quickly than before, sure he'd find all three of them near the car.

The car was three blocks away, downhill. The street to it was lit at long intervals by light standards containing low-watt bulbs. It was a narrow street, cobblestoned, uneven, hemmed in on both sides by the blank whitewashed or painted walls of the buildings. Heavy wooden doors opened directly onto the street. Here and there a glimmer of light showed in an upstairs window.

Grofield stopped two blocks away, in a patch of darkness against a doorway, and studied the terrain. Ahead of him on the right there was a Volkswagen Microbus with Mexican plates, parked facing downhill. In the next block there was an elderly Ford with Texas plates, parked on the left facing uphill, and across from it a motorcycle was leaning against a yellow wall. In the block after that, away from any street-



"THIS'LL curl your moustache," Grofield shouted, squirting hair spray into the man's face . . .

The PASSION RACERS

light, was the rented Datsun.

Grofield approached the intersection cautiously, peeked around the corner, and there was one of Honner's thugs, sitting on a doorstep directly across the street from the car, smoking a cigarette, looking idle and harmless.

Now Grofield had to walk all over the county, retracing his steps around the block and then going around the block to the far side so as to come back to this intersection from the opposite direction. He got there at last, peeked around the corner, and the thug was just to his right, about ten feet away, still smoking and lazing and looking like local color. Except that the face came off the Brooklyn docks.

Grofield stuck his head around the corner and said, "Psst!"

The guy looked up, startled.

Grofield showed him the Beretta. "You stand up slow," he said softly.

The guy looked disgusted. He flicked away his cigarette—would that have been a signal to somebody?—and got to his feet and came around the corner, where Grofield hit him twice with the Beretta. Twice because the guy rolled with it the first time.

And now Grofield was in a hurry. Honner was probably stacked out downhill somewhere, and had surely seen his boy walk around the corner. He'd be coming to see what was what.

Grofield came charging out from the cross street, unlocked the Datsun, jumped in, and was just putting the key in the ignition when he heard the scream.

Grofield squealed the Datsun around the square, and suddenly they were right in front of him, frozen in the glare of the headlights, a tableau straight off the cover of a pulp magazine. Against a background of cobblestone street and dark old buildings, the slender blonde struggled in the grip of three men, burly types in dark clothing. One of them was Honner, the other two were new faces.

Grofield braked hard, stuck the Beretta out the window, and fired into the air, at the same time shouting, "Elly! Get over here!"

The new men let go of Elly and ran for cover, out of range of the headlights. Honner, not giving up so easily, kept holding onto Elly until she kicked him three or four times, when he too let go. Elly dashed for the car.

With her out of the way, Grofield snapped two quick shots at Honner, neither of which seemed to score. Honner, ducking low and fumbling inside his coat for a weapon of his own, ran away to the right toward the row of parked cars.

Elly scrambled into the car, and Grofield had tromped down on the accelerator before she was fully in. Her door slammed, she said "Wow!" and they careened on around the square and down the hill, headed for the road out of town.

She tried to talk a couple of times, but was too out of breath, so she just sat there, half-turned so she could look back out the rear window. Grofield drove the way the Datsun people had never intended.

AFTER a while he said, "You've got to tell me what I'm up against. I can't work blind like this; I make mistakes I don't know about."

"What mistakes?" She was still somewhat out of breath, but better. "You did fine," she said.

"Sure I did. I figured the three we knew were all there was, so it was safe to leave you and go for the guys on plant around the car. But there were two new faces back there, honey, two of them."

"Don't get mad at me, Alan, please."

"You damn fool."

"You sound as if you're getting ready to walk out on me."

"Walk, hell, I'll run. I'd fly if I could. You send me in to fight three guys and I'm up against the goddamn Light Brigade."

They drove the rest of the way to the hotel in silence.

As they were getting out of the car she said, "You know, I rented this car. If we split up, it goes with me."

"Take it with my blessing. You can drop me off at the first city we come to."

He walked away from her, went to his room, and unlocked the door. Inside, he left the door open and started to pack. He had the keys to the Datsun in his pocket, so he wasn't worried about her taking off without him.

The other two guns and the three wallets were in his new suitcase. He took the usable papers from the wallets, threw the wallets in the wastebasket, stowed the papers in a pocket of the suitcase, and put the two extra guns in the pockets of his new raincoat. Then he packed everything else, leaving the raincoat out to be carried separately.

She came into the room as he was shutting the lid. "I'm sorry," she said.

"Better get your stuff into the car. They'll be out here looking for us sooner or later."

"Alan, please."

He left the room, went over to the car, and stuffed his luggage onto the back seat. Then he stood beside the car, waiting.

She came over without her bags.

"I LEAVE here in two minutes," he said, looking at his watch. "With you or without you."

"Alan, I want to tell you!"

He stood silent, ostentatiously following the sweep second hand of his watch.

"We can keep away from them now. Mexico's a big country, we can go wherever we want, they'll never find us."

He ignored her.

"We had a bargain," she said.

"It's off."

"Alan, please!"

"One minute," he said. "Better get your bags."

"How could you be sure I was telling you the truth? How do you know I wouldn't just lie to you again?"

He looked up from the watch. "If it sounds like a lie," he said, "I'll ditch you. And I think I can tell when you're lying to me. I've seen better liars."

She waved her arms in a helpless gesture. "All right," she said. "I'll tell you." They drove off.

"I don't know where to begin," she said, looking gloomily at the dashboard.

Grofield glanced away from the road. "That sounds like the preamble to a non-truth," he said. "Watch it."

"All right." She took a deep breath, and said, "The best place to start, I guess, is with Governor Harrison. Governor Luke Harrison, of Pennsylvania. He used to be governor, a few years ago, but the title sticks."

"He's one of the richest men in the state, in the first place, maybe the richest. He owns mines, and he's in steel production, and his family owned a lot of property around Philadelphia since before the Civil War."

"He only had the one term as governor, and then he tried to turn a favorite-son Presidential nomination into a real nomination. It didn't work, and he got a lot of the bigwigs in the party sore at him, so when he wanted to run for Senator from Pennsylvania, he didn't get the nomination."

"There are other people in this. Governor Harrison's son Bob. He's twenty-nine years old, and for the past seven years he's been personal press secretary to General Pozos."

She'd said that last name as though she assumed Grofield would recognize it, but he didn't. "General Pozos? Never had the pleasure."

"Oh, you must have heard of him. He's the dictator of Guerrero. It's a country in Central America."

Grofield said, "So far, we've got Governor Harrison in Pennsylvania, full of energy and out of work. We've got his son doing what?"

"Press secretary. Public relations, that means. Trying to get the General a better press in the United States, mostly."

"Check. The son is a PR man in Latin America. So now we have a cast of two, father and son."

"Three. General Pozos."

"Oh? He fits in here, too?"

"He's the middle of it."

"Any more characters, or do we get to the plot now?"

"More characters. Only one more to know about now. General Pozos has a son, too. Juan. He's twenty-one years old, and he's a senior at the University of Pennsylvania."

"Aha. The two sons have switched countries."

"Yes. Juan has been in the United States for eight years, since he started high school. Summertime he spends back in Guerrero. Christmas and Thanksgiving and Easter he spends with Governor Harrison. The Governor met General Pozos about twelve years ago, when they were both in Washington, and when it came time to send Juan north for his education,

the Governor offered to take the boy into his own house. Bob was twenty-one then, just leaving home, and Juan, I guess, was a sort of substitute son for him."

"So far," Grofield said, "I don't seem to catch a glimpse of Honner and the boys, and Acapulco seems far away."

"All right, I'm getting to it. I have more to tell you about Governor Harrison, but believe me, it's all necessary if you're going to understand what's happening now."

Grofield sighed, and shrugged his shoulders. "Carry on," he said. But at the same time he wasn't as impatient as he sounded; this variety of personnel, this wealth of detail and fullness of background, were indications of truth. He believed this story, or would as soon as she started to tell it; lies have a clearer and more sensible line.

"Several years ago," she said, "the Governor bought a house in Santo Stefano, that's the capital city of Guerrero. He spends his summers there, spends a few days now and then the rest of the year. He's gotten interested in Guerrero, in the country's economy, its resources, its potential, its people, its history, just everything about it."

"Ahhh. A little country all his own. The kind of man you're talking about would like that."

"He more than likes it," she said. "He has an obsession for it."

Grofield glanced at her. She was serious, intense, level-eyed; her cheekbones were prominent, casting shadows in the small light from the dashboard. He said, low-voiced, "I believe we're getting to it now."

"Yes. Governor Harrison wants Guerrero. He wants to run it himself, create a true nation of it. With General Pozos running things, the Governor can't do much, but for eight years he's been the most important single person in the life of General Pozos' son Juan. When the General dies and Juan takes over—and he will, that's guaranteed—then Governor Harrison can have Guerrero to himself. With Juan as the figurehead, with his own son Bob to handle the public relations and the paperwork, Governor Harrison can take the raw materials of a nation into his hands and do whatever he wants with it."

"King Luke the First."

But she shook her head. "No. He doesn't want glory, he doesn't want privilege. He doesn't want power, not for himself. He was born with all of that. What Governor Harrison wants is to serve the people. I've heard him talk, Alan, I've listened to him talk about this very thing, and he *means* it. He wants to raise the standard of living in Guerrero, wants to get good schools, good housing, good everything. He isn't fooling, and he isn't kidding himself. And if he gets the chance to do what he wants, it *will* be better for the people of Guerrero. In ten years he could make it the most advanced nation in Central America, maybe in Central and South America both. And right now it has the next to the lowest standard of living of any nation in the Western Hemisphere."

"So he's a good man."

"NO. He wants to do good things, but he's not a good man. He's—you've got to understand this, he's had this dream in his mind for years now, years and years. And the way General Pozos lives—it would take Charles Laughton to do a movie biography of him—and the age he is, nearly sixty, it just seems as though it can't be long to wait. But the years go by, and General Pozos keeps on living, and Governor Harrison has to keep on waiting."

"I think I see it coming."

"Of course. And Juan is graduating from college this year. The Governor wanted him to stay on, to do postgraduate work, but Juan said no. He's going to move back to Guerrero, he'll live there permanently. And very soon the Governor, won't control him anymore. Juan will be left to himself, and he might even grow up to be his own man."

"The Governor can't afford to wait."

"No. And he realizes what he plans to do is evil, but he believes there are extenuating circumstances. The General is himself more evil than any single act against him could be, that's one argument. And the ultimate good for all the people of Guerrero is more important than the immediate evil of the act, that's another. And for a third, in a truly civilized world the General would have been executed for his

crimes long ago, so this is merely the commission of an overdue good act."

Grofield grinned. "I must ask the Governor to do all my rationalizing for me."

"He's good at it, mostly because he *believes* so completely himself." She hesitated, as though at the brink of something, some dark pit, and then said, in a lower tone. "And he can convince other people, too. He's a forceful man, a dominant man."

"In other words, he isn't doing the job himself. He's talked someone else into doing it."

"Yes."

Grofield waited, but she didn't say anything, so finally he said, "Who?"

"A doctor," she said. "His own personal physician. When the Governor is running Guerrero, this doctor will run the Ministry of Health, will establish the hospitals and clinics, will even form a medical school. The two of them have talked about it for years together, the doctor's as caught up in it as Governor Harrison, he even has architectural drawings of hospitals, he has lists of names of men he would try to hire away from American hospitals and universities."

"Their own private model-train layout."

"YES! Yes! *That's* what's wrong with it, neither of them cares about the *people!* The populace, yes, but not the people, not the individual men and women. It's just a population, and buildings, and land area, and natural resources, and harbors, and rivers. . ."

Grofield prodded slightly, saying, "Anyway, the doctor is going to do the job himself."

"Yes. General Pozos is not a healthy man. He couldn't be, the life he leads. This doctor has cared for him from time to time in the past, and now he's volunteered to go down there and be the General's personal physician on a full-time basis. The General, of course, thinks that's wonderful."

"What's the plan? Accident?"

"Oh, no. Just bad health. General Pozos will waste away, will have this and that with complications. He won't last three months. A personal physician, in constant daily contact with the patient, can kill in a thousand different ways."

Grofield said, "Oh." He turned on the car heater. "This plan is new," he said.

"Brand-new. The General is on his yacht now, he's spending two weeks cruising up and down the Pacific coast. He'll be at sea until Friday morning, when he'll come to land—"

"At Acapulco."

"Yes. Mexico has separate states, you know, the same as we do, and Acapulco is in the state of Guerrero."

"The same name as the country."

"Right. So the General makes frequent stops there, for a day, two days, just long enough to pick out one or two women in bathing suits. He makes a production out of it, how the peoples of the two Guerreros, nation and state, are hand in hand in eternal friendship and all that. He makes a speech, usually, and has an official luncheon. The people at Acapulco like it fine, because Acapulco is a resort town, and colorful ceremonies about celebrities are always welcome in a resort town."

Grofield said, "And you, knowing about the plan, have decided to go down to Acapulco on Friday and warn the General to be on the early."

"On the what?"

"On the early. It's slang, don't worry about it, it means to be careful."

"Oh. Yes, that's what I want to do."

"Whereas Governor Harrison, aware of your intention, has hired Honner to stop you. Honner has a blank check and can hire however many goons it takes."

"Yes. Honner's a private detective in Philadelphia. Or at least that's what he calls himself. He's done the Governor's dirty work before."

Grofield asked, "Where's your connection with all this? You know all the inside dope, you've heard the Governor talk about what he's going to do with Guerrero, where do you come in? You the Governor's daughter?"

"No. The doctor's."

Grofield looked at her, and saw her wide-eyed and solemn. He turned his eyes back to the road. "Big Ed Fitzgerald?"

MALE'S COMPLETE BOOK BONUS

The PASSION RACERS

"Doctor Edgar Fitzgerald. He's what they call an eminent physician. He's my father."

"And he knows about Honner and—"

"Oh no. I knew something was going on, and I knew Dad was troubled, and he finally told me what they were planning to do. What *he* was planning to do. I tried to talk him out of it, I tried to, tried to get him to *think* about it, *see* it, understand what he's planning to do, but he's blinded by visions of good works, the greater good for the greater number—"

"The end justifies the means."

"I told him I would warn General Pozos when he got to Acapulco. You know, I don't know of any way to get to him before that, he's just out there in the Pacific someplace with a lot of whores. So I threatened to go to Acapulco, and he tried locking me away in my room, but I got away. So then I suppose he told the Governor, and I can just see it. The Governor calming him down, talking to him in that good, low, confidential voice of his, putting his hand around my father's shoulders, saying, don't you worry, Ed, we'll find your little girl, we'll keep her safe.' And then telling Honner, 'Find the little bitch, I don't care what it costs. Don't let her get to Pozos.' And when Honner wants to know where the line is drawn, the Governor smiles at him and says, 'Use your discretion.' That's his line, that's the way you get evil things done for a good purpose. You hire a man and tell him what the good purpose is, and when he asks you how far to go you say to him, 'Use your discretion.' And this time it means, keep her alive if you possible can, but the main thing is not to let her talk to General Pozos."

They drove for a number of hours before reaching the town of Taxco. After a while Grofield walked down a street lined on both sides with tourist shops selling goods made of silver—Taxco was the silver center of Mexico, besides being its other city-size national monument—and at the corner he found a taxi, a dilapidated old Chevrolet with a heavy bear of a man at the wheel. Grofield stuck his head in the side window and said, "I want to go for a ride. Out of town."

The driver turned his head and looked at him, like a man with nothing in this world but time and patience. "Where to?"

"A round trip. Down through Iguala and down the road toward Acapulco. A few miles. And then back here again."

Grofield sat back, adjusting his sunglasses on his nose. Back in town, Elly was waiting in a tourist restaurant, her blonde hair covered by a white bandanna. The Datsun was parked on a side street, where it was less likely to be noticed.

"Drive slow," Grofield said, when they cleared town. "I'm looking for friends of mine."

GROFIELD nearly missed it when he came to it. The dark green Pontiac, back in condition again, apparently, and parked in the shade beside a broken-down, roofless mud shack off the right side of the road. Grofield saw it out of the corner of his eye, sat back in the cab seat, and waited while they went on by. Then he watched out the rear window until he was sure they hadn't noticed him—they weren't looking for *him*, they were looking for her, or for both of them together—and then he leaned forward and said to the driver, "Okay, that's fine. We can go back now."

"I thought you were looking for friends."

"They aren't here yet."

The driver shrugged and turned the car around. Going past the second time, Grofield could see Honner and three other guys sitting under a stunted tree near the car. They could take it easy and wait. They knew they had a faster car than Grofield and Elly, and faster than anything else they might have rented instead of the Datsun. All Honner and his boys had to do was sit there in the shade and watch the traffic, which was sparse, anyway, and when their quarry went by they could slowly get to their feet, brush their trousers off, stroll to their Pontiac, catch up with the Datsun and

run it off the road—and the game would be over.

Grofield found Elly sitting over a cup of cold coffee, chain-smoking again. He sat down and said, "I spotted them. They don't expect us this early, but they're there just in case."

"So what do we do now?"

"Go back to that motel we saw, take a room, and wait. Three o'clock in the morning would be about right."

Then the time was three-thirty in the morning, and the Datsun was on the dirt beside the road just a little way north of the shack where Grofield had seen the Pontiac. They hadn't seen another car since they left Taxco. They might as well have been standing on a rock in the asteroid belt.

After a while Grofield could begin vaguely to make out the difference between the flat, straight roadway and the less-black, less-even countryside. He moved away from the car, out onto the blacktop, and walked slowly along, keeping to the silence of the blacktop and off the soft crunching of the roadside dirt.

He was weighted down with equipment. The Beretta was in one hip pocket, and a small bottle of gasoline was in the other. A foldaway knife was in his left-side trouser pocket, a torn-off strip of T-shirt and some matches were in the right side, and he carried another sock-and-soap blackjack in his left hand. He was, he hoped, ready for whatever came up.

A HEAD of him there was a faint flicker of light. He moved toward it, cautiously, hoping some late-night driver wouldn't pick this moment to go tearing by, all noise and wind and bright headlights. But the blackness remained silent and empty, and Grofield moved slowly through it toward the flickering light in the shack.

They had a table in there, with a candle on it. They had folding chairs, and three of them were sitting around playing cards, Honner and two others. The fourth guy was nowhere to be seen.

Grofield worked his way around the shack to the Pontiac, and was almost to it when he heard the voices. He stopped, startled, and listened.

There were two guys in the Pontiac, talking together idly, the way people do when they're bored and waiting and they have run out of all the good anecdotes. That made five, one more than this afternoon.

No, six. The sixth one came walking along, a flashlight beam ahead of him emerging suddenly out of the darkness. Grofield crouched behind the Pontiac, waiting and listening.

There were two cars. In the dim side glow of the flashlight, Grofield had seen the other one, parked just to the right. A Mercedes-Benz 230SL, the fast sports car.

It must have been further down the road this afternoon, when he'd come around looking. If he'd taken out the Pontiac then, and gone blithely on through, this Mercedes would have gobbled him up two or three miles down the road. But now they'd all come together to live through the grim Mexican night.

Grofield took out the knife, opened the blade, and went crawling over to the Mercedes. While the two in the Pontiac talked, covering the small scrapes and hissings he made, he slashed all four tires. It would be morning before they'd get this car running again.

As for the other one, the Pontiac, he couldn't hit the tires with those two guys in it, they'd feel the car shift. So he'd have to be more drastic. He crawled away behind a tree to get ready.

The bottle of gasoline, the strip of cotton cloth, the matches when put together, became the revolutionist's delight, a homemade hand grenade, the weapon that used to be called the Molotov cocktail. Grofield lit it, stepped out from behind the tree, and tossed it.

The whole world lit up, red and yellow. There were two explosions, one after the other, as first the Molotov cocktail and then the Pontiac's gas tank went off. Bits of hysterical flame fell everywhere, and before the sound was out of the air Grofield was off and running.

He had maybe half a minute before they'd get over their surprise back there and start after him. In that time he could get well away from the fire glow, and then they'd play hell getting wind of him.

Grofield almost overshot the car, running along blind on the blacktop. But Elly had the window open and heard the footsteps, and whispered hoarsely, "Over here! Over here!"

He moved with arms stretched out in front of him, stumbled to the car, pulled the door open. The interior light went on, suddenly reassembling a chunk of space and reality, and he saw her face pale and frantic. "What did you do?"

"Gave us light. Let me behind the wheel."

She slid over and he got in. He started the engine, shut the door, but didn't turn on the lights. Ahead of him there was the flickering yellow-red glow. He drove toward it, more or less on the road.

The Pontiac was burning like a Yule log. In the dusty light, silhouettes of men ran around like cartoon characters, waving their arms. They saw the Datsun as it passed them and came running after it. The Mercedes was limping toward the road like a dachshund with broken legs.

"Down!" shouted Grofield. "Down!"

They drove by with their heads down, with Grofield's foot flat on the accelerator. They didn't hear the sound of the shots, but starred holes appeared in the windows, something thumped the door.

Then they were past, and Grofield switched on the headlights in time to see that the road meant to curve to the left. And start uphill.

"My God!" Elly said, staring back at the little dot of red. Then it was out of sight.

"Acapulco," Grofield said, "here we come, ready or not."

Acapulco. Friday morning, seven forty-five.

Governor Luke Harrison stepped from his cottage into the sunlight, gazed for a moment out at the blue blue sea, then strolled over and sat down at the table prepared for him beside his swimming pool. The water in the pool was also blue, but tinged with green.

This place, the Hotel San Marcos, was an excellent distraction, lush and lovely to the eye, as breakfast was lush and lovely to the taste. It called itself a hotel, but was something other than a hotel, something more. The main building downslope, was two stories high, a rambling affair containing dining rooms, game rooms, offices, and so on. All the guests were in the smaller buildings scattered up the face of the steep hill behind that main structure, connected by gaily colored slate paths. There were square, two-story affairs containing four apartments, long, low bungalows of two apartments and these single-occupancy cottages like the one where the Governor was staying and the one next door where Doctor Fitzgerald was still asleep.

The Governor had been awakened at five this morning by a frantic phone call from Honner. The girl and that roustabout she'd picked up somewhere had broken through at Iguala, were on their way south now by road. It was two hundred and fifty miles, but all of it curving, twisting, narrow road through some of the wildest mountain country in the world; it was doubtful that they'd be able to make it in under seven hours, which would get them here no earlier than ten o'clock.

Not that they were likely to get this far. The Governor had told Honner to do what he should have done in the first place, call his other men here in Acapulco, have them start north as soon as it was light enough to travel. With Honner coming south, the others going north, they'd catch the girl in the middle, probably have her within the hour. They might even have her already, and not be near enough to a phone to report.

The thought pleased him. He was smiling as he looked to his right and saw Edgar Fitzgerald walking over from his cottage next door. The doctor looked haggard this morning, his suit rumpled on his big frame, his gray hair poorly brushed, but he said as he sat down in the other chair, "You don't have to study me that way, Luke. I'm all right today."

"Good. I never believed you wouldn't be. You want some coffee?"

"No. Any news?"

"Not a word. She probably isn't even in the country, Edgar. New York City is more likely, up there pouting and keeping to herself. She'll show up after this is all over."

THE doctor shook his head. "She'll never forgive me, Luke, I know that. I've accustomed myself to the thought. She'll never understand, and she'll never forgive me." His brief smile was sour. "You give me bitter alternatives, Luke," he said. His eyes were red, as though he'd had too little sleep.

"We do what we have to do," the Governor told him. It was a sentence in an old argument, one he'd used half a dozen times in the course of persuading Edgar and keeping him persuaded. The sentence, by itself, now stood adequately in both their minds for the full argument.

The doctor said nothing. He was gazing out to sea. When at last he did speak, what he said was, "Here they come."

The Governor looked, and here came General Pozos' yacht, all white and gleaming, turning slowly in at the harbor, beautiful and opulent and clean. A hard ball of undigested breakfast formed in the Governor's stomach.

Suddenly the phone inside the Governor's cottage rang, and he went to answer it.

After a while, the Governor returned from his phone call.

Doctor Fitzgerald said, "Was that about Ellen Marie? Have they found her?"

"No, they haven't," said the Governor harshly. "I wish to Christ they would."

Doctor Fitzgerald turned his head, and here, coming up the

tile path, suitcase in hand and broad smile on face, was the General's son, young Juan. In astonishment, forgetting everything else for the instant, the doctor exclaimed, "Well, look who's here!"

The Governor turned his head. Coming along past the swimming pool, beaming in obvious delight, Juan said, "Hi, Uncle Luke. How's everything?"

In the harshest voice the doctor had ever heard him use, the Governor snapped, "What the hell do you think you're doing?"

The doctor saw the smile collapse on Juan's face, saw the boy's expression become puzzled and hurt, and all at once he thought: *It's his father we're going to kill.* And he saw why he had been foolish to tell Ellen Marie, to expect her to make the kind of dispassionate moral judgment necessary to understand what it was he had to do.

Juan, stumbling, bewildered, embarrassed, was saying, "I just, I just flew down to see you."

"WELL, you can turn right around," the Governor said, in the same cold, harsh voice, "and just fly right back again." Spinning on his heel, the Governor stalked into his cottage and slammed the door behind him.

Juan had dropped his suitcase, and now he turned to the doctor, spreading his hands in a helpless gesture, saying, "I was only, only..."

"I know," the doctor said gently, understanding and sympathizing. "Luke's upset right now, that's all. He had a phone call, I think it was bad news about something. Sit here with me, he'll be out in a little while, his old self, I'm sure of it. It's just the phone call."

The call had been from Honner, telling the Governor that Ellen Marie Fitzgerald and the man with her were dead.

Life had been hectic for Honner since three o'clock this morning, when all at once the Pontiac had blown up and the Mercedes had turned out to have four slashed tires. The girl and the son-of-a-bitch with her had gone tearing on by, in the clear, and that was that.

Honner was the first of the survivors to get over his excitement and panic. The others wanted either to start running down the highway after the Datsun's taillights or throwing dirt on the burning Pontiac. Neither move made any sense, since you couldn't catch a Datsun on foot and there was no percentage in trying to put the fire out. The two guys in the Pontiac were dead already, so let them cook.

Honner got the rest organized again. That's what he was for, that's what his reputation was all about. He got the other three rounded up, and they all packed themselves into the Mercedes and drove into Iguala on the rims.

Iguala was asleep, so asleep it was nearly dead. Honner finally found a telephone and called another of the Governor's men in Mexico City. The Mercedes was still the best car for



"YOU take something off me, I'll take something off you," Grofield grinned

The PASSION RACERS

the job down here, better than anything else they might come up with at this time of night, so Honner told the man in Mexico City to get hold of four new tires and send them down with somebody to put them on the car. Honner considered calling Governor Harrison then, too, but it was a hell of an hour at night and there wasn't anything to report by way of success, so he decided to wait till later.

At five o'clock, even though the new tires hadn't arrived and he couldn't yet start out on the trail again, Honner felt he could no longer delay giving the Governor the news. So he called, and told the Governor what had happened, and the Governor told him to call Borden, one of his men in Acapulco, and tell him to start north, watching for the girl. They'd catch her in a pincers.

Fine. That sounded good, and it sounded sure, and that made Honner a lot happier. And when the new tires came, shortly after five-thirty, already on rims and set to be slapped on the car, Honner was happier yet. He picked one man, Kolb, to go with him, told the others to follow along in the Chevrolet that had brought the tires down, and headed south at top speed.

To make any speed at all was impossible, so here the great advantages of the Mercedes over the Datsun were minimized, though the Mercedes could still handle the curves at somewhat better speeds. Honner drove hard, and well, and averaged nearly forty miles an hour.

Until, at ten minutes past nine, rounding a particularly sharp curve high in the mountains some ninety miles north of Acapulco, Honner very nearly crashed into a white Ford coming the other way. Both drivers slammed on the brakes and the cars shivered to a stop next to one another, where the drivers stared at one another blank-faced.

The other driver was Borden the Governor's man from Acapulco.

Honner and Borden got out of their cars and faced one another in the middle of the road. Honner said, "You let them through, you moron, they're in a white Datsun."

"They didn't pass me, brother, I'll swear to it," said Borden. "I saw two vehicles the whole time since I left the city, one of them a blue Karmann Ghia with two bearded guys in it and no room for anybody else, and the other an oil truck with a guy alone in the cab, which I know for sure because I stopped him and asked directions."

Honner frowned and looked off the other way. One car had passed him since Iguala, headed north, and that had been an old Citroen with a family aboard, the back seat full of kids. Besides, there was no point in the girl turning around and going north again.

Honner said, "Then they got off the road somewhere and let you go by, and took off again behind you."

"No, sir. I thought they might try something like that, and I was ready for it. They hid no place, I'll say that for a fact. You know yourself what this road is like. Most places there's barely enough space for two cars on the road, much less off it."

"STILL and all," said Honner, "that's got to be what happened. Turn around, we'll check it out."

"And you'll see I'm right."

They both headed south then, watching both sides of the road, and it was true there were no turnoffs, no lanes, no places to move a car into and hide it from anyone on the road. Abruptly Honner pulled to a stop, at a place where the road came to a peak, angled sharply to the left, and dropped downhill again. Here was one of the few places where a gravel widening had been constructed beside the road where people could stop to rest and look at the view. A single-rail, rustic log fence ran along the edge of the cliff here, and one of the log rails was missing.

Honner walked over to look, and to his unpracticed eye it seemed as though faint tire tracks led out to the edge and

over. Kolb and Borden and the two men with Borden all squinted at the ground, too, and agreed with him it did look that way. Tire tracks, and scrape marks at the edge.

Honner disliked heights. He lay down on his stomach and inched toward the edge until his head was peeking over. He held his breath, worried about vomiting, and looked down.

It was nearly a straight drop, and it looked like forever. There were trees in clusters down the cliff face, and a sea of dark green trees at the bottom. Looking, staring, squinting, Honner finally made out the path of something, saw where tree branches had been sheared away here and there, saw the faint evidences of a straight line leading down, and down, and down...to a trace of whitish color at the very bottom. Yes, there it was, so small and so far away he'd very nearly missed it. But it was there, it was definitely there.

Honner crawled away from the edge. He felt relief at not looking over there anymore, but nothing in particular about either the girl nor the man with her. He didn't harbor grudges nor think of vengeance.

He got to his feet and said, "Let's get to a phone."

After thinking about his brusque manner, the telephone call notwithstanding, the Governor wanted to make it up to the boy. No, he didn't truly want to, but he had to. With everything else crowding in on him, he had to stop everything and nursemaid the stricken Juan.

HE could feel the falseness of his smile stretching his cheeks as he came out by the pool, flopped with an attempt at casualness onto a chaise near the boy, and said, "Well, that's better! Good to see you, boy!"

Juan's own smile was uncertain as he said, "It was supposed to be a surprise."

"It was that, all right! Eh, Edgar?"

The doctor smiled nervously. "Yes, indeed."

Juan said, "I'm sorry if I did anything—"

"No no no! I'm always glad to see you, Juan, you know that. If you managed to wangle a day or two away from the grind, more power to you, say! Just ignore the way I acted, you know how I am in the morning sometimes."

"Uncle Edgar said you'd gotten a phone call that upset you."

"He did?" The Governor, startled, looked past Juan at the doctor. The man couldn't possibly know about Ellen Marie's death, there was no way for him to know it. And he wouldn't just sit there, weak and nervous, his usual pallid self.

The doctor said, "I told Juan that was probably why you snapped at him. I hope it wasn't anything serious."

"Oh, no," said the Governor, understanding now but too harried to be grateful for Edgar's quick thinking. "Nothing serious, just a mix-up about the dinner party. Yes, and we'll have to find a place for you, too," he told the boy. "Near your father, if we can manage it."

"Don't go to any special trouble for me," Juan said.

"Nonsense, boy."

Later that day, General Pozos moved slowly down the swaying stairway to the launch, where two sailors took his arms and helped him aboard. This was the only thing he disliked about traveling by yacht, the boarding and the leaving.

Bob Harrison came down after him, and then some other staff members. They all sat, Harrison beside the General, and the launch moved away from the yacht and turned itself toward shore.

Harrison had a pad in his lap. It was noon, and the sun was almost directly overhead, casting virtually no shadow. It was becoming hot, a little too much so, but Harrison in his gray linen suit and pale gray tie seemed cool and calm. "You will begin," he said, reading from his pad, "with a greeting from the Mayor of the city at the dock."

"I know him," grunted the General. "He's a pig." The General was in a bad mood, not only because of the swaying stairway he had had to descend, but also because the other dark blue uniform he had changed to was far too hot for this sunny day. Within it, and all around it, the General was sweating. He was sweating rivers, sweating lakes. Everything was sticking to him.

The launch, having slowed to a crawl, was reluctantly approaching the dock now, bobbing heavily in the water. Lines were thrown and fastened, the launch bumped finally against the dock, and strong hands helped the General up and onto the solid planks, where a crowd of smiling faces and poised hands waited, all in formal attire.

For the next five minutes, the General was involved in the protocol of official greetings. There was a line of faces to smile at, hands to shake, all in particular order. The General loved such fuss and ceremony just as he loved his uniforms; they made him feel good, tall, important.

Most of the welcoming party were politicians, of course, mayors and governors and ambassadors and so on. There was also Luke Harrison, Bob's father, and there was Doctor

Edgar Fitzgerald, both men fairly far down the line. General Pozos was pleased to see them, particularly the doctor, who would be joining him here and staying with him indefinitely. He took the doctor's hand in both his own, smiling broadly. The physical troubles that had been assailing the General these past few years, particularly the increasingly frequent problem of impotence, were both infuriating and frightening. To have the care and concern of such a man as Doctor Edgar Fitzgerald was a great relief, a great relief.

The General expressed his feelings as he shook the doctor's hand, saying, "Most happy, my Doctor. Most happy. You will love your rooms on the ship, you will love them."

The doctor seemed somewhat haggard, possibly from the change of climate or diet, but he managed an answering smile and said, "I'm looking forward to seeing them, General. And to beginning—beginning our association."

"Most happy. Most happy."

The General released his hand at last, and moved on. Now he allowed himself to be distracted while he watched young Harrison meeting his father.

The General moved on to the next blankly smiling face, automatically outstretched hand. This a young man, Latin, slightly familiar, but with something vaguely like insolence in the eyes. The General shook his son's hand without recognition, failed to see the bitter humor that came into the boy's eyes, and moved on.

As he continued along the line, smiling, bowing his head, murmuring his words in either Spanish or English, shaking hands, he saw from the corner of his eye that the senior Harrison had stepped back from the line, was moving away from the rest. The young man with the vaguely insolent eyes moved off with him.

A minute later the younger Harrison reached the General's side and murmured, "Dad couldn't stay. He wanted to be here long enough to greet you, but now he has to hurry away. He asked me to express his apologies, and tell you he hopes to see you in Santo Stefano next month."

The General nodded. He failed to understand, but he nodded. And moved along the line, bowing and shaking hands.

Finally the initial meeting was done, this first ceremony over, and the entire party moved toward the row of limousines waiting at the other end of the dock. The General was now flanked by Bob Harrison on one side and on the other by the Mayor of the city, who was his official host for the day. After a few paces, Harrison dropped back to make room for the Brazilian Ambassador.

They had just reached the limousines when the General's attention was caught by a disturbance far down the street. He looked in that direction, and was amazed to see two people thundering this way on horseback, rushing along as though at the steeplechase. And there were the sound of shots, and people chasing people, and great confusion, all hurtling this way.

A voice said, very loudly, "Oh, my God!" and the General was amazed to realize it was young Harrison, thrust at last out of his pale cocoon. He turned his head to see the expression on Harrison's face when all at once a fist struck him very hard on the chest, and the sun went out.

The two people on horseback racing toward the General were none other than Grofield and Elly. They were supposed to be dead, obviously they weren't...

AFTER Grofield had exploded the Pontiac, killing two of Honner's men, Elly had asked, "What did you do back there?"

"Guerrilla tactics. I unhorsed them."

Grofield was feeling very good then, very pleased with himself. He'd stranded that crowd so they were pretty much out of the picture for good. There would be another crowd waiting at the Acapulco end, but Grofield was feeling cocky now, certain he'd be able to take care of them, too, when the time came.

Dawn came around five-thirty, after he'd been driving two hours and had covered forty-seven miles. He was getting weary, as worn as if he'd driven ten hours, and his left shoulder ached constantly now, around the wound.

Elly said, "I've been thinking."

"About what?"

"The men in Acapulco. You know."

"Honner's friends."

"Yes. They won't just wait there for us, you know, at the city line. They'll come looking for us on the road, that's the best place to capture us. They'll be coming up and Honner'll be coming down, and we're in the middle."

"I know," Grofield admitted. "I've been avoiding the thought, but I know that's what they'll do, they'll come for us."

"So what will we do?"

"Think. But we'll travel while we think, it'll save time."

They paid for their breakfast and went back downstairs to the car, where Elly said, "I really ought to drive for a while. That way, you can think without being distracted."

Grofield felt it was cheating to allow himself to be talked into it this way, but his shoulder was still aching and he truly didn't want to drive, so he merely said, "It's a hell of a road, you know."

"I can drive. Give me the keys."

"Okay." Just past town, the road began to climb once more and to wind like a snake amid the mountains.

Grofield, on the passenger side, gazed moodily out the windshield, watching the sky turn a lighter and lighter blue, watching the cream-white hood of the Datsun turn this way and that, nosing along the corkscrew road. He wasn't getting much thinking done, but he was relaxing, and the pain in the shoulder was lessening.

ALL at once Elly hit the brakes hard, startling Grofield out of a reverie that was at least half nap. He looked up, expecting to see the road blocked by men with guns, and saw a whole lot of black goats instead. They were coming down a steep, overgrown hill on the left, crossing the road, and disappearing down another steep slope on the right. Two young men on horseback, wearing white shirts and trousers and dark-colored serapes and straw hats, like sombreros but with narrower brims, moved restlessly back and forth on the roadway to either side of the herd of goats, keeping them together, preventing strays.

Grofield looked at them, looked at the goats, looked at the almost invisible path the goats were following, and snapped his fingers. "Elly," he said, "if you speak Spanish, we're saved."

"High school Spanish," she said. "Why?"

"Ask them how much money they want for the horses."

They both got out of the car, and Elly started speaking in halting Spanish to the horseman on the near side of the herd. There was confusion for a while, and then the horseman announced that the horses were not for sale.

Grofield said, "Tell them it's American currency. One hundred dollars each for the horses, in excellent ten dollar bills."

She said it. The horseman seemed dubious, so Grofield went back to the car, opened the suitcase, got the money, and returned to show it.

The horseman was probably no more than twenty, and his partner across the road was even younger. The sight of the greenbacks impressed him, made him waver, but it wasn't enough. When Grofield saw it wasn't enough, he went back and got a hundred dollars more, and through Elly told them the price had gone up to one hundred and fifty dollars each.

The goats had stopped moving now, were baaing and bleating, stepping daintily around in the roadway. The horsemen spoke together over the goats' heads in rapid Spanish that was obviously over Elly's head as well, and then made a counter-offer. They would sell one horse, for one hundred and fifty dollars.

But Grofield shook his head. "Two horses or nothing. Tell them."

Elly told them. There was more rapid talking, some heavy thinking, and when Grofield saw that they were looking at him sidelong to see if he would go back to the car for more money, he knew the deal was set. Ostentatiously he stuffed the wad of tens back in his pocket and said loudly to Elly, "Well, it's no good. Never mind." And gestured in a way that clearly meant he was changing his mind, giving up.

Now the nearer horseman spoke to Elly again, and she reported what he had to say: "He says the saddles and blankets will have to be extra."

"Fifty dollars extra for everything."

She passed the word on, and suddenly the world was all smiles and nodding. Grofield got the rest of the money, the horsemen climbed down from their horses, and everyone shook hands all around. The horsemen, now pedestrians, got their goat herd moving again, and disappeared with the end of it over the side and down the trail and out of sight, leaving Grofield and Elly each holding a rope attached to a horse.

Grofield, riding easy on one horse and leading the other while Elly followed in the Datsun, thought about how lucky he'd been to meet that goat herd and the two shepherds. Not so much because of the horses, though that was good, too, but mainly because seeing them had opened up his thinking, had made it possible for him to think of a way to avoid the people surely on their way north from Acapulco to intercept them.

But unless he found a good spot soon, they'd be intercepted after all. They were on their way uphill now, which was promising; Grofield thudded his mount with his heels and urged him into a faster trot. Neither horse liked the pavement underfoot, so he had to keep pushing them.

At the top of this incline, where the road curved left around a bulging mass of rock, a gravel parking area had been cleared on the right, overlooking a first-rate view. Grofield didn't have time for the view right now, but the parking area pleased him. He rode past it, not wanting hoofprints on the gravel, then stopped and dismounted.

Elly had stopped behind him. She stuck her head out the window and called, "Now what?"

"Take it in on the gravel. Park it facing the rail there, and leave the motor running. No, come to think of it, turn the motor off."

"FINE." She backed up, swung around, and put the car where he'd said.

Meantime, he'd led both horses to the other side of the road and tied the reins to a bush growing out of a tiny triangle of earth between the edge of the road and the beginning of the wall of rock. Making sure they were secure, he walked back over to the car.

Elly had the door open, and said, "Should I get out?"

"You might as well, since it's going over the edge."

He went over and inspected the railing at the edge. It was made of crossed posts stuck into the ground and tied together in an X shape, with a single, long, rough log lying between each pair of X's. Grofield managed to lift the end of one log out of its X, swing it outward, and drop it over the edge. The other end slid away from the X down there, and the log went bumping and rolling out of sight.

Going back to the car, he said, "In neutral, emergency brake off."

"You're really going to do it?"

"Really. We want the luggage out, too."

"I should hope so."

"We're only taking one bag each, that's all we can carry."

They spent the next few minutes rearranging their luggage.

"Now we push."

It was just slightly uphill to the edge. They both had to lean their total weight on the back of the car before it would start rolling, and then they had a tough time keeping it in motion. They pushed, and pushed, and the car slid reluctantly forward, until all at once its balance shifted, they stepped hurriedly back, and the car tilted leisurely forward, like a toy. It showed its underside, like a cancan dancer, and abruptly dropped out of sight.

Grofield stepped forward, leaned over, and watched the Datsun take its last trip. The cliff was nearly vertical, but not exactly so, and the Datsun seemed almost to be running down it, one or more of its wheels touching the earth at all times. It crashed through groups of trees that Grofield had hoped might stop it and leave it more visible to eyes searching for it from above, and finally came to rest way down below, an indistinct bit of brightness in the midst of the green. Still, if Honner was looking for it, he'd surely be able to find it. Satisfied, Grofield stepped away from the edge again.

The sun was high and bright, but here in the mountains the air was pleasant, even cool. Grofield and Elly rode along the highway at an easy lope, side by side, most of the time in silence.

Around ten-thirty, Elly said, "Slow down a minute. I want to talk to you. Before we get there."

They slowed their mounts to a trot and Grofield said, "We've got a story to get straight, is that it?"

"That's exactly it."

"With whom?"

"With everybody. And with you, too. There's one thing I haven't mentioned up till now."

He turned and looked at her, and her expression was both sheepish and defiant. He said, "There's a boyfriend, you mean."

"Well, yes."

"Honey, you don't have to worry about me hanging around. Like I told you at the beginning, I'm married."

"It isn't all that definite," she said. "We aren't married, we aren't even engaged, not really."

"Who?"

"It's just been kind of an, an understanding, that's all. For years, since we were both kids."

"Oh," said Grofield. "The Governor's son."

"Bob Harrison, yes, that's right."

"Got it," Grofield assured her.

It was just noon when they came around the last curve and saw Acapulco spread out before them like a travel poster come true. Acapulco is shaped like a huge letter C lying on its back, the letter curving around the placid water of the harbor, broad, pale, sandy beaches all along the shore, big new motels around the left, small older hotels around to the right, and the tropical mumbo-jumbo white and orange calypso town in the center.

Elly pointed, crying, "That's his yacht, General Pozos'

yacht! That big one, the white one, see it?"

He saw it, and as he looked at it he saw a launch move toward shore. "Here comes somebody," he said.

"Come on!"

Five minutes more and they were at the bottom of the slope, the ocean ten or twelve blocks ahead of them. There were more cars on the streets now, they were coming into an area of normal city traffic, so they went single-file down the center of the street, Grofield in the lead.

"I saw where the launch landed!" Elly called at one point. "It's to the right, to the right!"

He nodded and waved his right hand, so she'd know he'd heard her. At the end of this street there was a broad avenue going to left and right, with a grassy center divider, the avenue flanking the beaches and forming the basic C pattern of the city. Grofield turned right on this, and he and Elly rode along through all the traffic, cars and trucks and bright-colored beach buggies, approaching the dock where the launch had landed.

All at once there was a shouting to the left, and Grofield looked over there to see a bunch of them piling out of a pale blue Chrysler, all of them shouting and pointing at Grofield and Elly. And then not just pointing, but pointing guns. Shouting, "Stop! Stop!"

Grofield yelled at Elly, "Take off!" and ground his heels into his animal's rib cage. The horse leaped forward, and Elly stayed beside him, and they galloped down the center of the avenue with the sounds of shouting and shooting behind them. Grofield, twisting around to look back over his bad shoulder, saw them running along back there, saw the Chrysler making a wild U turn, thumping over the divider and heading this way...

Now ahead on the left there was a line of limousines, black and pretentious, which Grofield knew had to be the place. He aimed for it, cutting across the traffic, making a beach buggy slam on its brakes with a squeal.

Grofield never reined in till he'd reached the first limousine, and then he yanked hard, forcing his mount to pull up short, and leaped to the ground before the animal had fully stopped. He landed off-balance, so he fell heavily, and rolled, and came up against a lot of legs. He staggered to his feet, shouting, "Elly! Elly!" and looked up to see her flying through the air toward him openmouthed and flailing. They collided, and he went down again, and all at once he seemed to be in the middle of a forest of black-trousered legs, no opening left anywhere, and Elly was lying on top of him like a sack of wheat.

THE whole thing was over in a matter of seconds. The forest of legs disbanded again, there was light, there were individual voices saying surprised things in a variety of languages, and then one voice crying "Ellen Marie! Ellen Marie!"

Grofield sat up, which cost him, and reached out to touch Elly's shoulder just as the new man finally pushed his way through and dropped to his knees in front of her. He was gray-haired, heavyset, had the look of the well-bred about him; it must be her father. The father put his hands out to touch her face, then all at once pulled back, saying "You're hurt."

In the sea of sound all around them, they existed in a little oasis of silence. Grofield could sense it, was himself on the fringe of it. He heard distinctly her low voice saying, "Yes."

And the father again: "They shot you. They tried to kill you."

And the daughter: "That's what killing is. Don't you know?" And then the silence was total, as they looked at one another. Grofield, on the perimeter, sat cradling his left arm and waited to see what would happen next.

What would happen next was a new wave of shouting, with a repeated name in the middle of it all: "General Pozos! General Pozos!" And then a young guy stepping into the circle of silence, ignoring it, unaware of it, putting his hand on Elly's father's shoulder and saying, "Sir, it's the General. He's been shot. Would you look, he's been shot."

The father raised his head as though befuddled, saying, "What? What? Oh, oh, yes, of course."

The father got to his feet first, moving clumsily, like a man who's recently had a stroke. Elly followed him, favoring her left arm but still getting up with supple grace. Grofield came last, not so gracefully, and would have lost his balance halfway up if a popeyed bystander hadn't given him a hand.

Somewhere, someone was knocking on a door.

Reluctantly Grofield half-opened his eyes, and saw a room shrouded in semidarkness.

And the window was a porthole.

Grofield got out of bed and examined his suitcase, and all the money was still there. Good for Elly, good for her.

He took a hot shower, which helped work the stiffness out of his left shoulder, then dressed, locked the suitcase again, and went down the corridor to the right. At the end was a dining room, with large side windows through which sunlight poured blindingly. There were half a dozen tables covered with snowy cloths and sparkling plates and gleaming silver. The floor was waxed to high gloss, the metalwork around the windows had been polished till it shone, and the central light fixture in the ceiling was alive with cut glass glittering in all the light. It was something like a restaurant built inside a diamond, and Grofield didn't care for it at all.

ALL the tables were empty save one in the middle of the room, at which Elly sat alone. Grofield pulled his sunglasses from his shirt pocket, put them on and threaded the tables, sitting down across from Elly.

She leaned close, saying, "Bob Harrison doesn't know it was his father who caused all this."

"Why not?"

"Because," she said firmly, "there's enough trouble in the world. Bob doesn't know, and I don't want him to know."

A waiter came with coffee. What about your father? In or out?"

"Out. It's simpler that way."

Grofield said, "What's the new story?"

"Oh. Well, there were these mysterious people who were plotting to kill General Pozos. They'd heard that Dad was going to become his personal physician, so they thought if they kidnapped me they could force Dad to help them get past the General's bodyguard."

Grofield said, "A little shaky on detail, but what the hell."

"Listen, now. They kidnapped me, and they were holding me in Mexico City. You rescued me, because I managed to throw a note out the hotel window and you found it."

"Who am I?"

"Wait, we'll get to that. Anyway, it was Thursday night when you rescued me. I had no idea how to get in touch with Dad by then, but I knew everyone would be here in Acapulco on Friday, so I asked you to help me get here, and you did. The rest of the story is exactly the way it really happened, except that we left from Mexico City on Thursday night, and never slept anywhere, separately or together."

"I'm not sure I'd believe that story, if I were Bob Harrison," Grofield told her.

"Well, Bob believes it."

"Good for him. If he's a man you can deceive, I'm sure you'll be very happy with him, forever and ever."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"Nothing, darling. Let's get back to me. Who am I?"

"I'm not sure. You're also mysterious. I do know you've had a recent bullet wound, and I know you're in Mexico without papers."

"Do you know my financial condition?"

"The money? No, of course not. The impression I've given Bob is that you're some sort of adventurer, but basically a good man. He wants to talk to you later."

"A lot more than I want to talk to him, I bet."

"He'll arrange some sort of—here he comes."

"What?" Grofield looked up to see the waiter bringing his breakfast on a tray. From the opposite direction, Bob Harrison was coming across the room, smiling in a genial way. Arriving, he said, "Good morning. I'll have a cup of coffee with you, if I may."

"Sure. I'd like another myself."

Harrison sat down, saying, "The General's resting easy." He reached out and put his hand on Elly's saying, "Your father's been wonderful, Ellen, absolutely wonderful."

"He's the best there is."

"He's taking a nap now, maybe he'll join us later."

Grofield said, "He's here? On the ship?"

Elly told him, "We're all here. There's a regular infirmary here. It was closer than anything else, so the General was brought here right away yesterday."

Harrison, "It was also more convenient. As soon as Ellen's father says it's safe, we'll be returning to Guerrero so the General can recuperate in his own land."

"He'll be all right, then," said Grofield.

"Yes." Harrison's smile, so affable and impersonal, faded all at once, and he seemed to be looking back at yesterday. "God, that was something," he said. "When the General fell, I thought they'd—I thought he was dead." He lifted a hand to his face; the hand was shaking.

Elly, looking concerned, reached out to touch his arm, saying, "Bob? What's the matter? I've never seen you this way."

Harrison's hand covered his face now, and his voice was muffled by it when he spoke. "God, I love that man," he said. "You don't know what it did to me, when I thought he was dead." Emotion made his voice fluttery and uncertain. He lowered his hand and turned toward Grofield a face red-

dened and puffed by the violence of his feeling. "All that vitality," he said, "all that strength, just *lying* there!"

Grofield couldn't resist it, couldn't keep himself from saying, "The way I hear it, there are people who'd like to see General Pozos just lying there, for good and all."

"Peasants! *Little* people, *nobodies*, *cowards*, all the *gray* little people who never *lived*! They say he's a dictator, he's a tyrant, you'll even hear atrocity stories if you go looking for them, but so *what*! Some men are just bigger than others, that's all, more alive, more vital, more *important*!"

Elly, straining to change the subject, said, "Your father went back north, didn't he?"

"Oh, yes. He had appointments, he only stayed long enough to be sure the General was going to be all right, then he flew on home. He and Jaun." Turning to Grofield, he explained, "The General's son."

"Ah."

"I don't want to say anything against Juan, I'm sure he's a pleasant boy, but he has none of his father's power, his electricity. No, it was the General they wanted."

"I suppose so," said Elly faintly.

"Everyone can sense that power in the General, that aura. My father, too, he can feel it, he missed his plane to stay here and be sure the General was going to be all right."

"Good of him," said Grofield, looking ironically at Elly.

All at once, Harrison sat back in his chair and offered them a sheepish smile, saying, "I'm sorry, I don't usually carry on like this. But it was such a shock, I'm not over it yet."

ELLY said, "You were going to see about papers for Mister Grofield."

"Oh, yes." Harrison was making an obvious effort to settle down. Trying for his usual affable smile, he said to Grofield, "Ellen tells me you're something of a mystery man, traveling around with bullet wounds instead of papers. Well, we can get you fixed up. I can have papers for you in an hour, good enough to get you safely back into the States. Or, if you like, you could come along on the rest of the cruise, be the General's guest in Guerrero for a while, I'm sure he'd like to thank you personally for your aid."

"I think," Grofield said, "I think I'd rather leave today."

"Certainly. No problem at all."

Elly said, "Mister Grofield, would you mind if I traveled with you? I have to go north right away myself."

Harrison said, "I thought you were coming along with us."

"No, I have all sorts of responsibilities back in Philadelphia. Until I was kidnapped, I didn't know I was coming down here at all."

"What a shame," said Harrison. He smiled brightly at both of them and said, "Well, at least you'll have a more pleasant travel companion on the way back."

Elly smiled at Grofield. "Isn't that lucky," she said.

Getting to his feet, Harrison said, "Well, let me see about that paperwork for you. I'll talk to you a little later."

Grofield smiled back at him. "Fine," he said. He kept smiling until Harrison was gone. "What's up?" he said to Elly.

"The balloon. All the time Bob's been the strong, silent type, that's what mostly attracted me about him. Thank God he finally opened his mouth before I married him."

"Speaking of married," Grofield reminded her, "I still am."

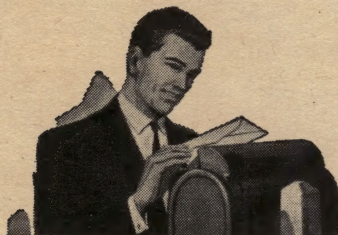
She shook her head. "No, not till we cross the border," she said.



"WHAT kind of welcome do you call this?" Grofield asked. "Only a two-gun salute . . . ?"

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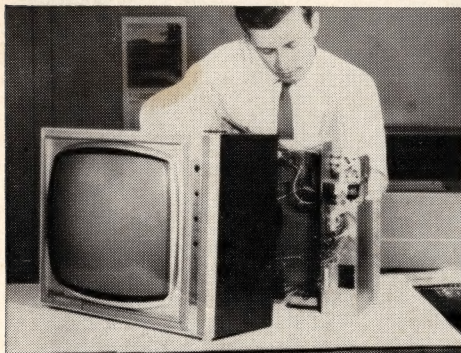
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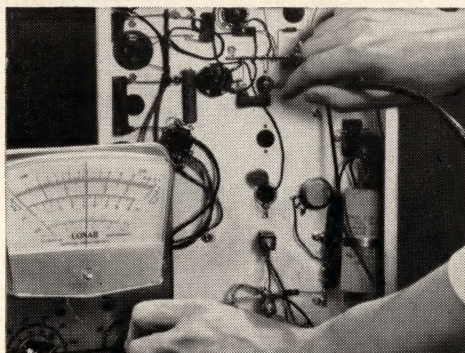
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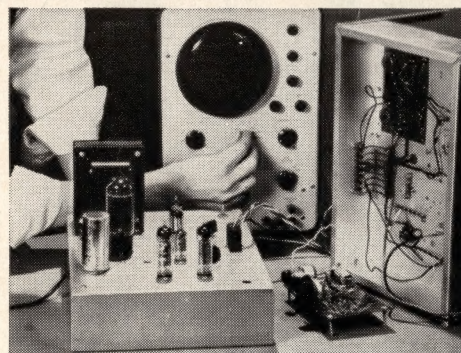
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A "BEATING-UP" TURNED THIS WEAKLING INTO A CHAMP!



Charles Atlas
"World's Most
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One night a frail 97-lb., 15-year-old youth was making his way home through the tough waterfront section of New York City. Suddenly, without warning, a brutal hoodlum loomed up out of the dark, and beat him senseless. That night the young man made a solemn vow: "Never will I let any man hurt me again."

The years ahead were to prove how well he kept that vow! For the name of that skinny youth was Charles Atlas — and he lived to become internationally famous as "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man," performing feats of strength that amazed the whole world!

The day after that beating, Charles Atlas began trying every exercise he had ever heard of. Then one day, visiting New York's famed Bronx Zoo, he asked himself: "How does the tiger keep in physical condition? You never see him with a barbell!"

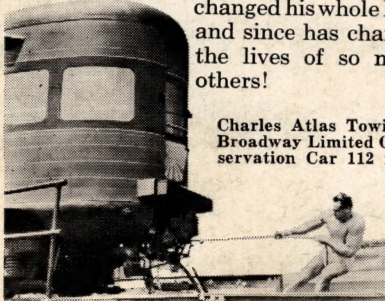
Atlas Discovers the Secret!

He saw how the tiger exercised by stretching its muscles, one against the other. From this, he worked out the amazing "Dynamic-Tension" system of muscle-building that was to make him famous.

Within 12 months, Atlas had doubled his weight. He decided to help all weak, underdeveloped men who suffered as he had. So he made his amazing secret of "Dynamic-Tension" — the system that uses no weights or apparatus — available to men all over the world. Thousands have benefited from his remarkably effective system.

And, as the fame of Charles Atlas spread, he was challenged to perform many thrilling feats of strength. Once he pulled six automobiles, chained together, for a mile. Another time he towed a 72½-ton railroad car 112 feet along the tracks with a rope!

A far cry from the days of that 97-pound weakling who sobbed his way home after a beating, made a vow that changed his whole life — and since has changed the lives of so many others!



Charles Atlas Towing
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I Take OLD Bodies and Turn Out NEW Ones!

Check the Kind of NEW BODY You Want RIGHT IN THE COUPON BELOW . . . and I'll Show You How EASILY You Can Have It!

I'M NO MAGICIAN. Making healthy and handsome HE-MEN out of weaklings — turning "skin and bones" or flabby fat into SOLID MUSCLE — is simply my job. But my secret does work like "magic."

Do you want broader shoulders — a magnificent "barrel" chest — more powerful arms and legs — a mid-



section lined with solid-as-steel muscle? It's all waiting for you. Just check what you want — RIGHT IN THE COUPON BELOW. I'll show you how I can give it to you!

From "Mouse" to MAN!

You wouldn't believe it but I myself used to be a 97-lb. weakling. Fellows called me "SKINNY." Girls made fun of me behind my back. Then I discovered my remarkable muscle-building secret — "Dynamic-Tension." It turned me from a "bag of bones" into a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much on top of the world in my big, new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

"Dynamic-Tension" Works Fast!

My secret — "Dynamic-Tension" — is the NATURAL easy method you can practice right in the privacy of your own room — JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY — while you build up SOLID MUSCLE in all of the RIGHT PLACES — gain the kind of handsome and healthy build that women admire and men respect.

I give you no gadgets or contraptions. You simply use the SLEEPING muscle-power in your own body almost unconsciously every minute of the day — walking, bending over, even sitting at your table or desk!

Charles Atlas

Holder of title
"The World's Most
Perfectly De-
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SEND NOW for my book describing my famous method. 32 Pages, packed with actual photographs and valuable advice. Shows what "Dynamic-Tension" has done for others. Page by page it shows what I can do for YOU. Just glancing through it may mean the turning point in your life — and its yours absolutely FREE! Check the kind of body you want below.

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